

SIXTY YEARS OF  
A SOLDIER'S LIFE

SIR ALFRED E. TURNER



21 Tite St

Sw  
March 2.

My dear William

I have been  
away & only just  
got your letter

I will write by  
this post to Col.

Holbrook. I have

such a lot  
on hand that

I am sorry to  
say I cannot  
find time to write  
the article. I read  
your daily article  
in the Leader  
with great pleasure.



are attending  
generals are very  
badly treated  
about S. Apica -  
will you dine  
at the Junior  
Club at  
7 Friday. Spenser  
with his son is attending



~~Francis~~

from

Katie

Beddington.  
Kings.  
1912.

SIXTY YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE









Alfred Turner

# SIXTY YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR ALFRED E. TURNER

K.C.B., C.B.

COLONEL COMMANDANT, ROYAL ARTILLERY

“Ce n'est pas l'immensité de la voûte étoilée,  
qui donne le plus complètement l'idée de  
l'infini. Mais bien c'est la bêtise humaine”

RÉNAN

WITH A PORTRAIT AND A FACSIMILE LETTER

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562  
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TO

“Thou, first great cause, least understood”

POPE





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From the original in the possession of the Author.



# SIXTY YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY RECOLLECTIONS AND EDUCATION

Earliest recollections—My family and home—My great grandfather and Lord Nelson—Lady Hamilton—The Chartist rising of 1848—The Duke of Wellington—Baroness Burdett Coutts—The Duke's death and funeral—The army then and now—Early Victorian funerals—The old Princess's Theatre—Charles Kean—Ellen Terry—My first school—Rioting in Belgravia and Hyde Park—Westminster School—Dr Liddell—Punishments—Bullying—Home boarders—Rowing—Cricket—Dean Wilberforce—Napoleon III.—The Westminster Education—Addiscombe—The sanctity of "sealed patterns"—Military punishments in 1860

A GERMAN author has asserted that the most fitting age for people to write their reminiscences is fifty, or, at the latest, sixty, as the memories of their past life will then be comparatively bright and fresh, while after sixty the natural decay of the faculties will lessen the retentive power of the memory, which will become less and less able to produce from its life's store accurate and unconfused recollections of events worthy of being recorded.

This may be the case with many people, but it is not so with a large proportion of the thinking and educated, who, if they are fortunate enough to preserve their health, and remain in the enjoyment of a *mens sana in corpore sano*, retain their full mental faculties, including their



memory, to a very advanced age, and often only suffer from forgetfulness of names and contemporary trifles.

It would seem that the best age at which to write one's memoirs should depend upon the period at which a person closes his or her active career, "when hopes and fears of boyhood's years" exist no longer, and when the passions of love, hate, and ambition are dulled or dead, and when one can calmly contemplate the past, and the manner in which one has acted in it, by the light of experience which is "by industry achieved and perfected by the swift course of time"; and conclude how one would have acted had one been endowed with this experience and the light of the wisdom of maturer age.

I have been requested to write my reminiscences after reaching an age which is some distance on the shady side of sixty, a time of life when hardly a week passes that one does not read of the departure beyond the bourne of a contemporary whom one remembers in the health and strength of youth and manhood; and I am beginning to feel like "one who treads alone a banquet-hall deserted." Though I have to dive into a past of seven decades, my recollection of events which occurred in the earliest sensate days of my life is as vivid as if they were occurrences of yesterday or to-day. I do not pretend that these memoirs<sup>1</sup> will be of any great importance or general interest, and I should certainly not have recorded them on my own initiative. I have indeed lived through some stirring periods, and I have been associated with many more or less eminent and remarkable personalities, some of whom have occupied "the seats of the mighty" more to their own advantage than to that of the country,

<sup>1</sup> I only naturally vouch for the truth, as far as my actual experience goes, not of all the narrations related to me.

especially in the case of those whose rise and position have been due only to hereditary advantages. What I do undertake to produce are facts as hard and unvarnished as those wanted by Mr Gradgrind, and which may not be in all cases quite palatable; I shall, however, do my utmost to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of those who have not yet crossed the border.

I was born in 1842, in London. I am not certain as to the exact locality, but the house to which my earliest recollections carry me was in the west corner of what was then known as Queen's Square, Westminster, the residence of my grandfather, Francis Turner, probably the most eminent conveyancing barrister of his time, and brother of Lord Chief-Justice Turner, and Sir Charles Turner, senior master of the Queen's Bench. Both Sir George Turner and his brother, Joseph Richard Turner, fellow of Gonville and Caius College, who disappeared when travelling in France during the first Bourbon restoration in 1814, were wranglers, while their uncle, Rev. Joseph Turner, D.D., was senior wrangler in 1767. Three wranglers in two generations, and one a senior, is no mean record for a family. The last-named was fellow and tutor of Pembroke Hall, where he was instructor of William Pitt, as mentioned by Lord Rosebery in his "Life of Pitt." Pitt afterwards presented him with the Deanery of Norwich in 1791, which he held till his death in 1828. This eminent ecclesiastic was born in 1745, and his son, who was many years rector of Banwell in Somersetshire, died in 1893, the lives of father and son thus extending over a period of a hundred and forty-eight years—from the time of the second Pretender to nearly the sixty-year jubilee of Queen Victoria. My great-grandfather was rector of St Nicholas, Yarmouth, for thirty years, and his

father was vicar of old St George's Church, Yarmouth, for no less than fifty years. We cannot claim the honour of a bishop in the family,<sup>1</sup> which seems, however, to have enjoyed a large share of ecclesiastical loaves and fishes. My ancestors were churchmen of churchmen, Tories of Tories, who thought that a Whig, or a Liberal, let alone a Radical or Socialist, were not fit even to be subjected to the fate that befell the Church of the Laodiceans.

My grandfather bought the freehold of Nos. 14 and 15 Queen's Square, now Queen Anne's Gate, two beautiful but highly uncomfortably arranged Queen Anne houses, in the beginning of last century for £5000. In 1867 his executors sold them to a northern plutocrat M.P. for £10,000, a ridiculously low price. They were not considered good enough for his residence, and he had them demolished, and in their place erected two most unsightly and lofty red-brick houses, which destroyed the symmetry of the surroundings, only to be matched by the disfigurement worked by the hideosity known as Queen Anne's Mansions. These two houses have now disappeared, and in their place have been erected the substantial and stately offices of the Petrol octopus, which, not content with making corners in his own country, has extended his operations into the heart of London.

Here I may perhaps mention another much more remarkable instance of the enormous rise in the value of London property. In 1821 my wife's grandfather bought a house called Lavender Lodge, with about twelve acres of grounds, close to where Clapham Junction now stands. As time went on, and the population increased, the land

<sup>1</sup> We can, however, boast of a Colonial Bishop, James Francis Turner, son of Lord Justice Turner, who was Bishop of Grafton and Armadale in Australia, 1869-92.

was gradually sold, part now being covered by the Freemasons' school. The house with three acres remained till 1903, when my wife's uncle, Mr Noel Whiting, a well-known and highly respected Mincing Lane broker, and member of the Ironmongers' Company, died, when it was sold for £50,000—over £16,000 an acre, or ten times the amount that the whole property had cost eighty-two years before.

Through the female line I can trace my descent to the Nauntons and Wingfields, and on through several kings, to Viscount Aurancia in Normandy, who married a sister of William the Conqueror, and also through another line to Strongbow, and various Irish kings or kinglets. Sir Bernard Burke writes in his "General Armoury" under the heading of Naunton, that I am entitled by descent through heiresses to the numerous quarterings of the Nauntons and Wingfields. The most distinguished of this family was Sir Robert Naunton, author of "Fragmenta Regalia," a copy of which has come down to me; he was Secretary of State to James I., and is said to have had no small part in the intrigues which led to the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh. I do not allude to my ancestry and pedigree because I am in the smallest degree proud of it, but because it is usual to do so in an autobiography.<sup>1</sup> It is an evident fact that everybody must have had a father, a grandfather, a great-grandfather, and so on *ad infinitum*, and whether a man knows who his father is, and whether his knowledge of his ancestry is perfect, is a mere matter of chance; the existence of an ancestry is common to all.

<sup>1</sup> Rochefoucauld writes in his "Les Pensées, Maximes et Réflexions Morales": "On s'étonne tous les jours de voir des personnes de la lie du peuple s'élever et s'ennoblir, et l'on en parle avec mépris; comme si les grandes familles du monde n'avaient pas en un commencement semblable à les rechercher jusque dans le fonds de leur origine."

I owe my pedigree to the circumstance of a great Naunton succession lawsuit in the eighteenth century, for the purposes of which the pedigree of the family was made the subject of most careful research. I possess the document which was then prepared as the result of the investigations, and since then it has been carefully kept up by succeeding generations. It is therefore fair to conclude that it is as accurate as pedigrees can be, and it is naturally considered by the family to be of much interest and value.

Another recollection of my childhood was the intense veneration of my family for Lord Nelson, which, for many reasons, was natural, not only owing to the greatness of the man and to his unequalled services to his country, but to the circumstances that the two families, Lord Nelson's and our own, were acquainted one with the other. Lord Nelson's father was rector of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, while my great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather were, as I have before stated, rectors in Yarmouth for very many years ; and it was only natural that the friends of Nelson's father should watch with intense interest the brilliant and earnest career of the youth who was destined to save Great Britain and give a blow to the greatest power of modern times, a power which otherwise would have throttled this country and forced it into the manacles in which the great Napoleon held the rest of Europe.

I have letters of Lord Nelson's father, my great-grandfather's cards of admission to St Paul's Cathedral on the day of the hero's funeral on 9 January, 1806, and a letter from Lord Nelson himself to my great-grandfather on his landing at Yarmouth after the battle of the Nile and his sojourn in Naples.

I may perhaps be pardoned for giving *in extenso*



the account of this visit, written by my ancestor on 6 November 1800.

“ On Thursday morning, Nov. 6th, Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, arrived at Yarmouth in the ‘ King George ’ Packet, Captain Deane, from Cuxhaven, under convoy of a small ship of war. They were landed at the haven’s mouth, and as soon as the carriage which was bringing them to the town had passed the Bridge, the population took out the horses and drew it with great acclamations to the Wrestlers, where his Lordship and party took up their residence. Great demonstrations of joy were immediately shown upon their arrival, and the town was in a considerable bustle from the ardor of all ranks of people to see the *Hero of the Nile* and to welcome him, after so many services and dangers, to his native kingdom and his native country. Admiral Dickson, who commands on this station, and the Captains of the Fleet, who were on shore, immediately paid their compliments to him. The Mayor (Mr Barker) and the corporation waited upon him in their formalities to present him with the freedom of the Town, which had been unanimously voted to him directly after the splendid and most important victory of Aboukir; and in the afternoon the Mayor and Captain Paget, who commanded each of them a volunteer corps, marched with their band to the space before the Inn, and fired three excellent vollies in honour of the noble Lord, who very politely came forward into a balcony with Sir W. and Lady Hamilton to receive the testimony of respect.

“ The following morning they attended divine service, having previously announced to Mr Turner, the minister of the Parish, their wish that their thanks should be publickly offered to God, for the mercies they had

experienced for several years ; the Mayor and corporation also attended at church, and after service Lord Nelson and Sir W. Hamilton accompanied the corporation and some of the principal persons of the Town to the house of the Mayor, who had provided a very handsome cold collation for the noble stranger and his friends. About 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon his Lordship, and Sir W. and Lady Hamilton and their suite, left Yarmouth on their way to Town, and were escorted to Lowestoft by the troop of Yarmouth cavalry under the command of Lieut. W. Palgrave.

“His Lordship was pleased to express himself much gratified by the attentions which he received from the Mayor, the corporation, the navy, the inhabitants, and very benevolently left £50 with the Mayor to be distributed among the poor, and 10 guineas to the minister of the Parish for the same charitable purpose ; he condescended to show other marks of his liberality and politeness, and by the great affability of his manners impressed the town with an high degree of personal regard for him, in addition to the veneration in which they and every Englishman must long have regarded him as one of the most gallant, and under providence one of the most glorious and successful defenders of his country.”

Lord Nelson's autograph letter to my ancestor, of which I am the possessor, ran thus :

“*Nov. 6, 1800.*

“DEAR SIR,

“Sir William, Lady Hamilton and myself, intend to attend Divine service to-morrow in order to return thanks to the Deity for the many mercies vouchsafed unto them for several years past, and we

Dear

My  
Dear  
Dear  
into  
we  
each  
and  
you

Per

Nov<sup>r</sup>. 6<sup>th</sup> 1800

Dear Sir

Sir William Lady Hamilton and  
myself, intend to attend Divine Service  
tomorrow in order to Return Thanks to the  
Deity for the many Mercies vouchsafed  
into them for several years past, and  
we request that our Thanks may be  
repeated in the Service of the Day -  
and I beg Pleas<sup>r</sup> Sir to excuse myself  
your obliged Servant  
Jonathan Robinson of the Kirk.

Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Gurnor

request that our Thanks may be expressed in the service of the Day.—And I beg, Rev. Sir, to express myself,

“Your obliged servant,  
“BRONTE NELSON of the Nile.

“Rev. Mr Turner.”

I feel that I need not apologize to my readers for giving these two documents in full, though the events recorded took place long before I entered upon life; from my earliest childhood these notes of my great-grandfather and Lord Nelson's letter to him have been objects of intense interest to me, not only as to the events themselves, which are perhaps not generally known, but also as showing in no doubtful terms the true piety and humility and sublime simplicity of one of the greatest of men. People have talked and will talk with the tongue of scandal about his relations with Lady Hamilton, who had for some time been at Naples with her husband, and whose influence at the Court there enabled the British fleet to be revictualled, through which Nelson was able to sail to Egypt and defeat the enemy at the great battle of the Nile. Other invaluable services she rendered to her country, and Nelson, who above all things loved England, venerated her for this. We need not consider whether the relationship which existed between them was more than one of intense admiration and affection founded upon this. The way in which Nelson's last request to the British nation to care for Lady Hamilton when his spirit was on the eve of leaving its earthly chrysalis was carried out forms one of the most unsavoury incidents in our history. She was left to pine and almost to starve in wretched lodgings at Calais, the woman whose tact and diplomacy enabled the battle of the Nile to be

won. If even the scandal rested upon truth, I doubt if any other nation would have behaved with such ingratitude; many of the greatest women in history, who are admired and held up to the veneration of posterity, have not been conspicuous for strict morality. England is a very great country, but the margin between greatness and littleness has always seemed to me to be as narrow as that between sanity and insanity, between intense love and bitter hatred, and I fear there is much truth in the scornful assertions of foreign nations, that hypocrisy, a relic possibly of Puritan prudery, was then and still is flourishing in Great Britain, and that on occasions it enables us, as in the case of Lady Hamilton, to shirk our obligations, under the pious pretext of shocked propriety.

As an instance of the distance of time to which my memory carries me, I remember distinctly the Chartist rising in 1848, which fortunately fizzled out without bloodshed. The alarm in London was great, special constables were enrolled by thousands, and I have in my mind's eye the picture of the numerous "bons bourgeois" in black coats and tall hats, with badges on their arms, parading along the Belgrave Road with their batons in their hands, assuming a good deal of swagger, which in many cases I could perceive was predominated by fears lest the Chartists should come, and hopes that they would not come into the purlieus of respectable Pimlico, which was soon after to bloom into pretentious Belgravia.

I have a perfect recollection of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Combermere and other Waterloo and Peninsular warriors, who were pointed out to my awe-stricken eyes—*ignotum pro magnifico*. One day I was walking with my father past Friary Court, St James's Palace, towards



Pall Mall, when an elderly gentleman, rather bowed, rode past, followed by a groom. He wore a tall black hat, a long black coat, and white duck trousers tightly strapped down. As he went out of the gate into Pall Mall he pulled up beside a brougham that was waiting there, out of which skipped a lady, and the two remained conversing till people began to gather round the pair, who were none other than the Iron Duke and Miss, afterwards Baroness, Burdett Coutts, who even at that early age was renowned for her philanthropic work, the memory of which will long be green in Great Britain. I was told afterwards that a matrimonial alliance between the two was on the tapis, which never came to pass, as the duke shortly after departed this life at Walmer Castle. The duke was a most dignified, stately old man, who had no recourse to means for rejuvenating face or figure, which was not the case with some of his veteran coevals, who, with their hair dyed black, their cheeks painted red, and their collapsing figures straightened with the help of stays, or even of iron supports, often rode past me in the Park and elsewhere, and filled me with unutterable dislike of an old age, which though disguised and disfigured will not be denied, and which takes revenge by giving to its shirkers the appearance of dressed-up and animated mummies. I was at the duke's lying-in-state, which was in the great hall of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Vast crowds flocked to see the ceremony, and a few persons were crushed to death. The great funeral took place very many weeks after the decease. The funeral procession was a very magnificent one, and stamped itself upon my memory indelibly. The soldiers, dressed in what now would seem to us quaint and ridiculous garments, consisting as they did of tail coats

and very lofty head-dresses, high collars, and stiff leather stocks, were magnificent men of mature age, and whiskered in that strange fashion then enjoined upon the military. They were mostly in the prime of life and very different from the youthful men who fill the ranks of the army to-day. Man for man they were, as a matter of course, better fighting entities than the soldiers of to-day, but under modern conditions it would be impossible to maintain a long service army which could furnish no reserve, the possession of which is as essential as the first line itself, as has now been recognized by every civilized country, following the example of Prussia, whose statesmen saw, at a time that she was lying in the dust under the iron heel of Napoleon, that there was safety from a recurrence of Jena only by creating a national army, and compelling every sound man to take part in the defence of his fatherland. This prescience of one or two eminent statesmen and thinkers in Prussia in the early part of the last century has been the cause of the formation and ever-growing greatness of the German Empire, which is doubtless a cause of envy and apprehension in some quarters, but which it is no more possible to check or forestall than it is within the power of man to stem the incoming tide.

I well remember how in my childhood's days nothing was left undone to terrify people as to the horrors of death, who was depicted as something quite as repulsive and wicked as Satan himself. Skeletons, death's-heads, the former as a rule represented as alive and on full purpose bent against mankind, were the favourite and fashionable ornaments of tombs, and the higher the rank of the departed the more terrible were the concomitants of his sepulchre, perhaps to show how hard it is for the



rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And, oh! the gruesomeness of the funerals. I have one especially in my mind's eye, at which I was present, at Queen Anne's Gate. From early morn the door-step was occupied by two grotesque persons called mutes, in the deepest garbs of mourning, their hats draped with long scarves, which partly veiled their bloated features and blue gin-tinted noses. They carried black banners, and when anyone approached, they endeavoured to assume a look of sympathy and woe. The guests were assembled in the dining-room, all being of the male sex, and were attired in tail coats and white chokers. A master of the ceremonies, with all the appearance of intense grief in his face then handed, as a gift, to each of those present a pair of the best black kid gloves, and a very long and costly black silk scarf, wherewith to drape his hat. Many people who had little connexion with the departed were wont then eagerly to seek for invitations to attend funerals, for the purpose presumedly of acquiring black gloves and large pieces of the best black silk, for when it became no longer the fashion to bestow these gifts on the mourners, the numbers of the latter fell off to a remarkable extent. The attire of the guests was made complete with long black cloaks which reached to the knees, and which the master of the ceremonies eagerly collected when the last rites had been paid to the dead, lest any of their wearers should appropriate them with the gloves and scarves. Matters have improved much in this respect, and death is now regarded by sensible and thinking persons as a means of transition to a better and higher state. So it was with sick nurses: Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig were no overdrawn characters. I remember one especially, whose attendance at the house in which

I lived was for some years pretty regular. Her offices were three-fold: to bring into the world, to nurse the sick, and to lay out what Mrs Gamp called "handsome corpses." The very aspect of the woman—corpulent, red-faced, wheezy, waddling and generally unwholesome—was enough of itself to turn her patients into corpses, handsome or otherwise. No possible comparison can be imagined between these dreadful creatures, who were generally supposed to be closely allied by way of business with undertakers, and the perfectly trained, comely, kind and gentle nurses of to-day. We are far better off than our forebears at our birth, during sickness and in our last hours on earth. As Dean Hole wrote in his "Then and Now," we owe this blessing to Florence Nightingale, and also in no small degree to Charles Dickens, the great philanthropist, who, with as great a power of description as was ever possessed by mortal, laid bare the abuses from which people high and low suffered, and forced reforms by means of that powerful weapon which he possessed and wielded so well—scathing ridicule.

Grey wrote in his "Elegy":

"On some fond breast, the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

Heaven help the parting soul whose last vision on earth was the bloated face and rheumy eyes of the gin-drinking nurse of the fifties!

I was very fond of the theatre in the days of my childhood, as I have been ever since, and I have a charming recollection of Ellen Terry, at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, now no more, then under the management of Mr Charles Kean. It was one of her first appearances; the play was "Midsummer Night's Dream," in

which she as Puck, a little sylph-like form in a blue gauze frock, descended from above and gracefully lit upon the stage. Two years ago I was present at a banquet given under the chairmanship of Mr Winston Churchill, to celebrate the fifty-year jubilee of the theatrical career of, and to do honour to one of the greatest actresses of all times.

The first school I went to, in 1851, was at Esher in Surrey. It stood on the high road behind the plantation and rising ground on which now appear the stands and paddocks of Sandown. I believe the school buildings still exist. I cannot say that the school was a Dotheboys Hall, but it approached nearer to such an establishment than to the luxurious private schools of to-day. The discipline was rigorous, the food of the plainest, the application of the rod not infrequent, but the educational training was decidedly good, even in those days. I always look back with gratitude to the time which I spent under the tutelage of the Rev. Dr Brown, an old-fashioned parson, who devoted all his spare time, which was not much, to his garden, which he loved and tended as Countess Elizabeth did her German garden. It was at this period, when I was at home for the holidays, that a very remarkable event occurred, which showed what the power of the people of this country was, even in the early fifties, when attempts were made to curtail or encroach upon their rights. A band used to play every Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens, which drew a very large audience. Some of those well-meaning but self-righteous and interfering Sabbatarians, whose desire is to force everybody to follow their narrow system of thought, prevailed upon the authorities to stop the band playing on the Lord's Day. No widespread notice of this was

published, and the people assembled as usual and were greatly surprised to find no music. When they learnt the cause of their disappointment, a roar of indignation went up, consultation took place, and off the mass marched into Knightsbridge, being recruited as they went along by all the unruly elements they met, wheeled to the right down Lowndes Square, and broke every window in it, and then rushing south, did the same as far as Chester Square. Belgravia presented a curious spectacle indeed ; not an unbroken pane of glass in any of the lower stories between Knightsbridge and Chester Square. The authorities were thoroughly taken by surprise, and the mischief, which was worked with great rapidity, was accomplished before the police could be assembled in strength. I happened to be in Belgrave Square, in which the damage was especially great. Impelled by curiosity I joined the mob, but, as far as I can remember, I did not break any windows. The next Sunday the band did not play, and the people assembled and tried to repeat the performance, but the police were prepared, and all the streets leading south from the Park were barred. One effort only was made ; some of the more determined endeavoured to force their way past St Paul's, Knightsbridge, where I was standing to see what took place ; the police charged with batons drawn, and the people promptly fled. No one was hurt, but the usual description of questions were put to the Home Secretary, in the House of Commons, by those worthy members, who always grasp the opportunity of palliating lawlessness, and blackening the authorities who have the difficult task of suppressing it. All, however, that they arrived at was that the Chief Constable, who was mounted and opposite St Paul's Church, was heard to say to the police

as the mob, well armed with sticks, approached, "D—— your blood, men, drive them back!" This severity of expression was related and censured with pious disapprobation in the august assembly, in which the sense of humour and proportion appears to have been wanting in the fifties as much as it is to-day, except in the quarter of the House occupied by the Irish members.

On the above occasion the people obtained what they desired, but this would not have been the case if they had quietly submitted, and asked their Parliamentary representatives to interfere. Such was also the case in 1867, when a meeting in favour of household suffrage was announced to take place in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon. The meeting was proclaimed, but the only precaution apparently taken was to close the Park. The people would not be denied; they laid hold of the Park railings, from Hyde Park corner to some distance towards Albert Gate, and with a mighty and combined exercise of strength pulled them down, rushed into the Park, and held their meeting in defiance of the powers that were. This result, combined with huge processions and open-air meetings in most of the large populous centres, often consisting of from 200,000 to 250,000 persons, showed the Government that the workmen of Great Britain were not to be trifled with, and household suffrage was won, to the infinite disgust of that portion of the ruling classes who ever fear but never trust the people. I was present at the destruction of the Park railings, and was immensely impressed by the quiet determination of the crowd, which consisted for the most part of respectably dressed artisans, with very few roughs or criminals.

All violence and lawlessness is deplorable, but when



the House of Commons or other authority, through timidity or reaction, opposes, or fails to carry out, the will of the people, the latter can only seek to gain their ends through forcible demonstration, as was the case in the two instances related.

In 1854 I went to Westminster School, then under the headmastership of Dr Liddell, afterwards for many years Dean of Christchurch, a most lovable and learned gentleman in every sense of the word, whose departure from the school caused deepest and most genuine regret. I cannot say the same of the under master, who was the most cruel man I ever came across. A few centuries earlier he would have been a good second to Torquemada. One could see him gloating when inflicting corporal punishment, into which he put the full force of his brawny arms. He invented two highly ingenious methods of torture, of both of which I have a lively and painful remembrance. The first was to make a boy place his hand, palm downwards, on his desk, and then to take up a strongly bound book, which he brought down with the hard edges on the back of the hand of his victim, till parallel crimson lines were visible on the boy's injured member. Another delight of this amiable Christian minister was to twine his fingers into the hair of a boy and to bring his head down to an inch or so of his desk, and then, with all his strength, to strike the desk with the chin of the sufferer. So hated was he that he was twice "booked" by the Queen's scholars, whom he had driven to exasperation by his petty cruelties and bullying. On his entering the room, every one of the scholars threw a book at him; he was, of course, forced to fly, and as no notice whatever was taken of the flagrant mutiny, one can well conclude that the cause of it did not bear in-

vestigation. He was afterwards appointed to a presumably fat "cure of souls," which, it is to be hoped, he tended with more feeling than he showed to the bodies of his unfortunate *alumni*.

Fagging was then in full swing, but was very rarely accompanied by bullying, while the latter was vigorously suppressed by Dr Liddell, a firm and humane man, who would have none of it, as the following incident shows:—

One morning, before early school, a few boys were already "up school," in Westminster vernacular, or, in other words, in the great school-room, where all the classes were then held, for Ashburnham House was not acquired till some years later, while the captain of the Queen's scholars, a very high personage—in fact, the highest in the school—was standing by the monitors' table with a rod in his hand. A boy, big and strong for his age, approached the table and stooped over it, on which the captain twisted the twigs of the rod into his somewhat luxurious hair, and commenced to give a succession of tugs, which naturally caused much pain. The boy stood it for a time till personal suffering got the better of his awe, and, turning round, he seized the rod, freed it from his locks, and—*horresco referens*—grappled with the exalted personage, and belaboured his sacred back. At that moment school began, and the masters as usual knelt one behind the other, while short prayers in Latin were gabbled by a monitor. Needless to say, the event had stirred the seniors to "pious anger and holy grief," and, what made it worse, the delinquent was a home boarder, or a boy who lived at home, and was neither a Queen's scholar nor a boarder at Grant's, Rigaud's or Scott's houses. These home boarders were regarded with dislike and contempt by the rest of the school as pariahs

and as belonging to a lower social position than that occupied by themselves. A short time before the assembly of the second school a number of the seniors and third election youths assembled in Little Dean Yard "to tan Wheeler," for such was the audacious youth, now a highly respected County Court Judge and author. He, however, did not appear, but in his place came to the headmaster his father, Serjeant Wheeler, LL.D., who lived close by in Old College Street. His appearance must have caused some qualms to the vengeance-seeking group, for the interview with Dr Liddell lasted long, and, at its termination, the captain was sent for. The end of it was that the former at once held an inquiry in his private house; one after another all the boys who had witnessed the occurrence, myself included, were examined, with the result that in the afternoon Wheeler reappeared, and was unmolested, while the faces of the captain and seniors betrayed a chastened if not a contrite expression for some time, and a decided check was thus put to bullying on the part of the seniors. Wheeler was long regarded by us small boys as a hero; I have looked upon him as such ever since. It really was an act of no ordinary courage for a boy low down in the school to retaliate upon the prætor or captain, who was invested in those days almost with "the attribute of awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings." Doubtless his bold act saved the hide of many a small boy from being tanned.<sup>1</sup>

I have already mentioned that the home boarders were few in number, and were regarded by the rest of the school *de haut en bas*. It is a curious psychological feature that the impressions formed in childhood, however silly and narrow they may be, are not to be eradicated

<sup>1</sup> Westminster School parlance.



by education, experience of the world, and mature age. I was a year or two ago seated at the annual election dinner beside a contemporary of mine at the school. He is an eminent Divine and holds a high position at one of the universities. In the course of conversation he referred in the most superior and contemptuous tones to "home boarders and that sort of persons." As I had been a home boarder myself, I was greatly amused and struck with this one more instance of the priggish pride, not to call it snobbery, and the narrow views, which characterize a large number of those who are looked upon as the spiritual pastors and masters of those who profess the tenets of the Church of England.

Rowing, or "water" as it was called, was at a rather low ebb, for the Eton and Westminster Boat Race, which had created and fostered keen competition, had been stopped since 1847, and the London Thames had been growing more foul and more thronged by steamers. The race was renewed in 1860 and continued till 1864. Needless to say, with their enormous advantages as to numbers and home water, Eton nearly always won; but not always, for Westminster, to its great credit, was the winner in 1837, 1842, 1845 and 1846.

At cricket, in my day, the school did not particularly shine, though there were some excellent and afterwards distinguished cricketers in the eleven—for instance, Charlton Lane, F. W. Oliver, W. Fellows, the demon bowler of his day. I remember a disastrous match. My school aspired to play Rugby, then very strong. The result was that Westminster made 19 runs in the first innings and 11 in the second, and Rugby won by 213 runs. Funk seemed to possess the Westminsters, who went to the wickets like sheep to the slaughter.

W. Fellows took 17 wickets, and had it not been for his magnificent and rapid bowling, Rugby would never have been put out at all. It must be remembered that the school was then only recovering from the decline which set in in the first half of the last century. In 1818 there were 324 boys; this number fell to 100 in 1835, and to its lowest, almost 80, in 1841. At the time I was there, it was, if I remember rightly, about 130. It is manifest that, with such small numbers to select from, Westminster had little chance of competing in rowing and cricket with such schools as Eton and Rugby, with their many hundreds.

The revival of the school was due to Dean Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, who, when he went to Westminster in 1845, was horrified at the state of the school and the boys. He wrote that "the school is in a dreadful state, and very much, I feel sure, from the need of greater comforts, cleanliness and attendance, which we ought to supply; if you treat boys as savages, they will be savages."

To Dr Liddell, who was appointed headmaster in 1846, belongs the credit of carrying out the reforms which infused new life into what appeared to be almost a moribund body.

I remained at Westminster till 1856, and one day that year, from the bottom of College Street, I saw the Emperor and Empress of the French driving towards Buckingham Palace, on their visit to England at the close of the Crimean War; she appeared to us boys to be very beautiful, and her kindly response to our schoolboy salutations filled us with delight. We were not, I remember, equally impressed with Napoleon's appearance.

On the whole I received an excellent education of the

type of those days. I acquired a good knowledge of Latin and Greek ; of modern languages none at all. There was a French master, but very little attention was paid to him, and any proficiency in the language was looked upon as equivalent to unpatriotism and effeminacy ; one boy who had been brought up in France and spoke French well was known as Froggy, and was subjected to much chaff and occasional bullying. The standard of mathematics was extremely low, as may be gathered from the fact that, in a term school-report on the proficiency of the school, it was stated, with pardonable pride, that two of the boys, the head town boy and another, had given proofs of some knowledge of the higher subjects of Algebra and of the elements of trigonometry. At present, the school under Dr Gow is flourishing in all respects ; numbers, especially those of the formerly despised home boarders, have greatly increased, a thoroughly good, sound modern side has been instituted ; and I doubt if any school in England, for its numbers, can show a better record or impart a more all-round useful education than Westminster. I never look back but with pleasure to my days there, 1854-6, and I know that the sense of discipline acquired then has lasted the rest of my life.

After leaving Westminster I went under private tuition to prepare for the East Indian Army, and, in 1860, passed successfully by competition into the Military College at Addiscombe, the seminary of the East India Company. I cannot speak too highly of the training, mental and physical, of that most excellent institution to which I, like many others, feel that I owe, to a great extent, any success to which I may have attained. Addiscombe has long been a thing of the past ; it is half a century since it was abolished. The annual dinner,

always, so far, since its institution, presided over by Lord Roberts, is still held, but naturally the ranks of the veterans who attend it are growing thinner and thinner year by year, and, like all such institutions, when no young blood arises to renew vitality, the dinner must soon become, like Addiscombe itself, a memory.

The closing years of such banquets must be tinged with melancholy, for one instinctively looks round year after year to see who is missing owing to death or increasing infirmities. "Mon frère il faut mourir," which is asserted to be the only announcement that a Trappist monk makes to another, would be a fitting aphorism to place on a scroll over the Chairman's head, or the following words of Richard the Second :

"Of comfort no man speak ;  
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs.  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills."

The amalgamation of the British and Indian armies took place about 1860, and the College and its beautiful grounds were sold, and became the prey of the speculative builder. No greater mistake was ever committed, for the institution was most admirably adapted to the purpose of a college. I remember well that, at the time, there was intense eagerness on the part of the authorities to obliterate every trace of the existence of John Company, which had done its work and fulfilled its mission admirably ; and perhaps, as was freely suggested at the time, had not the Company disposed of such an immense amount of patronage, loaves and fishes, it would have been allowed to live, and then it might have been in existence to-day. Be that as it may, we Indian cadets

were all transferred to the Royal Artillery and Engineers, but the assurance was given us that the privileges held out to us for the future as to pension, if we entered the Artillery or Engineers of the East India Company, should not be cancelled. This promise was given us who joined the Artillery in February 1861; towards the close of the century, when the question of those privileges was raised upon the retirement of some of our number, every opposition was at once offered, and the decision of high authority was that there was no record of any such privilege, and it could not be granted. Had we been more experienced in the ways of the world and the War Office, we should, no doubt, have asked for a record at the time; and, for the want of this, we have suffered some loss of pension and gained lasting distrust in certain directions.

When we Addiscombe cadets joined at Woolwich our uniforms were subjected to a very close scrutiny, in order that our superior officers might satisfy themselves that they were correct according to sealed pattern, a departure from which was in those days regarded as little less than a military crime. I recollect well the hauling over of my new clothes, in the presence of seniors, in great awe of whom I stood. All went well till my dress pouch was examined, on which a startled exclamation, "Good Heaven, he's got wire lace," was heard. This referred to the gold lace which covered the edges of the article, and which was about half an inch wide. Wire lace was far superior and more durable than the other description, and therefore not popular with the noble army of tailors, who settled patterns. I had, through my ignorance, allowed my tailor to sin against regulation, and was sternly ordered to have the lace changed. When this



was done the offending pouch was again inspected by the Adjutant (now Sir Henry Brackenbury), who, after remarking that it was still rather too gaudy, passed it to my great relief.

The severity of the punishment inflicted on soldiers at that time was terrible. Fifty-six days' imprisonment with hard labour was considered next to nothing, even for a man of hitherto good character. Floggings were administered nearly every Monday morning with a cat-o'-nine-tails, the victim being lashed to a triangle-shaped frame with his back and shoulders bared. My first experience of flogging was as follows: I went at 7 a.m. to the upper riding school to ride with the recruits, but I found the place occupied, and preparations being made to flog a sturdy respectable-looking gunner who was dressed in blue hospital clothing, in preparation for his removal to hospital to be treated for the wounds inflicted on him through licensed brutality. The punishment of fifty lashes was then considered quite merciful, as formerly many hundred strokes of the cat fell on a poor soldier's shoulders. I have not the least doubt that when the legal amount of barbarity was reduced, the military clubs resounded with the same bitter cry which arose when this disgusting form of punishment was abolished, viz., "the service is going to the devil."

Men who deserted were branded on the breast with a big D, if convicted; and with B.C. if discharged for bad conduct. This was done, I presume, to deprive soldiers so discharged of any chance of reforming and succeeding in after life. Such were the good old times to which I cannot apply the words: "Olim meminisse juvabit." A man found asleep on his post as sentry and convicted never got off with less than fifty-six days with hard labour.

More than once, after a long day's march or field-day, when going round the stable sentries at night, I found a driver who had sunk upon a bed of straw and gone to sleep. If the man was a good soldier and sober, I used to awake him by making a noise on the ground or throwing a stone at him, and then approaching him, give him a strong jobation, swearing freely no doubt, as was the custom then, for his want of alacrity. This was no doubt very wrong, and if it had been known by my superiors, I should have suffered severely. I have always had an abominably practical way of looking at things, and I considered that the country would be better served by not causing her to lose the services of an excellent soldier for several weeks, because he became overpowered by sleep after a hard day's work, than by sending him to prison, probably to the detriment and even to the degradation of his whole life's career.

## CHAPTER II

### A JUNIOR OFFICER OF ARTILLERY, 1860-1880

I join at Woolwich—Strange incident at mess—The Duke of Cambridge—A princely field-day—Salutary advice—Puritanism in the army—A conventicle in confusion—Idiosyncrasies of general officers—The “Alabama” and the “Kearsage”—India—Invalided home—Visit to St Helena—Alpine climbing—Ireland—Fenians capture a tower—Lord Strathnairn—Terror inspired by Fenians—Irish inns—India again—The Peshawar Vale Hunt—Murder of Lord Mayo—Death of Sir Henry Durand—Pathan thieves—Back to Woolwich—Visit of the Czar—Great Artillery review—A fatal field-day—The Imperial German manœuvres—German hospitality.

**I**N February 1861 I joined the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. Coming as we did from Addiscombe, we were regarded with no favourable eye, as was the case with the officers of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Artilleries, who joined for duty with the depôt at the same time. However, we were treated with civility and were in no way boycotted. I, of course, knew nothing of Woolwich and its ways, and I was struck with awe at the splendour of the Artillery mess. All was *ignotum pro magnifico* to me. A very remarkable incident happened at the mess, about the time I joined. On a certain guest night the officers were assembling before dinner in the ante-room, when a well-dressed, but rather over-bejewelled stranger was remarked, who had apparently no host. One of the mess committee accosting him and asking him whose guest he was, he gave the name of an officer belonging to the garrison, who he said had not yet arrived. The other, dinner being just announced, asked him to accompany



him, and sit down by him, leaving a vacant chair on the other side for the tardy host. Dinner had not proceeded far when the mess steward, who was a character and a most admirable guardian of the mess, came to the mess president, and said softly in his ear, "Please, sir, there is a gentleman here who is not quite a gentleman"; and, by the president's direction, he indicated the well-dressed stranger, whose appearance struck the officer as unusual and suspicious. He therefore scribbled a few words asking the officer next to the stranger who the latter was. He replied that he did not know, he was so-and-so's guest, who had not come to dinner. The mess president happened to know that the absentee was on leave. His suspicions being aroused, he sent word to the police station, and in due course a serjeant and a constable came and were stationed outside the outer door of the ante-room. When he knew they were ready he got up, asked another officer to take his chair, and went into the ante-room. He thence sent a mess servant to desire the stranger's presence there. The man came, looking a little disturbed, and when asked by the president who was his host, gave the same name as before. Being asked how that officer could be so, seeing he was absent from Woolwich, he saw the game was up, and made hastily for the door, on opening which he rushed into the arms of the police serjeant, who, recognizing him, said, "Hullo, Charlie, you here? We have wanted you for some time for so-and-so." The handcuffs were swiftly put on, and our guest was marched off to the police station. The mess steward on being asked how he had perceived that the gentleman was not quite a gentleman, replied that he did not quite like his looks, so he watched him, and saw him picking his teeth with his fork! Great results often

follow unimportant causes ; and in this case the unusual and vulgar use of a fork caused the arrest of a dangerous criminal, and probably saved the mess from burglary, as the man had evidently come to take stock of the premises and of the magnificent plate which is displayed there on guest nights.

The same year the late Duke of Cambridge was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Artillery, and he accepted an invitation to dine at the mess ; the place was crowded, and among those present were several old officers with Waterloo and Peninsular medals. The next day a field-day was held, the duke commanding one half of the garrison, and Sir Richard Dacres, the commandant, who had commanded the Artillery in the Crimean War, the other half. The latter took up his position on the high ground, near the Academy. The duke advanced his force straight at the enemy's position, no cover was utilized, and when the position was near, a magnificent battalion of marines, without taking the trouble to deploy, charged and captured it, having heroically disregarded the fire of three batteries, which slated them for some hundreds of yards across the open. Little attention was paid to tactical considerations and taking cover in those days.

The decision arrived at by the Umpire, or whoever filled the place now occupied by such official in those distant days, was that the duke had been entirely successful in his entirely direct attack, and that the honours of the day rested with him. We, on the opposing side, who had poured artillery and infantry fire for half an hour into the serried masses of His Royal Highness, were of an opposite opinion. Since those days I have been fortunate enough to acquire a large and varied experience as regards

manœuvres in other countries than my own, and I can recall no single instance in which a prince of the blood royal, who happened to be in command on one side, was not adjudged to have been successful. Whether this has been due to "the divinity which doth hedge a king," or to the especial ability of the royal personage in question, I do not presume to offer an opinion.

When I joined at Woolwich I brought a letter of introduction from a learned judge to a distinguished, capable, and very smart officer of Horse Artillery, Captain, afterwards General Booth, whom I approached with some trepidation, for in those days senior officers, especially those of the Horse Artillery, were objects of awe to us youngsters. He received me with great kindness, and gave me the best and soundest piece of advice I ever received, which I have never forgotten, and up to which I have endeavoured to act all my life. It was as follows: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Do your prescribed amount of daily duty most scrupulously, neglect no detail, and further make a point of doing every day something more in the way of professional work, than you are compelled by regulation to do, and every night think over your day's work, and satisfy yourself that you have done this. If you accomplish this, if you remain in good health and if you keep out of debt, you are sure to succeed in the army." It would be impossible to devise and formulate better counsel than this for young people entering into life in any profession, trade or calling. I followed it to the utmost of my ability, and to my great advantage, but as I had only £60 a year in addition to my pay, it was no easy matter to carry out the last condition.

In those days at Woolwich a considerable number of

officers had formed themselves into a sort of religious sect, which was irreverently called "Blues," or *Abdeli*. They were thoroughly well-meaning but rather troublesome. They professed the lowest of Low Church principles, and held that there was no possible path leading to salvation except the one which they had elected to tread. Sunday was with them a day of deepest gloom: the theatre was the sink of all immorality and impurity. All amusements except those of tea-drinking and prayers were to be eschewed, while they regarded anything Catholic or High Church as *anathema maranatha*, as sin itself, and the clergymen who represented those religious bodies as men who were like to parsons described by Shakespeare:—

"Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny path to heaven,  
While, like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read."

These officers no doubt derived much enjoyment from their narrow views as regards others, and their extreme self-complacency in the certainty of their own salvation. They certainly did no harm, except perhaps that they promoted hypocrisy among the men under them, who, in hope of gleaning terrestrial advantage, professed themselves eager for spiritual enlightenment.

It was quite a usual thing in those days to be greeted with the words, "How is your soul this morning?" instead of the familiar "How do you do?" To show how far they went, a brother subaltern and myself, shortly after joining at Woolwich, were invited after mess to the rooms of a senior officer; we accepted the invitation expecting something of a social entertainment. When

we arrived in the room we found the centre of it occupied with a round table, with chairs round it, in front of each of which was a Bible. We all sat down, and one officer of the Horse Artillery, who shortly after left the army because he found it wicked to belong to it, took up his text and gave a discourse upon the Redemption of Man. I remember his appealing to his hearers, and asking them earnestly if they thought any mortal was capable of equalling the self-sacrifice of the Father in giving up his Son ; and, in order to make his point, he came out with the extraordinary question as to whether we thought the queen would give up the Prince of Wales as a sacrifice for the sins of the generation. This singular proposition was received by the assembled circle with a deep gasp of supreme admiration, which concealed a half suppressed guffaw from my companion on my right. Certainly the extension of analogy was original and somewhat startling ; the idea that it would be necessary in all probability to consult the feelings of the suggested sacrifice, and that difficulties might possibly arise therefrom, did not appear to enter into the calculations of those latter-day saints.

Then came a high trial ; each person present was asked to read a text from a selected chapter, and give a short exposition of his text. The turn of my brother subaltern arrived ; he looked very sulky, and said nothing. Several appeals were made to him, and then the owner of the room said in a soft, persuasive tone, " S——, we are all waiting for you, won't you say something ? " This, with the consciousness that some dozen pairs of expectant eyes were fixed upon him, was too much for my choleric friend, who, laying aside all feeling of respect for senior officers, and forgetting the solemnity of the occasion,



exclaimed, "No, I'm —— if I do!" The holy anger and pious grief of the circle may be imagined. The meeting broke up in confusion, and we were never, needless to say, invited again; nor were even our lost souls considered worth inquiring for in future as to the condition of their health, by any of the select circle who happened to meet us and exchange morning greetings, and who, I am sorry to say, strongly reminded one of the man of old who went up into the temple to pray, and thanked the Deity that he was not as other men.

In those days most general officers were noted for idiosyncrasies, which came to light especially at their inspections. Sir Richard Dacres, commandant at Woolwich in 1861, abhorred dust, which he diligently hunted for, and if he found it in a barrack room there was tribulation. He had a way of springing upon a bedstead and passing his gloved hand along the shelf, to see if his white gloves showed any signs of the hated compound.

At one inspection he asked a young and not long-joined subaltern if he knew the way to find out whether his barrack rooms were properly clean or not. The cheeky youngster immediately hopped up on the nearest bed, and, imitating exactly the general's usual procedure, passed his finger along the shelf, and held it out spotless before his eyes. A low titter went round, in which, after a moment's hesitation, the general joined, and passed on.

At another inspection at Umballa, by Sir W. Fitzmayer, whose 18-pounder battery had played such havoc among the Russians at Inkerman, and whose wish was that the battery officers should have at their fingers' ends the

next of kin of those under them, as entered in the "Soldiers' Pocket Ledger," asked a subaltern of Horse Artillery who was the next of kin of a driver in his division, now called section. Knowing the general's thirst for information in this direction, we had told our men to confirm our assertions as to their nearest relation. The lieutenant replied, "His father"; the general turned to the man, who corroborated the statement. The former took the ledger from the man's hand, and, looking through it, said to him, "I don't see your father here!" On which the driver answered with a strong brogue, "No, sorr, he's in Dublin!" Tableau! The general, who did not possess the sense of humour of Sir Richard Dacres, failed to see that there was any joke in the matter, and the result was reprimand and warning all round.

In 1862 or 3, I think, when the North and South American War was in full swing, I took some horses from Shorncliffe to Dover for the purpose of removing the smooth-bore guns which were being replaced by the new rifled ordnance. The "Alabama," a warship of the Southern States, had captured or sunk many vessels of the mercantile marine of the Northerners, who had sent the "Kearsage," a larger and much more heavily armed ship, to deal with the "Alabama." The latter had put into Dover harbour for the time permissible, and the officers were invited to dine with the officers of the Royal Artillery at Dover Castle. I was told that they were a quiet, determined body of men, of very much the same class as the officers of our navy. The "Alabama" went forth, and, a short time after, the "Kearsage" put into Dover, and its officers received and accepted a similar invitation from the Royal Artillery. I was present at mess on this

occasion. They became very merry, to say the least, and between one or two o'clock, suggested that they would like to stay till 4 a.m. when they had to go and report themselves on board. Their wish of course was given effect to, and supper was ordered for 3 a.m., at the close of which an artillery officer rose and proposed the health of the guests, to which one of them responded. He thanked his hosts in warm, but somewhat over-profuse terms, broken by hiccups and emotion, for their kindness and hospitality to the officers of the "Kearsage," and wished us long life and prosperity, concluding in this very remarkable style: "But make no mistake, in less than three years the Stars and Stripes will be floating over this b—— old castle of yours!"

The sense of hospitality precluded any reply to this significant and minatory prophecy, and we parted the best of friends. A few days later the "Kearsage" encountered the "Alabama," and after a tough fight sunk her. Had the result of the naval conflict been otherwise, we should not have felt poignant regret.

I served in the Field Artillery in Woolwich, Canterbury and Shorncliffe, and then went to India. The then Inspector-General of Artillery was General Sir John Bloomfield, and the officer commanding the Artillery of the south-western district was Colonel Burke Cuppage, both very distinguished officers with Waterloo and Peninsular medals. Both were present on a parade of our batteries on a certain occasion. At the conclusion of the inspection the officers' call was sounded, and we galloped up to the place occupied by the Inspector-General and the Staff. The former made some critical remarks upon what he had seen. The batteries had only lately been armed with Armstrong guns, the first rifled guns we



had, and Colonel Ormsby, who commanded the Artillery at Shorncliffe, asked Sir John Bloomfield what he thought of them. He replied to our infinite delectation, "I do not like them at all; we did not have them at Waterloo, and, besides, they are a change, and every change is an innovation, and every innovation is to be deprecated." A fine old crusted Conservative dogma, but one which might be considered sometimes, with considerable advantage to the public, by some of those British statesmen who take advantage of their transitory investiture of power to change all they can, whether for the good of the country or not; their principles on the subject of change being an antithesis of those of the gallant old Waterloo general.

When I was a child, my parents lived near the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to the grounds of which I was often taken. A large number of the pensioners then wore Peninsular and Waterloo medals. These have of course long disappeared, to be replaced by holders of Crimean and Indian mutiny medals. Very few pensioners are now to be seen with these, and shortly they also will be of the past, to be replaced by men with Egyptian and later with South African medals. This succession of medals has marked a succession of generations in my mind, and is a visible realization of the meaning of "*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*"

In 1865 I sailed in the "Durham" of the Marshall Line from Gravesend for Calcutta, which we reached in one hundred and ten days without touching land. I employed my time studying Hindustani and Persian, to such advantage that I passed the lower and higher standard examinations in Hindustani within a year of arrival, and that of high proficiency in Urdu before I had resided eighteen

months in India. The voyage was most dull and uneventful, the only thing that I remember of it was a barbarous slaughter of beautiful albatrosses during a calm. They were paddling about the ship like swans ; strong lines with hooks baited with a small piece of pork were let down, and one after another the birds were hauled up and their throats cut by the sailors for sheer amusement, for the carcasses served for no useful purpose. I thought of the ancient mariner and felt that our crew more than deserved his fate for their wanton cruelty.

My stay in India, which was with a Field Battery at Hazareebagh in Bengal, was quite uneventful, and in January 1867 I was invalided home and again was sent round the Cape in a troop-ship, Green's Malabar ; the voyage lasted eighty-nine days, and we landed at Dover. We touched at St Helena, and visited Longwood, and what had been the grave of that mighty genius, who rose from the shambles of the French Revolution, and soared high above the heads of all men, like a resplendent meteor ; " planait aux voutes eternelles " as Victor Hugo described it. His splendour for a time dazzled the world by its effulgence, and France was raised to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness, but only to be left after a few short years, wounded, bleeding and prostrate at the feet of the many foreign hosts which trod its soil and occupied its capital. The modern Attila, the " scourge of God " who scattered his enemies like chaff before the wind, who spread his conquering armies from end to end over the face of Europe, who upset ancient dynasties, and made and unmade kings and princes, did so, only to end his days as a captive exile on a rocky tropical island from which there was no escape but death. These thoughts, I remember, ran through my mind, as I stood regarding the little

fenced enclosure and lowly grave, once tenanted by the remains of the great emperor, and I recalled as specially applicable the lines of Claudian :

“ Jam non ad culmina rerum  
Injustos crevisse queror : tolluntur ad altum  
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.”

Being on sick leave in 1867 I went to Switzerland, and there commenced my Alpine climbing, which I have pursued ever since up to last year, when, in spite of three score and ten years, I ascended without difficulty up to 14,000 feet. To me now this is the only form of sport worth living for, especially when “ far from the madding crowds’ ignoble strife ” one finds oneself alone with one’s guides, in the upper world of snow peaks, passes and glaciers, in the midst of a silence which can be felt, with the mighty face of undisturbed nature surrounding one, and making one feel acutely with the psalmist, “ Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou so regardest him.”

I was transferred to a Field Battery in Ireland, at Kilkenny, and in a few months the Battery marched to Clonmel. Troops were not, as now, left for two or three years in the same quarter : they were shifted every year, and the reasons for this expensive and most inconvenient move was that if troops were left more than one year in the same place they would, both officers and men, marry in numbers. The reason was silly and groundless, but quite characteristic of the War Office of those days. From Clonmel I went on the Artillery Staff at Ballincollig, where I had some little experience of Fenians and Fenianism, though the movement was nearly at an end. A remarkable event in that connexion had taken place shortly before. Some of the rebels had pulled across the

river after nightfall and captured a Martello tower, from which they removed all the stores and ammunition that were portable and sunk them in the water. This created far more excitement than was warranted, as there were only two soldiers with their families in the tower, who had neglected to draw up the ladder which gave access to it.

Next day Lord Strathnairn, the dreaded Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, came from Dublin to Cork to investigate the audacious capture of one of Her Majesty's forts. The general commanding the Cork district and his Staff, including Colonel Mackay, who commanded the Royal Artillery, and who was one of the most capable and conscientious officers I ever served under, were all present at the inquiry. The Commander-in-Chief was in a terrible temper and evidently determined to make a scapegoat of somebody, and he turned his special attention to Colonel Mackay, and demanded his explanation of the dire affair. He was simply told that the two gunners who occupied the tower had neglected to obey the order, that the ladder should be drawn up at sunset.

"Were these orders put up in writing?" asked Lord Strathnairn.

The colonel replied in the negative.

"Why not?" said the chief in a voice of thunder, thinking that he had nailed his victim. The colonel quietly replied that the old gunners of the Coast Brigade were very illiterate, and it was no use putting up written orders for men who could not read. Lord Strathnairn looked suspicious, gave a hyena-like smile, and said no more. Probably he admired the readiness in reply of the colonel.

It is hard now to believe that in those days a very large proportion of men in the army, and especially

among the older soldiers, could neither read nor write, nor even sign their names, and that the sign, "Bill Stumps X his mark" witnessed by a serjeant, was a constant occurrence at the monthly signing of the soldiers' small account books. *Tempora mutantur!*

One had only to look at Lord Strathnairn to realize the terrors of his march, as Sir Hugh Rose, through Central India. It was commonly rumoured that he was heard to express regret that he could not repeat the performance in Ireland, and stamp out the Fenians—which would probably have furnished the spectacle of an Irish peasant hanging from every tree that could be found; for there are not many of them in Ireland. It is astounding what alarm these poor half- and often unarmed Fenians produced throughout the United Kingdom. The retaliation, when possible, was brutally severe. The case of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, for instance—these three young men made a mad attempt to rescue a comrade from a prison van. Nothing could have been more silly or foolhardy. One of them, Allen, fired his revolver at the lock of the door of "Black Maria," and unfortunately the bullet passed through and killed Police-Serjeant Butt, who was behind the door, unknown to Allen. The three men were put on their trial for murder, convicted, and executed. I hardly think that the annals of civilized law-giving present a more cruel and vindictive instance than this, and it is not to be wondered at that the three men are, and always will be, regarded by the Irish as victims of Saxon panic and cruelty.

Another curious incident of that time was that a poor nondescript force of Fenians was taken prisoner at Tallaght, a little north of Dublin. There were many captives and but few troops to guard them. There was



no fear of the prisoners rising, as they were half starved and in a miserable condition, but it was probable that, under the circumstances, some of them would try to escape, so Lord Strathnairn, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, ordered all the trowser buttons, to which the braces are attached, to be cut off, so that the unfortunate prisoners were compelled, in the face of a very unpleasant alternative, to use their hands as braces, under which circumstances anything like the rapidity essential for effective flight was impossible.

The billets which were assigned to us in Ireland were often of the plainest, not to say the dirtiest. The battery to which I belonged was once billeted in Carrick-on-Suir. The officers were lodged in the only inn—no table linen was produced at dinner, it being considered a needless superfluity ; we did not complain of the deficiency, and being tired, went early to our beds, the numerous tenantry of which did not disturb us much, owing to our fatigued condition.

Early next morning, the maid knocked at the door of our doctor, and asked him in suppliant tones if he would spare her one of the sheets off his bed. He asked her why. She replied : “ Sure, your honour, one of the gentlemen has come down with a terrible proud stomach to his breakfast, and he says he must have a table-cloth. The master has none, and he will be much obliged to your honour if you will let me have one of your sheets, which are the best in the house and the only ones that have no holes in them.” The good-natured doctor complied, and the presence of the sheet, with its nocturnal experiences, on his breakfast table appears to have calmed the susceptibilities, and satisfied the cravings for comfort, of the exacting guest.

It is a curious fact, which I have often noticed, that many men, after enjoying a festive evening, go to rest in the most roseate of moods, but arise next morning morose, disagreeable, exacting and discontented; like my brother-officer, who hardly noticed the absence of a table-cloth in the evening, but next morning furiously raged and upset the house till the deficiency was made good in the way related by me. With him, it was then fortunately a case of "Where ignorance is bliss!"

In October 1869 I again went to India, this time from Cork Harbour, in H.M.S. "Serapis," one of those five follies which were built at a huge cost to take the place of hired transports to carry men to India and back, in which they proved immeasurably more costly and infinitely less satisfactory than the latter. After a few years they were abolished as transports, and the old system of hiring ships was readopted. What became of the costly five, I am not sure, but I believe they were stationed as coaling hulks in different ports.

I was posted to the Horse Artillery at Umballa and from thence to Peshawar. While I was there two great tragedies occurred; Lord Mayo, the Governor-General, was murdered by a convict when visiting the Andaman Islands, and Sir Henry Durand, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who had just left us at Peshawar, was killed at Tonk, through a fall from his elephant, which bolted and ran through an arch only just large enough for the passage of the beast itself. Sir Henry Durand was one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Indian official, who is second to none in powers of administration. Judging from his sons, there is truth sometimes in the words of Horace: *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.*



Peshawar was then a very favourite station. The hot weather was short, while there was no rainy season, and the winter climate was admirable. Numerous orchards of standard peach-trees surrounded the town, and when they were in full blossom, they vied in beauty with the cherry blossom display in Japan.

The place was not healthy, and Peshawar fever was rampant from time to time. This was due to its lying low and being surrounded by rising ground, in which for generations the dead had been deposited. There is now, I believe, a proper water supply and much improved health.

The Horse Artillery to which I belonged kept a pack of foxhounds under the mastership of that universal favourite, Ben Roberts. The meets were large, and among those invariably present was the celebrated General Sam Brown, V.C., one of the finest officers India ever produced. In spite of his having lost an arm, he went across country second to none.

Foxes would not run, but jackals went well, and rarely fell victims in the chase. One day a long-legged animal broke from a sugar khet (field) and lolled away heavily in front of the hounds. We soon saw that it was a large wolf, and we were anxious to head and whip off the hounds, as he would have mauled and killed some of them, and foxhounds were costly by the time they reached Peshawar. The animal's gait was remarkable. Apparently going with the greatest ease, he completely outpaced the hounds, and from time to time, he turned round, sat down, and looked at them with apparent contempt, till he thought it time to canter another distance. At last, to our great relief, after a wild chase and many falls into nasty double and treble ditches, called

gridirons, we stopped the hounds, and brought them home.

Peshawar was noted for thefts of horses by the Pathans, but only one was taken away while I was there, and that was a case of derision—for the horse was a poor, broken-down old animal, belonging to the parson, not worth fifty rupees. It was taken through the wall of its mud stable, and returned two days later by an unseen hand. We all had to pay a tax for the safety of our possessions—only five or six rupees a month. For this trifling sum a huge Pathan with his talwar used to watch the premises, and one was quite secure. Woe be to him who would not submit to this system of blackmail, as the following incident will show.

An officer of the 15th Sikhs, then quartered at Peshawar, had a *chaukidar* (watchman). Another officer of the same regiment came back from leave from England and shared his brother-officer's quarters. The day after his arrival, the *chaukidar* came to his master and said that the new *Sahib* must engage a *chaukidar*. His master replied that this was all nonsense—he could well take care of such a small house himself. He said that that was not the *dastur* (custom) and that he would only be responsible for his own master's property. The latter abused him according to custom, and the next evening, when the two officers returned from mess, they found the half of the house occupied by the new arrival stripped and cleared of every single article, nothing being left. The *chaukidar*, when examined, shrugged his shoulders and said: "I told you so"—the most annoying answer one can receive.

Nothing could be done, and nothing was recovered except the officer's tunic, which, with the buttons and

facings cut off, was found next morning thrown into the verandah. The Pathans are the most calm, audacious, and clever thieves I ever came across or heard of.

I went back to England in 1873, and shortly afterwards was posted to a Field Battery at Newcastle, from which we shortly marched to Woolwich. In the summer of 1874 the Czar visited Woolwich and saw a Field Day on the common, in which one hundred guns took part. The last occasion on which a Czar had visited Woolwich was 1828, when all the artillery that could be displayed was three Horse Artillery Batteries of two guns each! A few days after His Majesty had visited us at Woolwich he paid a similar visit to Aldershot. In the meantime a large number of the Woolwich Batteries had gone to the former station, so that the Czar saw over a hundred guns there also. The object was to convince him, that though the British army was very small, it was at least enormously strong in artillery. Whether the Czar of all the Russias was hoodwinked by the *ruse* or not, it is impossible to say, but one cannot but admire the cunning plan of the authorities to make a number of their batteries count twice over; it reminds one of the processions on the stage, which march round and round and count for large numbers.

I hunted the Royal Artillery Draghounds the winter of 1874-5. Except on one annual occasion when we went to Farningham, some ten miles distant, the meets were comparatively close to the barracks, and they were held in the afternoon. Now nearly all the land over which the lines were laid has been transformed, owing to the growth of the population and the hand of the speculative builder, into populated areas. The Drag Hunt, however, still flourishes owing to the tact and energy of the officers

of the Royal Artillery, in spite of the long distances which have to be travelled in order to reach suitable country for the hunt. I go, as a veteran ex-master, from time to time to the old-fashioned Drag Hunt Dinner, which is given in the Artillery Mess to the owners and farmers of the lands, who welcome the Draghounds ; and I find that the sporting instincts and the generous hospitality of these gentlemen are as pronounced now as in my time thirty-four years ago. Long may this useful institution flourish. To it very large numbers of artillery officers owe the fact that they are the excellent horsemen for which their corps is renowned.

From Woolwich my battery went to Colchester, where I remained till 1877, when I was posted to the Staff at Dover, and in 1879 to the adjutancy of the Horse Artillery at Aldershot, which appointment, combined with the mastership of the Aldershot Draghounds, was the most agreeable one I ever held.

The officer then commanding the Royal Artillery at Aldershot was Colonel T. Reilly, known as Tim Reilly, a *persona grata* in the highest quarters. He was very fond of a certain drill movement, which was that the batteries, after marching past in close column, should regain their distances, and, deploying, should wheel into line opposite the inspecting officer, and fire a round from every gun with the utmost despatch. The manœuvre had been executed time after time without accident and with great precision. Unfortunately, as we heard afterwards, a feeling of emulation arose among the gunners as to firing the first round, and bets were laid on the subject in the canteen. One day the whole of the batteries were ordered to parade in the Long Valley. I accompanied Colonel Reilly as brigade-major, in place of my old friend, school-

fellow and brother officer Captain (now Sir Henry) Knollys, who was on leave. The above manœuvre was executed, and when the smoke from the discharge of a large number of guns had cleared off, I saw at once that something had gone wrong. I galloped to the batteries and a horrible sight met my eyes. Three men lay on the ground, writhing, the face of one was partly blown away, the forearm of another had been torn off, while the whole of the front of the Horse Artillery jacket of the third was burnt into tinder. The first man expired in a few hours, the second was maimed for life, but the third was not badly burnt, and recovered. The Coroner's verdict was death by misadventure; and the dangerous and useless manœuvre was forbidden for the future. In each case the lanyard was pulled and the gun fired, before the sponge was withdrawn, with the above disastrous result. At that time we had for some extraordinary reason retrograded to muzzle loaders, one of the most unintelligible and costly steps taken even by the War Office authorities.

Early in September, 1880, I was selected by Sir Garnet Wolseley as a member of his Staff to attend manœuvres of the German army in the neighbourhood of Berlin. No less than sixty-two foreign officers had been invited. They were all lodged in the Kaiserhof Hotel, and entertained in the most lordly, I might say, royal style. Special trains, royal carriages, banquets, boxes at the opera, in fact, every possible thing was done for our comfort and delectation, in a manner which I have never before nor since experienced.

Two officers—Count Lüttichau of the Guard Cuirassiers and Lieutenant H. de Graaff of the Guard Uhlans—were appointed as our guides and tutors; and nothing could



exceed their kindness and eagerness to make our visit agreeable to us.

The manœuvres were between the Guard Corps, consisting of 27,398 of all ranks, 5701 horses and 72 guns, and the 3rd Army Corps (Brandenburgers) with 18,056 of all ranks, 4390 horses and 68 guns. The scene of the operations was the sandy track of country south of Berlin about Marienfeld, Lichtenrade and Gross Ziethen on the north, and Königs-Wusterhausen, Mittenwalde and Gross Machnow on the south. The Guards Corps were defending Berlin from the 3rd Army Corps, which was advancing on it from the south.

The scheme was drawn up by Von Moltke himself, and my military readers will recognize the ground as that selected by him to illustrate many of his admirable tactical problems, which have been studied with so much advantage by soldiers of many countries. The Emperor William and the Empress Augusta, the Crown Prince Frederick and the Crown Princess, the present Emperor, (who was then a lieutenant in the first foot-guard regiment), were present daily at the manœuvres, as well as a host of foreign royalties, including the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Cambridge.

Von Moltke, to whom I was introduced, acted as umpire-in-chief, Count Caprivi commanded a division, and a large number of generals and other officers, whose names had become famous through the wars of 1863, 1866, 1870-71, were present.

I was enormously struck by the appearance and training of these two army corps, and by the knowledge of their profession in all its details evinced by the officers. For it must be borne in mind that in 1880 the professional attainments of, and the work done by the majority of



our officers was incomparably below what it is to-day. I was, of course, specially interested in the artillery, which was admirably handled, especially that of the Guard Corps under General Schwarzhoff. I saw that, magnificent as our artillery was, it had much to learn in tactics from the Germans. I spoke to the British military attaché, Lord Methuen, on the matter, and he advised me to procure a book called "The Tactics of Field Artillery," by Colonel A. von Schell, Chief of the Staff of the Inspector-General of the Prussian Artillery, which was then the standard work on the subject in the German army. I accordingly bought a copy, obtained the right to translate it from Colonel von Schell for 300 marks (£15), and when the translation was completed, I took it to the Deputy Adjutant-General of Artillery, General Sir Charles Arbuthnot, who, after reading it, adopted it at once; and it was published and distributed to every unit of the Royal Artillery. In fact, for a time, it was a standard work with our artillery; but to this day the War Office has never refunded to me the £15 which I paid for the copyright to the author!—another instance of *sic vos non vobis*!

The day before we left Berlin to return to our respective countries, the sixty-two foreign officers were entertained at a huge lunch at the Kaiserhof, when some cosmopolitan speech-making took place. After lunch, some officials entered the room carrying trays on which were piles of small leather-cases. One of these was handed to every officer, except the British and the Greeks.

Next to me was seated a Bavarian Uhlan officer who had attended the manœuvres as orderly officer to the Crown Prince Frederick, and with whom I had become

on very friendly terms. When the bearers of the caskets had finished their task, and he saw that nothing had been presented to me, he said: "*Was ist dann los, Sie haben keinen Orden bekommen?*" I explained that we were not allowed to accept or wear foreign decorations by our queen. This did not altogether satisfy him, especially when he learned that the Greeks and the British were coupled in the exclusion from the honours bestowed by the German Emperor; and he regarded me with some suspicion. Fortunately, this insular exclusiveness and false pride exist no more—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Orders and other decorations may be regarded as vanities and vexations by certain professedly superior persons, but I must say that I never yet met anyone who was not prepared to accept one with joy and avidity if offered to him.

The lessons I learnt and the impressions I formed during this official visit to Germany have been of no small advantage to me; and the latter have been strengthened at every one of the numerous visits, official and private, which I have paid to Germany in the last fifteen years. On this I shall say more in a subsequent chapter.

I wrote and published a long report of these manœuvres, the like of which were then unknown in Great Britain. This report was submitted, of course, to the War Office, but I received no acknowledgment, and heard no more of it. Doubtless it went, unhonoured and unread, to the waste-paper basket! From German authorities, however, I received prompt and flattering acknowledgment; and the report was there officially published.

Before I went to Berlin to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's

Staff, I obtained a month's leave to go to Hanover<sup>1</sup> for the purpose of learning German, which I had hitherto only acquired as English translated into German. My instructor was a retired Rittmeister or captain of a Hanoverian Dragoon Regiment, who had fought gallantly at Langensalza against the Prussians, whom he cordially detested with a holy hatred.

I made great progress in colloquial German during the month, and have cause to be grateful to Rittmeister Friedrichs, for, towards the end of the month, I was taken for a German with a southern accent.

The feeling against Prussia in Hanover was very acute, and was very like that which I found to exist at Nancy when I was there for manœuvres two years ago, against Germany, because of the annexation of part of fair Lorraine in 1871. In other parts of France that are familiar to me this feeling does not exist, or, at all events, is dormant ; in Nancy and along the frontier I do not think that the bitterness will ever die out. In Hanover no such feeling now remains, as far as I can judge.

I left Berlin with Lord Wolseley by the Ostend express which halted at Hanover at midnight. There on the platform stood the tall, slender, soldier-like figure of my friend, the Rittmeister, who had come to wish me God-speed. The first thing he asked me was what I thought of the *Prussian* army ; I said that it was magnificent, forgetting for the moment his sentiments towards the Prussians. His face assumed a deep melancholy, and he exclaimed almost inaudibly : "*Das thut mir leid*" ("That is grief to me").

<sup>1</sup> At Hanover I was the guest of a very charming and gifted German lady, Frau Siemens, mother of the celebrated electrical engineer, Alexander Siemens.

The older Hanoverian families were very bitter against Great Britain, of which they considered themselves a part, for having allowed Prussia to annex their country. William IV. was king of Great Britain and Hanover, and it was the Salic Law that separated the two kingdoms on his death. Had it not been so, it is hard indeed to imagine what would have occurred in 1866, for Hanover would hardly have been amicably handed over to Germany, as was Heligoland.

## CHAPTER III

WITH LORD SPENCER IN IRELAND, 1882-1884

Promoted Major—The Phoenix Park murders—Sir H. Brackenbury appointed Under-Secretary of State for Police and Crime in Ireland—I go as his assistant—Panic in Dublin—Outbreak of the Arabi revolt—Circumstances of Sir H. Brackenbury's resignation—Mr Jenkinson takes his place—The Maamstrasna murders—Lord Spencer—"United Ireland"—Murders in Galway—Escorts—Strike of the Dublin police—Discovery and trial of the Phoenix Park murderers—Dublin car-drivers—Patrick's Ball—Irish wit—The Irish people and the Crown—Henry Mapleson—Marie Roze—Am appointed to Lord Wolseley's staff on the Gordon Relief Expedition—Some letters from Lord Spencer—Uninvited guests at the Vice-Regal Lodge.

**I**N 1882 I was promoted major, and sent to Sheerness, and from thence to Fort Hubberstone near Milford Haven, where, one Sunday morning, 7 May, 1882, the telegraph wire to London was "tapped" and the news spread abroad that the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Spencer and the Chief Secretary had been murdered in Dublin the day before. It was not correct as regarded the Lord-Lieutenant, the victims being the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary, Mr Burke, who were butchered in broad daylight in a much-frequented part of the Phoenix Park, just opposite the Viceregal Lodge. This dire event was to cause a great change in my future life.

About a fortnight later I was at Aldershot on leave for a few days, when, one afternoon, I received a telegram from Lord Wolseley desiring me to go to the War Office at once. There he told me that Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Henry Brackenbury, had been sent to Ireland

to fill an important post in connexion with police administration, and that he had applied for me to assist him. I, of course, accepted, and two or three days later was in Dublin. Here I found that the greatest state of panic and apprehension existed. All important, and some very unimportant officials were day and night under police protection, which took up the services of a vast number of police, and extra men in the shape of army and navy pensioners. The thing was greatly overdone, for there were very few who were in the slightest danger, and the fact of a constable stalking after a person was the one thing which showed that he was a public official.

Colonel Brackenbury with his vast ability and untiring energy at once set to work, and with great success, to organize. He had been intended for the position of Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but he saw at once that the powers of this official were much too restricted to enable him to work any general good ; he therefore in a long and very masterly paper, which he wrote on the general state of the existing machinery for police and crime, represented that, besides the Constabulary, the Dublin Metropolitan Police and the Resident (Stipendiary) Magistrates should be placed under him. After a good many pourparlers between the Irish Government and the Cabinet had been carried on, his terms with slight modifications were acceded to, and he was nominated to the newly created post of Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Police and Crime. He set to work with redoubled energy, and all was going well and to the complete satisfaction of the Viceroy and the Government when suddenly all was upset and a cataclysm occurred. The Arabi revolt had taken place, and was spreading alarmingly ; and the Government determined to send out an army



under Lord Wolseley. Brackenbury, who had been much on the Staff of the latter, would doubtless have been one of the first officers selected by him, but he was tied to Ireland. He himself was most eager to accompany and help his old chief, but before speaking to the Lord-Lieutenant on the subject he determined to go to London to see Lord Wolseley. He went over on a Thursday and found that the former had filled up all the places on his Staff, but he told him that if Lord Spencer would give him permission to resign his appointment in Ireland, he would try to find a place for him. On the Saturday morning I received a letter from Colonel Brackenbury that had been sent over in the Irish Office bag, with a note to me, in which he told me to copy his letter to the Viceroy and send it to the Viceregal Lodge. The purport of the letter was that he was first a soldier, and only, in the second place, a civil servant, and as a war was impending, he felt it to be his first duty to serve in it under his old chief. He asked the Viceroy whether, in the event of Lord Wolseley finding a place for him on his Staff, he would allow him to resign his appointment in Ireland. He added that he had put the new organization into working order, and suggested the names of one or two officials, Mr Clifford Lloyd and Mr (afterwards Sir Edward) Jenkinson, as perfectly capable of carrying out his work. I feared, for Colonel Brackenbury was one of those unusually able and dauntless officials who are full of energy and who shirk no responsibility, but who are not always regarded with too favourable eyes by the average cut and dried and timid politician and government official. I knew, too, that there was a good deal of petty jealousy about the great powers which had been accorded to him and the confidence placed in him by Lord Spencer. I, however, had no alternative

but to do as I was told, so the letter was sent. I heard nothing till the next morning, when Mr Jenkinson came to the castle, where I was living, came to my room, and asked whether the private telegraph line to the Irish Office in London was open. I replied in the affirmative and offered to send the telegram, which was in cypher. He said he would send it himself, and did so. He told me nothing of its contents. Early the next morning Brackenbury, who had come over by the night mail, came into my room and showed me the telegram, which stated that His Excellency had no objection to his going to Egypt, but that he took his letter as carrying his resignation under any circumstances. He at once wrote a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, in which he stated that he had no intention of resigning if Lord Spencer did not approve of his doing so, and that he only asked if His Excellency would have any objection to his doing so if Lord Wolseley found a place for him on his Staff—which, at present, he had not been able to do—and that he would not, in any case, do so, if it did not meet with approval. This letter he told me to take out myself to Lord Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge.

I found the Viceroy and his Staff at breakfast, and gave him the letter. He read it, and passed it to the Private Secretary, Mr Courteney Boyle, and told him to telegraph for Sir Robert Hamilton, the Under-Secretary. They then left the room, and a few minutes later I received a message that I could return to the castle after breakfast and that a reply would be sent to Brackenbury in the course of the day.

I returned, and found my chief at work, as usual, as if nothing had happened to upset him. In the late afternoon, after a long consultation and frequent com-

munications with the Irish Office and the Government, a reply was received by Brackenbury, from the private secretary, to the effect that His Excellency regretted that he could not rescind his decision. Brackenbury made no further attempt to induce him to do so, and left next morning for London, leaving me behind to wind up matters for him.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since these events occurred, and nearly all the principal actors in them have passed the border. They are as clear in my memory as if they had occurred last week.

I think that every unprejudiced person will come to the conclusion that Sir Henry Brackenbury did nothing reprehensible, and that, having regard to his distinguished career and services, he was treated with great harshness. He was sent to command an artillery depot as a major, which was his regimental rank then, to eat out his heart in comparative inaction—a terrible trial to a man of his calibre. He was soon promoted to the rank of regimental Lieutenant-Colonel, and posted to Gibraltar, whence he was extricated by Lord Wolseley in 1884, and taken by him on his Staff in the ill-fated expedition sent to save Gordon. In this he did very good service, and thenceforth his rise was rapid; so that, fortunately, he did not in the end suffer from the Irish incident.

Anxiety to pay a tribute to my old chief has impelled me to give a full and unvarnished account of this, which caused considerable flutter at the time in political and official circles.

Mr Jenkinson stepped into his vacant place, and I remained with him for a short time, during which we went to Maamtrasna, on Lough Mask, in County Galway, to investigate an awful tragedy which had taken place there. A

whole family named Joyce had been barbarously butchered in their beds in the miserable hovel in which they lived, in common with cattle, swine and poultry of all sorts. Why such a family should have been murdered was never quite clear. Joyce was a pauper, and had in no way offended against the unwritten agrarian laws that prevailed among the rough and uncultured peasantry of the wild, mountainous district called Joyce's country.

It was supposed that the man had been in the habit of stealing sheep on the mountains, which was, in the eyes of the people, as bad a crime as removing a neighbour's landmark. For some time suspicion fell on no one, and the police were entirely baffled, till at last, one of the gang offered to turn Queen's evidence, and an unwilling witness, also named Joyce, was discovered, which led to the detection and conviction of the gang.

The story of the crime was most dramatic, and it seemed that a higher power than man's intervened to bring the murderers to justice. Joyce was sitting before the fire in his cabin; the night was pitch dark; hearing a noise like the muffled tramp of a body of men, he went to the window, and could see nothing, but distinctly heard the footsteps of men on the road. He was about to return to his seat when the clouds broke and suddenly the moon appeared, and shed her rays upon a party of, if I remember rightly, a dozen men, all of whom he recognized. Immediately afterwards, the clouds closed again over the moon's first and only appearance that night.

This eventually led to the arrest and conviction of the gang, and the execution of three or four of them—mostly on the evidence of the informer named Thomas Casey, who is stated to have publicly confessed at Partry Church that he had sworn falsely against Myles Joyce and others of

the gang, being induced to do so at the instance of the Crown Solicitor! Desperate efforts were made to save Myles Joyce, but the best case that could be made for him was that he was not one of those who actually despatched the family — which included a father and mother, an old grandmother and several little children— but that he stood outside and kept watch while the bloody deed was being perpetrated.

Lord Spencer declined to prevent the execution, and, for the rest of his reign in Ireland, was made the object of the most venomous attacks in the Press, while the cartoons which appeared in "United Ireland," the paper of Mr William O'Brien, M.P., were, week by week, of an outrageous and libellous description—the Viceroy being described and depicted not only as a murderer but as an accessory to and shielder of the most horrible and disgusting crimes.

That the proprietors of the newspaper were not prosecuted shows that an almost unparalleled liberty of the Press was then allowed to exist in Ireland.

On one occasion the Viceroy was stung to the quick by a cartoon which represented him as a gladiator holding his shield over a Castle official who had been arraigned for a heinous offence, but whose case was, if I remember rightly, not proceeded with for some reason or other— certainly not the one put forward by "United Ireland." Lord Spencer wrote to Mr Gladstone for advice as to prosecuting the paper, but the latter was of opinion that the best course was to take no notice of such malignant rubbish, as it would only lend increased importance to "United Ireland," and increase its circulation; so the paper was left severely alone, and probably Mr Gladstone was right—though this doctrine may be carried too



far. I have all the cartoons of the period, and I am amazed, when I contemplate them, at the wonderful forbearance of the Irish Government of that day—some of them are so gross and libellous that they baffle all description.

It was held, on the other side, that the Viceroy stood on too high a pedestal to take any notice of the dirt thrown at his feet.

This district of Galway bore a very sinister reputation at that time. Lord Mountmorris had recently been murdered near Cong, between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, and two bailiffs of Lord Ardilaun—Huddy, by name, grandfather and grandson—had been brutally butchered when serving notices of rent, in broad daylight, at Cloghbrack, a village on Lough Mask, before the school-children who were coming out of school. Their bodies were thrust into sacks, with stones, and sunk in the lake, whence they were raised some months later by the crew of a gunboat sent there to aid in keeping the peace. The skin of the two corpses was discoloured, but they were not in the least decomposed, owing to the action of the peat which formed the bottom of the lake.

A wave of crime was sweeping over large portions of Ireland, in which, as a rule, there is much less crime, according to statistics, than in other portions of the British Isles. At that time I, like most other people, only considered the effect and not the cause; the crimes were a plague to be eradicated by the most forcible means, but one thought little or not at all of the necessity of investigating the origin and cause of the offences, or of going to the root of the evil. Later and greater experience opened my eyes. The abscess must be healed from



the bottom and cannot be cured by mere superficial treatment.

I was, shortly after this, appointed by Lord Spencer to his Staff, on which vacancies had been created by the departure of Colonel Herbert Stuart and Coleridge Grove to join Lord Wolseley in Egypt: my appointment was that of First A.D.C. and Military Private Secretary. Of Lord Spencer, it is impossible to speak in too high terms. He was the most perfect gentleman it ever was my lot to meet, the very soul of honour, the kindest and most considerate of men. On that fatal day, 6th May 1882, he arrived in Ireland with Lord Frederick Cavendish to take over the duties of Lord-Lieutenant: he had already been such for some years, and was not forgotten: he had been most popular, and now it was believed that he had come to relieve Ireland from Mr Forster's hated Suspect Act, under which anyone suspected by the police or reported to them as dangerous, could be, without more ado, arrested and locked up so long as it suited the pleasure of the authorities. It was indeed a most detestable and foolish act of tyranny, and even Parnell and other prominent men of the Irish Party were not spared by it.

Lord Spencer's reception was most cordial, and his prospects of success seemed of the brightest. In the evening the Chief and Under-Secretaries were murdered in the Park as they were walking home to the Under-Secretary's lodge. This terrible crime, which was freely though entirely falsely, attributed to the machinations of Mr Parnell and the Irish Party, has long been a fatal blow to the fulfilment of the aspirations of the Irish people. Any sane person could not fail to see that it could not be otherwise, and Parnell, the ablest and most level-headed of men, had more reason to deplore it than anyone, for

it entirely blocked and frustrated his work. The first consequences were that, owing to the terror caused by it, Lord Spencer, to whom all tyranny, coercive legislation and oppression were loathsome, was forced to carry out measures of severity which were not only hateful to him, but were, for the most part, unnecessary, and a sacrifice to the panic produced in Great Britain by the crime of 6th May, which was regarded as a precursor of revolution instead of the isolated act of revenge on the part of a small secret society, composed of men of excitable Celtic blood, burning with suppressed fury and sense of injustice under Mr Forster's coercion, the main agent in giving effect to which was Mr Burke, the Under-Secretary, at whose behest some of them or their relatives had been, doubtless, incarcerated.

Lord Spencer strongly deprecated the amount of police protection forced upon him by the authorities, which he felt bound to accept. He himself was without fear, as he was without reproach. Nothing could, for instance, have been more superfluous or absurd than the hunting escorts. The Viceroy loved hunting, and when matters had a little calmed down after the Park murders and the trial and conviction of the assassins, he occasionally took a day's hunting with the Ward or Meath hounds. He was accompanied by two A.D.C.'s, one of which was often myself. As a rule, unless the distances were very long, he drove to the meets. Besides two or three mounted policemen, an officer's escort of cavalry guarded the party, and remained out all day. When the hunt was over, the escort and carriage proceeded as best they could to find the Lord-Lieutenant—which done, the party returned home to the Viceregal Lodge by the nearest roads in the dark.

It does not require much thought to perceive that it was utterly ludicrous to suppose that men wishing to waylay and murder the Viceroy would conceal themselves in ambush by night at the side of country roads, against any one of which the chances were very considerable that it would be the one selected for the return to Dublin. The only danger was to the escort, whose horses constantly fell on the uneven sides of the road, and I can remember two instances in which men's legs were broken. This will show the extent to which the protection-craze went. The cost of it to the public must have been enormous, for every prominent official went about escorted by two huge and stalwart constables of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, dressed in plain clothes and armed with revolvers, though the protected were in reality as safe in Ireland as they would have been in Piccadilly.

During my long sojourn in Ireland, I came across many persons, both in Dublin and the West, who delighted in their protection, and who relinquished their guardian angels with the greatest reluctance, even when all shadow of danger was over. They were often not so much influenced in this by fear, but they did not relish the deprivation of the temporary importance lent to them by being escorted by police.

A very serious thing happened in the winter of 1882; the Dublin police, who had been overworked, suddenly struck one day; and the city, which was supposed to be in deadly danger from implacable Nationalist conspirators, was soon in a state of panic. Emergency measures were taken with laudable rapidity by the authorities, special constables were sworn in, and a number of soldiers, including marines, were placed on police duty. A ball was to have been given at the Viceregal Lodge that night,

but dancing was considered too frivolous a form of amusement to be indulged in under the ominous circumstances. It was, however, too late to stop the guests from coming, and when they arrived, some from considerable distances, they found to their great chagrin that it was to be a ball without music or dancing. Needless to say, they did not remain late.

Late in the afternoon, Lord Spencer sent for me, and told me to order a brougham quietly, but no escort, and to accompany him to the Castle, on the green of which a large number of men were assembled, waiting to be sworn in as special constables. The Lord-Lieutenant spoke to the men, the swearing then proceeded, and they went out in pairs, armed with batons and revolvers, to patrol the streets. The night passed wholly without undue incident, except that an especially obnoxious landlord, one of the specials, was recognized in Sackville Street, and abused and threatened, upon which he took to his heels and fled, chased by a few men for a short distance, when he took refuge in a house suddenly, and escaped further attention from his bewildered pursuers. The notion which prevailed that the Dublin police had been corrupted and that they struck in order to give an opportunity for a Nationalist rising proved to be entirely groundless, but it was natural that, as the air of Dublin had been saturated with panic since the Phoenix Park murders, the action of the police should have greatly added to the terror of many people in whom fear is apt to destroy reason.

At last, through the medium of informers, the identity of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke was discovered by Mr Mallon, the capable and very energetic Chief Superintendent of the Dublin Police. They were arrested under the Suspect Act, on no par-

particular charge, brought up at the Kilmainham police court, and remanded. A day or two later I was present in the court, as I knew that a strange drama would be played. When the men, some ten in number, were escorted into the dock, I saw them looking round among themselves anxiously, evidently to ascertain if any of their number were missing. One, indeed, was missing, as they evidently perceived, for a ghastly look of apprehension settled on some of their faces. A minute or two passed and the name of James Carey, leader of the gang and chief organizer of the crimes, was called as a witness. A deep howl of execration went up from many mouths from the dock, which was enough in itself to show they were guilty; and James Carey stepped up on to the table, took the oath, and sat down.

He was a respectable-looking man of about forty, neatly dressed in a brown suit with a pair of the brightest emerald-green gloves I ever beheld. He was evidently very proud of them, for he constantly regarded his hands with patent satisfaction. Examined by Mr Murphy and Mr Peter O'Brien (afterwards Mr Justice Murphy and Lord Justice O'Brien), Carey unfolded the tale of the hideous crimes in which he had taken such a prominent part, calmly, deliberately, and without hesitation.

The prisoners saw that all chance of escape was gone, and despair was depicted on all their faces except in the case of one—a huge stone-mason, named Brady, a man of colossal strength, who stood with his arms folded over the edge of the dock, and just above the passage by which the witnesses went to and from the table. Something in his expression warned the police of impending danger, and when Carey had finished his evidence, he was taken out of court from the other side. Brady stated afterwards



that his intention was to catch Carey by the neck as he passed beneath him, and strangle him—which he could easily have done, for he was a perfect Hercules.

Brady was no criminal in the ordinary sense of the word, but a desperate fanatic, stung to madness by a feeling of intense hatred of the authorities who were trampling upon the liberties of Ireland, especially by means of Forster's Suspect Act.

Carey, though released by turning King's evidence, did not long escape the doom of those whom he had directed and betrayed. He was secretly conveyed on board a steamer bound for Australia, under a false name. The man's vanity, however, was such that he disclosed his identity, and was shot dead by a man named O'Donnell, who, in his turn, suffered capital punishment at Newgate for murder on the high seas.

The following letter, given me by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, will give some insight into the character of James Carey. He wrote it when a prisoner in Kilmainham gaol, under Mr W. E. Forster's tyrannical and irrational Suspect Act, which was responsible for many of the assassinations which were committed in Ireland, from the Park murders downwards, brought about, as they were, through feelings of exasperation and revenge born from a sense of gross injustice. Mr Forster is said to have boasted that he had every dangerous character in Ireland under lock and key. No doubt this was partially true, but he was at the same time manufacturing criminals out of men who were often perfectly harmless when they were arrested and imprisoned for more or less long terms, for no stated offence, but merely on a sworn information that they were open to suspicion!



Carey wrote to a priest as follows :—

“ KILMAINHAM JAIL, 8th July.

“ REV. SIR,

“ I hope you will excuse my absence on last night and on Sunday morning from my place in St. Mc. Garton Guild. I am near five years a member and only once absent of a Sunday and six on Friday. I am charged with been accessory to the murder of the man Kenny : a man I never knew nor seen. Anyone that know me as a resident of St. Andrew for eleven years would not believe me capable of such a Heinous crime you will see Rev. Sir my reason for my arrest on Monday “Freeman Journal.” Hoping for your prayers that truth will prevail,

“ I beg to remain one of your most obedient Children,

JAMES CAREY,

19 Denzile Street.

“ I was arrested on Thursday evening.”

This was written two months after the murder of Mr Burke, of which Carey was one of the chief organizers.

Another of the Phoenix Park murderers, Tim Kelly, a boy of nineteen, of hitherto irreproachable character, was proved to have cut Mr Burke's throat when he lay on the ground, after being stabbed through the back by Brady. The next morning, Sunday, 7th May, he was in his usual place as acolyte in his place of worship ; he had always been noted for his attention to his religious duties. This instance shows to what a state of exasperation men had been goaded by Mr Forster's Suspect Act, the attempt to introduce which, in England, would probably have produced a revolution.

The prisoners were all committed for trial, tried and condemned. Six, I think, were executed, the rest sent for more or less long terms to penal servitude; and so the sanguinary tragedy closed.

Though Lord Spencer himself continued to be personally very popular among the ruling classes, both on account of his own personal charm of manner and sporting proclivities, his Government, and, needless to say, that of Mr Gladstone, was detested, especially by anything that was military.

One hears a good deal of the wittiness of the Dublin car-drivers, but I never came across a Joe Miller among them the whole time I was in Ireland. They have no sense of humour in any marked degree more than London cabmen, but they are doubtless more astute as judges of men and character. In this respect one made a signal mistake in sizing me. I took his car outside the Castle and told him to drive to the Phoenix Park; he took me for an officer, and, with a laudable desire to please his fare, after going a short distance, he said: "Captain, sure Mr Gladstone is a d——d old thief." I looked severely at him, but said nothing. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and saw he was puzzled. When I arrived at the gates of the Phoenix Park, I changed my mind about walking the rest of the way, and told him to drive to the Viceregal Lodge. He saw then that he had made a big mistake, and in order to make amends and increase his chance of a *pourboire*, just as we reached the last gate, before coming to the Lodge, he said: "Well, your honour, at any rate, Mr Gladstone is the only man who has done anything for poor ould Ireland." I was mollified, and gave him something extra to his fare.

The many stories of wittiness and repartee on the part of the Dublin car-drivers that are related are, I imagine, one and all of them *ben trovato*.

Patrick's Ball is a great occasion. All ladies and gentlemen who have attended drawing-rooms or levees have an unwritten right to attend this ball, by "merely sending" in their names to the Chamberlain; and in my time some very queer people used to present themselves. Not contented with eating and drinking all they could, many persons used to make predatory raids on the tables, and carry off eatables of all sorts. On one occasion, the comptroller saw a stout elderly lady take a whole fowl, and stuff it with considerable deftness into a somewhat capacious silk and embroidered bag. He at once went up to her and, pointing with his finger at the bag, said: "Madam, won't you take some ham with that." The good lady was not in the least abashed, but replied: "Ah, Captain, sure, it's a joker you are," and stuck to her booty.

The wits of Dublin were—Father Healy, the "Vicar of Bray," and Dr Nedley; but their *bons mots* have been so often told and repeated that it is hard to think of any which I heard from them that would not be regarded now as a chestnut.

Dean Dickinson of the Chapel Royal was also a really witty raconteur. On one occasion he wrote to me when I was employed in County Clare to ask me what I thought about a certain clergyman of the Church of Ireland, who had applied to the Lord-Lieutenant for an appointment as one of his chaplains. I replied that he was a good, worthy man, but that he could not preach. In a few days he informed me by letter as follows:—"Lord Londonderry says I may appoint him or not, as I like.

Well, I don't like, but I am going to do it, but I shall take care that when his turn comes for preaching in the Chapel Royal, it shall be in the dull season, when his voice will be like that of one crying in the wilderness."

A few days before I left Dublin to proceed to the Soudan, the Channel Fleet put into Kingstown, and the late Duke of Edinburgh, who was, if I remember rightly, in command, paid a visit to Lord Spencer at the Vice-regal Lodge, and made himself highly popular with every one high and low. He was a very skilful violinist, and the ever wideawake Nationalist Press did not fail to utilize this. A cartoon appeared in the "Weekly Freeman," depicting the Prince with his fiddle landing in Ireland and being met by a beautiful young lady, Erin. The Channel Squadron is seen in the distance. The Prince is made to say to Erin, "I have just called round to remind you of an air which somehow or other you seem never to get in your ear." (He scrapes away at Rule Brittannia.) Erin replies, "I do not want to be reminded of that air, there are memories associated with it in my mind which are horrible. If you must play something let it be 'Charlie is my Darling' and then you may go on till you are tired." Still I can assert that the Duke of Edinburgh, and every other member of the royal family who has visited Ireland, has been well received, and has left a good impression, and the last thing the Irish people want is to be under any monarch than the Sovereign of Great Britain; in their wildest moments they have not suggested that the crown should be kicked into the Boyne, or that in case of Home Rule being granted the Emperor William should be invited to become Lord of Ulster. Such expressions of loyalty to the throne appar-

ently are confined to that portion of Ireland. At the same time I had the advantage of making an acquaintance which has developed into a friendship which remains firm even up till to-day. Colonel Henry Mapleson, who did excellent service as a Volunteer officer for many years, brought the Carl Rosa Opera Company to Dublin, and I was sent by Lord Spencer to invite him and his prima donna, Marie Roze, to spend an evening at the Viceregal Lodge. The performances in Dublin were excellent, and the Irish people were wildly enthusiastic, as they always are about good music. What captured all hearts especially was "Carmen" as played by Marie Roze, who, in my opinion, was the greatest exponent of the rôle I ever heard; and so evidently thought her Dublin audiences, as they cheered her to the echo whenever she appeared, in a manner quite unknown on this Anglo-Saxon side of the Channel. The world of music owes much to Colonel Mapleson, who has spared neither time, labour, or money in its cause.

In September 1884, I received a summons from the War Office to report myself there without delay, as I had been appointed to the Staff of Lord Wolseley, who had gone to Egypt to command the force destined to make an attempt to reach Khartum and save Gordon; and with the deepest feelings of regret I took my leave of Lord and Lady Spencer at Spencer House, London. I shall never cease to think with gratitude and affection of their never-failing kindness to me during my period of service on his Staff.

I will conclude this portion of my memoirs by giving three letters sent me while in the Soudan, which will be read with great interest: they are published by kind permission of Earl Spencer:—

“ VICEREGAL LODGE,  
“ DUBLIN,  
15th December, 1884.

“ MY DEAR TURNER,

“ I received your Cairo letter when I was in London and read it with much interest. Long before this, you will have moved up the River, but there you will act we do not know how. We follow the somewhat meagre accounts of the expedition in the papers with great care. I don't know why but I fancy the difficulties of the expedition have been underrated. I don't have much confidence in camels, and the river work must be very tedious and slow.

“ Still, I have complete confidence in your General, his genius and pluck will, I have no doubt, pull you through. I cannot believe in his good star leaving him.

“ We have gone through a great political crisis, as if the easiest thing in the world had been effected.

“ It is an unheard of piece of political work, and reflects great credit on all who had a hand in it, from the Queen to Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury.

“ We have had a great hubbub about the bribery commission here, it was first intended that this work which was entrusted to very distinguished commissioners in England and Scotland, should have been left to three R.E.'s here. This was very unpopular, and I hope we have now arranged it on the Scottish model, putting on Irishmen—Piers White R.C., and R. Bourke, Local Government Inspector, with one R.E. to act under Sir John Lambert and Sir Francis Sandford. I sent Courtenay Boyle over last night and settled it, and he telegraphs that he has done this.

“ We had great anxiety about Bobby, he had typhoid



fever in the strongest form. He went through it with extraordinary strength; the fever lasted twenty-eight days, and we feared that his strength would fail; but though two or three times the doctor feared he was going he pulled through without any complication, and he is now, I am thankful to say, convalescent, though very weak.

“Lady Spencer is still over in London, helping my sister Sarah to nurse him. Though I was in London three weeks, I was not allowed to see him.

“We have just been out with the stag, and had a very fast and excellent gallop from the back of Ashbourne. I was in rather a show, as Dingley the last time I rode him pulled so hard I had to pull up in the middle of a field and get a wrecker to hold him till my arms recovered and my wind returned. Subsequently I changed with Wengy Jones, and rode his first charger, a perfect hunter. Dingley I regret to say, gave Wengy two falls, so to-day I began with fear and trepidation. Luckily, he carried me beautifully, though pulling harder than I liked, and he flew from field to field after Wengy Jones' style.

“Alfred Byng and I then came home, having had tea with Miss Isabella Butler, but poor Luttrell, who was out on a new English horse, which I told him might tumble down on the road and probably fall at every fence, has not come in; we thought he had ridden home. I daresay you would look on the hard chops at Priesttown as delicious on the Nile.

“Everybody is very sad at poor little Miss Fitzpatrick, Mrs Cornwallis West's sister, dying quite rapidly after a cold.

“Miss Mary Lindsay, the heiress, is to marry young Fitzpatrick—Lady Sophy Forbes, Sir Henry Bellew;

this will interest Major Goold, 18 Hussars, if you see him, as I know he used to be at Castle Forbes a good deal.

“ We are going to shoot at Somerville on Wednesday.

“ A. C. Greville comes on the staff to recruit our rifle teams.

“ Give my best remembrances to Herbert Stewart, Wardrop, Burn Murdoch, Brackenbury, Rhodes. I may write to Wardrop and Rhodes, as I owe them a letter. If you see Murdoch, tell him about his Dingley.

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ SPENCER.”

“ THE CASTLE

“ DUBLIN, 26 *March*.

“ MY DEAR TURNER,

“ You have been too excellent a correspondent. Your letters have been most interesting and acceptable to us. Last but not least the one I found on my return from Knocklofty yesterday.

“ I owe you many apologies for not writing, but I have been unusually busy, and I have often been very weary when I had time to write letters. I hate writing when out of spirits, especially to friends abroad who want a cheerful letter, so that I have gone on often weeks without writing.

“ You may imagine how dreadfully we felt the death of our dear friend, Herbert Stewart. I sent the day before the last account which reached England. She was struggling to hope, poor soul, but I fancy had real little expectation that he could live. I heard the news as I was at the station at Victoria to see little Cosmo off with his General. I was very sorry for it, for I could barely keep up and gave a very sad parting to the poor

little fellow, who also felt the news very keenly. What you tell me in your letter only adds to the loss every one who knew him feels.

“ He was a splendid fellow. I felt very proud of having had him amongst our grand band of men who helped me so well, in our first struggle here. How many of them are now with you, distinguishing themselves in Egypt! It is terribly melancholy that one already has gone.

“ My thoughts are constantly with you all. I never knew so many in the field before—it adds immensely to the anxious interest one feels in the news.

“ I got Rhodes' letter with yours. I shall try to write to him to-morrow. I shall value very much the hunting flask, which has arrived safely. Poor Rhodes must have felt very deeply his chief's loss, what a comfort to H. Stewart to have had one like Rhodes with him. We have been very anxious about friends at Suakim. Allen Charteris seems to have saved M'Neil's life. We trust his wounds are slight. If M'Neil had been on Charteris' horse, he could have jumped the enclosure, for Frank Forster bought a clipping hunter for Charteris.

“ I was dreadfully shocked at a rumour that Wengy Jones was killed, but I am thankful to see it contradicted to-night. I went to see John Ross off with his mounted men, he is very keen. I hope he will get a chance for he is a very clever fellow, full of go and activity. I will leave off now, and give you some English and Irish news to-morrow.

“ *27th.*—Politics were very hot before the vote on want of confidence. Your criticism on the action of the Tories is very just. They had a fair field for a fight and plenty of reasons for making a bold attempt to get rid of a

government whose action they criticized, and impeached, but they did not, when they began the fight, wish to win, and they so worded their motion that they will not win. I know they rejected, but it was too late.

“ I thought that the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon would have turned us out—however well we might have defended the line taken. But we have survived the attack, and though I admit I pined for release, I am glad that we have the handling of the Afghan affair, which is very serious. I do not know how it will end. It much depends on the view taken by Russia of the Government, if they see that we mean to fight, they will come in : if they think that Mr Gladstone is averse to war, they may try it on, and seize Herat. Their conduct has been most outrageous. It came when they thought we were in trouble in the Soudan.

“ The Seats Bill is going through, and will be passed, and we shall have probably a dissolution in November or October. The compromise was a great success, but we shall get no other, as some of the Tories hate it. The Ulster M.P.'s nearly deserted their leaders, so sulky were they at what they considered their betrayal.

“ Irish legislation, including the question of the Renewal of the Crimes Act, is postponed till the Seats Bill is through. Here all is excitement over the Prince and Princess of Wales' visit. The Nationalists don't like it. They are divided : few if any pronounce against the Prince, but they know that it will show the existence of a large loyal party, and this will weaken their influence. They make their attitude one of neutrality, because they cannot rejoice while their grievances are left untouched, and while my hateful Government rules in Dublin Castle. The whole policy of the party was a good deal influenced

by a ridiculous accident to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who came up as his predecessors did, to write his name at the Lodge. He intended to come to the levees, etc. ; unluckily one of the horses kicked over the pole, and he had to be sent back in my brougham. This raised the attention and wrath of the Nationalists, and they attacked him so that he would not come to the levees, and now holds back from the Prince.

“ We have had a great Castle Season. We put off the second Levee and Drawing-room on account of the coming Royal visit. Fingall got through his work well : I have not heard of any great mistakes, but you were very much missed by everyone. It is terrible how the Staff has been changed ; besides you, John Ross and Cosmo Little have gone. Greville, Henry Gore, St Aubyn, Roddy Owen, and Hedworth Lambton, R.N. (who takes Cosmo's place) are all new since you left, as well as Matthews—half the whole lot. They are a useful lot, but I miss old friends sadly.

“ I have got through hunting with three horses. I have had very little except twice, when I got three days a week. I have been unlucky in getting falls—I put my shoulder out one day, but I got over it very well, and have hunted since without any bad effect. One day on the quays, “ Raby ” slipped up, my first real fall in the streets, and I had a nasty fall a week ago into a road, but I am all right. The Ward had very good sport. In Meath a fiery priest started a crusade against my hunting, but it was a hollow affair, and I have been out since, but I dislike the newspaper reports such as that which you saw, and have been on consequence oftener with the “ stag ” than the Meath.

“ Lord Wolseley is, of course, abused by Tories, but

I think the general public have complete confidence in him.

“ I am very glad Brackenbury is doing well, pray remember me to him, and say how glad I am to see him in command. Remember me to Grove and many other friends. I shall write to Rhodes.

“ We have not moved to the Lodge, as we receive the Prince and Princess here on arrival, and go to Lodge for Punchestown week, after receiving them at Killarney. It is odd to be here out of the season.

“ Yours truly,  
“ SPENCER.”

“ VICEREGAL LODGE,  
“ DUBLIN.  
“ *May 28, '85.*

“ MY DEAR TURNER,

“ Your letters have been deeply interesting, and I have shown them to my colleagues and others, who appreciated them very much.

“ Your account of the Soudan and the condition in which it was left when Baker and Gordon cut out all the slavery on which the country thrived, without anything to back them, was very remarkable, and accounts for a great deal. It teaches us a lesson not to attempt a great work without means to carry it out.

“ The decision to leave the Soudan has been received better than any one expected, it is really a relief to everyone. I doubt whether we ever ought to have interfered at all, or allowed Gordon to go to Khartoum, but, once there, we were bound to try and get him out safely.

“ It certainly was very unfortunate that poor Stewart fell. I am very sorry for Wilson, for he went as a political



officer and not to command troops, and whether his be good or not, he seems to have lost the confidence of the army out there.

“Your account of your capture of the Mahdi's family was very interesting, you seem to have done it very skilfully. I suppose you may stay on with the Headquarters, which will not, I suppose, leave the Upper Nile until the new Headquarters are established at Wady Halfa or Korosko.

“We have been through a storm of Newspaper rumours, which had their usual amount of mixed truth and falsehood. But I think we shall weather the storm, though there will be a real storm as to the Bill which is to succeed the Prevention of Crimes Act, when it comes to the House.

“The Royal visit was a great success, but I was relieved when the Prince and Princess were safe out of Ireland.

“Bobby has been to Aix-les-Bains, and I think is getting on very well, we hope he may come here on his return.

“We have been anxious about Harry White, the accounts were very bad, his strength failing after enteric fever, but yesterday news was better.

“Yours very truly,

“SPENCER.”

I have ventured to reproduce these three letters, which are eminently characteristic of a great statesman, who was often judged to be somewhat cold and haughty, because he was by nature very reserved, and because he loathed anything like pushing and self-advertisement. It has also been freely stated that the reason that he was

not called to be Mr Gladstone's successor in 1894, than which a greater error was never perpetrated, was because it was reported maliciously to high quarters that Lord Spencer was a puppet in Mr Gladstone's hands. Any one who knew Lord Spencer really well, was aware that neither could Mr Gladstone nor all the powers of earth force him into a position he thought wrong, or drag him out of one which he thought right.

His relations with his Staff and all who served under him, and who simply adored him, were perfect. Without in the slightest degree lowering his great natural dignity, he interested himself in us and our welfare, and entirely unbended in regard to us, as can be seen from his letters—many of which he took the trouble to write to me during the course of the campaign, when letters are really a "balm of hurt minds."

He was, as has been said of Lord Nelson, sublimely simple, and his example in all things was so perfect and attractive that one always felt oneself better from association with him. One may indeed justly apply to him the words of Mark Antony uttered over the corpse of Brutus :

" His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, this was a man."

The following instance will show to what lengths it was occasionally sought to carry police protection. Lord Spencer was a great patron and an ardent encourager of cricket. The Zingari were invited by him to the Viceregal Lodge, and a match was organized by him between a selected Viceregal team and the visitors. When it came to Lord Spencer's turn to go to the wicket, it was

seen with surprise that he was closely followed by a man in ordinary garments and carrying an umbrella, with one of his side-pockets bulging considerably. It was at first thought that it must be a relief for one of the umpires, who did not then wear the distinguishing long white coats. It soon, however, became apparent that it was one of the Viceroy's personal guards, an ex-Sergeant Major of the 40th Regiment and a Victoria Cross man—one of those temporarily employed as police, whose orders were not to let the Lord Lieutenant out of his sight. He therefore thought it incumbent on him to follow on His Excellency's heels from the pavilion to the wicket. The bulging object was his revolver. Needless to say, the incident produced much merriment in which the Viceroy joined; and the zealous protector was sent back to join the spectators.

The spectacle of the Lord Lieutenant, bat in hand, going to the wicket on his own ground protected by a Victoria Cross man armed with a revolver, was unique and remarkable.

An amusing but somewhat embarrassing incident occurred about this time at the Viceregal Lodge, all the approaches to which were closely guarded by soldiers and police. One night a small party, consisting of the late Lord and Lady Drogheda, who were constant visitors at the Lodge, the Private Secretary and his wife, and the two aides-de-camp in waiting—of whom I was one—was assembled in one of the drawing-rooms awaiting the announcement of the House Steward that dinner was ready. The Viceroy and Lady Spencer were, as usual, in an adjacent room, from which they joined their guests when an aide-de-camp informed them that all was ready. Just at the hour of dinner, a Mr and Mrs Trevelyan were

announced. No one in the room knew them, and their names were not on the dinner list ; this did not, however, cause much surprise, as Lord Spencer was the soul of hospitality, and often invited to dinner people whom he met casually without always informing the aide-de-camp in waiting. A round table just large enough to seat the party above-mentioned had been prepared, and the arrival of the unexpected guests necessitated the laying of a larger table. This caused much delay ; in consequence of which Lord Spencer sent for an aide-de-camp to enquire the reason. He was told that Mr and Mrs Trevelyan had arrived, and as it was not known that they were coming a large enough table had not been provided. Lord Spencer answered with surprise that he had not invited Mr and Mrs Trevelyan ; meaning the Chief Secretary then in Ireland. The aide-de-camp explained that it was not the Chief Secretary but a Mr Trevelyan, whom no one present knew. Great astonishment was expressed, and as things were then still in a state of tension owing to the Phoenix Park murders, everything, even the presence of these two most innocent looking persons, was regarded as suspicious. The question at once arose what they had come for unbidden in this way ; was it in furtherance of a deadly plot against the Viceroy ? Lord Drogheda and the Private Secretary were called into the inner room for consultation : they reported that they had no idea who the strangers were, but that they appeared to be quite harmless and incapable of carrying out anything sinister. It was then decided that dinner should go on, and their Excellencies appeared. Lord Spencer gave his arm to the lady, who appeared somewhat perturbed, and on the way to the dining-room asked him

if this was not the Chief Secretary's Lodge. On being told that it was not, but the Viceregal Lodge, she became much distressed and begged to be allowed to depart forthwith. It appeared that they were relatives of the Chief Secretary, who had asked them to dine *en famille*, and that their coachman had driven them in error to the Viceregal Lodge, on the way to which they had passed unchallenged through all the military and police posts, as supposed guests of the Viceroy. Lord Spencer would not hear of their going, and both the kind-hearted Viceroy and Lady Spencer did all in their power to put their embarrassed and uninvited guests at their ease. A message was at once sent to the Chief Secretary to explain the non-arrival of his expected relatives. This incident is interesting in showing how great was the apprehension of danger in Ireland at that time, and also how easily deadly designs against the person of the Lord-Lieutenant might have been carried out in spite of the most strenuous measures taken for his protection.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE GORDON EXPEDITION, 1884-1885

Malta—St Florian and its mummy monks—Cremation and the Church—Cairo—Ramesis and Seti—Alien immigration in Egypt—Edfu—Philæ—Mr Bennett Burleigh rescued from an embarrassing situation—Abu Fatmeh—Sheik Salem of the Kabbabish Arabs—A trying *bonne bouche*—I become a medicine man—Value of Elliman's embrocation—Dongola—Debbeh—The Bashi Bazouks and their atrocities—Battle-fields of Debbeh and Korti—Misuse of camels—The Naval Brigade puzzled—Sir William Butler and the boats—Abu Klea—Gordon steamers and message—The fall of Khartum and death of Gordon—Did the delay at Metemnesh cause disaster?—Sir Redvers Buller brings back the desert column—Excellent conduct of troops—Sir Wilfrid Blunt and the British soldier—Summer quarters—A General's magic.

**I** EMBARKED on the 23rd October 1884 at Gravesend on board the P. & O. steamer "Khedive," which carried a number of officers for service in the Gordon Expedition. Among them was Ian Hamilton, then a subaltern of the 92nd Highlanders, who gave me full and very interesting details of the disastrous battle of Majuba, at which he had commanded an outpost; he told me that, time after time, he sent messages to General Colley that the Boers were climbing up the heights which led to the British position. No notice was taken, and they at length reached the crest, made a bold rush, and the affair was over. Ian Hamilton's hand was badly shattered, but he held out to the last possible moment.

The voyage was, as most such voyages are, quite uneventful. We touched at Gibraltar on October 27th,



and reached Malta on the 31st, where we spent a day on shore—a very pleasing relief to the deadly monotony of a sea voyage. I visited, as I always do when at Malta, the vault at St Florian, where are deposited the earthly remains of the Capuchin monks—a truly ghastly and grotesque sight. The bodies are dressed in thick brown robes, the hoods of which are put on their heads; and they are propped up in separate niches, and remain there till they drop to pieces—when gruesome ornaments are made of the pick of their bones, while the rest crumbles into dust which is swept away.

Our guide, a fat, comfortable-looking monk, explained that the bodies were for a time placed aside, and they were dried up by some process of local nature, which he evidently thought miraculous. I believe that in reality they are disembowelled and dessicated by a mummifying process borrowed from Egypt. How sights such as these make one long for general cremation of dead bodies! I am perfectly unable to understand the objections that exist to this rational, wholesome disposal of the dead, or to grasp the difference between rapid and clean destruction of the body by fire, and the slow, filthy, and loathsome process of putrefaction; or, as a third alternative, the embalming which preserves for a longer or shorter period, according to whether carried out by an expert or not, the poor and insignificant remains which have acted as a temporary covering for the spirit.

The reasons against it alleged by the Church seem totally lacking in common sense. I remember on one occasion being present when cremation was being discussed. Among us was a High Church parson, of ascetic appearance, and an air of intense superiority and pity at the inferiority of his surroundings. I said that,

whether cremated or buried, the end of the body was the same—complete disintegration—and it could make no difference at the resurrection by what process this had taken place.

The clergyman said, with a lofty and pious air, in that unctuous voice adopted by certain of his cloth, that it was the Lord's will that we should arise on the Day of Judgment in the same bodies that we had when on earth. I said that I supposed those bodies would be perfect ?

“Of course,” replied he.

“Then,” said I, “how will it be with a friend of mine who lost his leg in India, and lies buried in England ? Will his body go to his leg in India ; or his leg to his body in England ? ”

The reverend gentleman turned white with anger, and gave me a look which told me clearly that he was darting an Apostolic curse at my devoted head. He had, however, no further argument to advance.

We arrived at Port Said on November 4th, and, going through the Suez Canal, reached Suez on the 6th. The next day we went by train to Cairo, lunching on the way at Zagazig, close to the scene of the battle of Telegel-kebir, where Arabi Pasha's cause was lost in 1882. We stayed at Cairo, which was then a very pleasant place ; as, owing to the war, there was an almost total absence of tourists and travellers—which have now turned the place into a vulgar cosmopolitan inferno.

What interested me most was the Boolāk Museum, with its wonderful collection of antiquities of the remote past : among which was the wooden figure of the Sheikhal-Balad (Headman of the Village), said to be 3000 years old. Its glass eyes were perfectly made, the right differ-

ing from the left as in the case of human eyes ; which shows what art was so many ages ago.

What, however, impressed me most and filled me with awe and wonder, were the mummies of the great Ramesis (Sesostris) and his father, Seti. The bodies were in a wonderful state of preservation, and one could imagine perfectly, from the sharp, clear-cut features, what these mighty monarchs were like when on the physical plane. King Ramesis especially looked stern, grim, and commanding. It was with a strange feeling of awe that I looked upon the mummy in its glass case, and thought that there were the remains of the greatest of all Egyptian kings, who lived 3244 years ago, and some 2000 after the completion of the Pyramids. He over-ran with his armies, in a campaign of nine years duration, during which he personally commanded his armies the whole time, Syria, Assyria, Persia, the Caucasus and Asia Minor. He it was who oppressed the children of Israel, and for whom they built the cities of Pithom and Raamses.

The foreign population of Egypt had at that time been greatly increased by the influx of the captives of the wars, and the Semitic element had probably become almost threateningly preponderant in the Eastern Delta. That the captives and foreigners should be put to enforced labour upon the public works of Egypt was to be expected : but how the natives viewed with alarm the increasing numbers of Hebrews and their kindred we learn from the beginning of the Book of Exodus. History strangely repeats itself ! The question of the alleged evils of alien immigration is not a new one !

On the 11th November we left Cairo. I had with me a young officer, Henry Sclater, who had been under me in the Horse Artillery at Aldershot, of which I was

Adjutant. I always detected the budding of great ability in him.

When I arrived at Cairo he expressed great eagerness to go up the Nile with me. He was on the Artillery Staff at Cairo, and it was no easy thing to obtain permission for him to leave it. However, I stuck to my point, and gained it. He did very well throughout the campaign, and has done so ever since : he is now, after holding the Quartermaster-Generalship of India, General commanding at Quetta, and is regarded as one of the best officers in the army.

We arrived at Assiout the same evening at 7 p.m., and embarked at once on board the steamer "Bayadère," reaching Assouan on Sunday, November 16th. The journey was interesting owing to the number of temples, but otherwise exceedingly monotonous. Narrow strips of vegetation on both banks, endless creaking *sakhiyahs* (water-wheels), and then rugged hills of golden-hued sandstone on one bank, and white sandstone on the other : and, beyond these, a vast infinite expanse of desert, reaching on the east to the Red Sea, to the west boundless as eternity itself. According to the belief of the ancient Egyptians, the Kingdom of Death is found in these deserts. The banks of old Father Nile were lined with palm-trees and acacias, and studded with innumerable villages, from which, from time to time, we were greeted with cries of derision and encouraging remarks that not one of us would return, as the Mahdi, the prophet of Allah, was only waiting to make us Mohammedans or send us to the hell of infidels.

We passed the remains of the mighty Karnak and Thebes, the city of the living and the city of the dead,

and the next day had the advantage of stopping at Edfu, and visiting the magnificent temple there. Between the river and the temple runs a canal with very high banks, and bridged over with very narrow beams with no hand-rail. We all crossed without difficulty, except one officer, who had been recommended for the Victoria Cross for an act of great gallantry. He became so unnerved when he stepped on the plank, and saw the deep fall to the canal, and shivered so violently, that we thought he must fall. He persisted in going on, so we had to blindfold him, and then, led by one Arab and followed on his heels by a second one, ready to steady him if he trembled too much, he managed to reach the other bank in safety. He was, to use the graphical German description, *schwindelig*; and, to such, to look down from a height is positive torture. Truly, man is a strange composite!

Nothing of its kind that I saw approached in beauty and preservation the temple of Edfu, which stands alone, between Luxor and Assouan. It was dedicated to Horus with the hawk-head, the son of Isis and Osiris, the rising sun, who at midday gives place to the Hero, Ra. History relates that it took one hundred and eighty years to build, and that it was dedicated to the "Hidden One," to the unknown God:—

"Thou first great cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined,  
To know that this—that thou art God,  
And I myself am blind."

POPE.

Whom all acknowledge in their inmost soul, even the Atheist, though openly he enunciates rubbish about the combination of particles in accordance with the laws of



gravity and attraction, as being the beginning of all things.

Edfu's towers are one hundred and twelve feet high. It has a propylon two hundred and fifty-two feet broad, and its walls are four hundred and fifty feet long. It was completed 57 B.C. Many of its figures and frescoes are still perfect ; but the hand of the iconoclast follower of Mohammed is but too painfully visible. He, like Cromwell's " Fight-the-good-Fight-of-Faith Barebones," saw salvation from their peculiarly conceived Deity in mutilating the works produced by the genius of preceding generations, a curious path to take for Heaven !

It has a large outer court, with thirty-two fine pillars, two smaller inner courts with twelve pillars, and then the Holy of Holies, with a seat cut out of a solid block of red granite. There are twenty-one large and three smaller colossal figures on each entrance tower, which is in the form of a truncated pyramid, one hundred and eighty feet high. I have never been so much impressed by any building or any work of man, including even the Taj Mahal at Agra, raised by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1650 over the tomb of his favourite wife.

On Sunday, 16th November, we arrived at Assouan, whence I went to see the temples at Philæ which had not then suffered the fate at the hands of the late Sir John Aird, Sir William Garstin, Mr John Blue and Mr Fitzmaurice, which, I believe, has destroyed the picturesque, and created a *monstrum horrendum informe ingens*, which, at the cost of a million and half, has produced material advantages to the fellaheen, but has desecrated the sacred haunts of Isis, the Great



Enchantress. However, this and the like are unavoidable; in this iron age, sentiment and antiquity must go down before modern invention and utilitarian improvements.

In 1884 the magnificent temples, both Greek and Egyptian, and the rest of the erections, stood high and dry above the river, in a wonderfully preserved condition. Many of the frescoes were as vivid as if painted yesterday, and it is sad to me to think of all this being slowly but surely undermined by the inexorable and continuous action of water. It is asserted that this is doing no harm, but, on the contrary, has, by hardening and consolidating, prolonged the life of Philæ. *Credat Judæus Apella!*

We proceeded by the little railway which then went round the cataract, and at Shallal found Colonel Hallam Parr awaiting us. We embarked at once on board the S.S. "Kanoos," formerly a yacht of Ismail Pasha, the ruler who made Egypt to sin. On the 20th November we reached Ipsambol, where we found the 42nd Highlanders in bivouac. The temple, cut into the rock, with four gigantic figures, one headless, outside, is quite unique.

We reached Wadi Halfa next day, and were received by Colonel Duncan, a distinguished artillery officer attached to the Egyptian army, author of the "History of the Royal Artillery"; and Colonel Thomas Fraser, an equally distinguished engineer officer, now General Sir Thomas Fraser. We found there several officers of the Headquarters Staff, among others Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Charles Beresford and Colonel H. Brackenbury—whom I had not seen since the fateful day at Dublin Castle.

I left for Sarras on the 29th, and commenced my march up the Nile. My small party consisted of three Europeans, one native, with three horses and three camels. On the evening of the 1st December we halted at a place called Akhashieh, on the right bank of the Nile, and were preparing our bivouac when we heard a curious rattling noise some distance away, across the water.

We soon perceived that this was a man making for the bank. I sent to some natives, who lived in a group of huts hard by, to see if they had a raft or a boat; but, before we could do anything to help the waif on the water, he arrived safely. When he issued from the river we saw that it was no less a person than Mr Bennet Burleigh, the, even then, well-known war-correspondent, who represented the "Daily Telegraph" during the war. His boat (*dahabieh*) had been wrecked and sunk, and he had saved himself by swimming to the bank—a considerable distance—by the help of two oars which he found floating by the wreck. This was one of the very many remarkable escapes from death of Mr Bennett Burleigh, who has been more often in close contact with that, so represented, horrible spectre than anyone I know. He had lost everything except his money, which was, I believe, in a pocket in his belt.

I fitted him out from head to foot, and supplied him with provisions, for all of which he was most grateful. One rarely receives back books which one lends to friends, however much one may expect and hope to do so, but one certainly never expects to see again clothes which one has lent. One day, towards the close of the campaign, I received a parcel at Dongola, which contained all the articles of apparel I had supplied him with, which were not actually worn out. He had worn them on the march

through the desert, and at the battles of Abuklea and Metemmeh, and their appearance was somewhat seamy and seedy. At that period of the campaign clothing had run short, and I appreciated Mr Bennet Burleigh's extreme conscientiousness.

He had run extreme danger from attacks by crocodiles, with which the river swarmed at Akashieh, but he had had the presence of mind continually to rattle against one another the two oars, which, no doubt, frightened the amphibious monsters and kept them at a distance.

I had passed by temples out of number, and thought that the Egyptians and Arabs must have been wonderfully hard prayers. Some of these temples had evidently been very large, and many remains of beauty were left. But I must not weary my readers with further descriptions of them; and, moreover, they are described *usque ad nauseam* in the numerous guide-books written for the use of the globe-trotters and tourists, who, through the agency and help of Cook & Son, and others, invade pertinaciously the haunts of the hippopotami and the crocodiles on the banks of old Father Nile.

Sir Redvers Buller arrived that afternoon, with his aide-de-camp, Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, at Akashieh, and I went on with them next day.

I reached Abu Fatmeh on 7th December, and found there my old friend, Colonel (afterwards Sir Frederick) Maurice. I stayed there for some days, during which troops innumerable passed by in boats or on camels, going to the front—among them many friends of my own, several of whom, alas, were on their last earthly journey. Fred Burnaby, Herbert Stewart, Lord St Vincent, Atherton of the 5th Dragoon Guards, Wolfe

of the Scots Greys, Carmichael of the 5th Lancers, etc., etc.

On 17th December Sheikh Salem Musawi, chief of the Kababish Arabs of the Wadi Gab, came into Abu Fatmeh and reported that the tribe had many camels which they were prepared to sell. I was directed to accompany him to his abode across the desert, and to purchase any serviceable animals that were brought before me at a fair price, going thence to Dongola.

The Kababish had not joined the banners of the Mahdi, and were quite to be trusted. So I only took an interpreter, my soldier servant and two native orderlies; the sheikh had an old, hoary-headed slave with him. With our two horses, four camels and three donkeys we must have appeared a somewhat queer party. The station of the wells was not marked on the map, and I had to trust myself entirely to the guidance of the sheikh, who conducted me in two days to his village. Here I was received with acclamation and escorted to a hut, made of bamboo with matting walls, and containing a stool and a bedstead. A kid was served up, as a special mark of attention to me, and to my horror a piece of the entrails was handed to me by the sheikh. I felt bound to accept the loathsome titbit, which seemed to give much satisfaction, for the demeanour of my hosts became much less suspicious, and we conversed as freely as people can do through an interpreter.

I slept the sleep of the just—with the precaution of placing my loaded revolver on the stool, within grasp; for it was my first sojourn with the wild children of the desert, and I had a considerable sum of money with me for the purpose of buying camels. Nothing happened, and next morning early I took leave of my hosts and set

out again, escorted by the sheikh for Dongola. Purchasable camels there were none, and the Arabs must have driven all their full-grown animals into the desert, in order to avoid being pressed to sell the means by which they live—for the camel is really the transport ship of the desert. All I saw were baby camels, quite unfit for work.

I made a rough and rapid survey of my route and of the wells, which was put later into the map. I parted on the best of terms with Sheikh Salem, who gave me his own ebony-shafted spear, a mark of great honour, and I bought for myself his camel, a very good and well-bred animal, which I rode throughout the campaign.

At the wells an amusing and somewhat embarrassing incident took place; an old woman, a relative of the sheikh, was brought to me for medical treatment, of which I was as ignorant as the babe unborn. Her legs were greatly swelled, and my interpreter said she was suffering from rheumatism. It is never wise "not to know how"; and luckily I had some Elliman's Embrocation, so I rubbed her legs—to the admiration of the Arabs, and to my discomfiture, for it was very hot—for a considerable time, and then told my interpreter to tell her she was much better. Marvellous is the force of suggestion, for she agreed that she felt so. The next morning the power of suggestion still remained, and I gave her a final rub, and left behind me, no doubt, a great reputation as a medicine man. She really did seem better; but whether this was due to the rubbing in of the embrocation, of which I presented the sheikh with what was left in the bottle, or to the suggestion made, I cannot, of course, pretend to say.



When I arrived at Dongola I found that Lord Wolseley and his Staff had left for Korti, whither I was ordered to betake myself with all despatch. I marched from Dongola on 22nd December, and spent Christmas Day at Abugusi, where foraging produced a turkey for dinner. I here received an order from some officious Staff officer to return to Shabadood—two days' march. As soon as I arrived there I was told that the order for my return had been sent in error, and I was directed to resume my journey to Korti. Order, counter-order, disorder!

On my return to Abugusi I received sixty fine camels with drivers, and an escort for Korti. A mutiny broke out among the camel drivers, who were terribly afraid of marching south towards the dreaded Mahdi. This uprising was quickly suppressed.

At Debbeh there was a fort guarding the big bend of the Nile. It was garrisoned by a battalion of bashi-bazouks. I have rarely seen a more serviceable-looking body of men, or a more motley one. One saw the blackest of negroes and the fairest of Europeans. Their dress was picturesque to a degree; they were well-armed, and were fine fighters, second to none. A few weeks back an advanced body of the Mahdi's troops made an attack upon them, only to be defeated with great slaughter. I walked over the battlefield, close by the fort; it was strewn with dead bodies of the dervishes, whom no one had taken the trouble to bury; the vultures, hyenas and jackals had taken their share, and the sun had dried up the rest to a state of parchment, while the ever-piling up sand of the desert was rapidly covering over all evidence of death.

Terrible stories of oppression of the Arabs by these



bashi-bazouks, who knew no laws and respected neither God nor man, were retailed to us. Making raids upon the Arab settlements, levying taxes on their own account and carrying off their animals, was the least of their misdeeds. I was informed through my interpreter—and I saw in the fort much that confirmed what I heard—that, from time to time, a raid would be made by an armed party of these soldiers upon an Arab village, from which all the comely young women and maidens were carried off to the fort. Here the pick of them were sold to the officers, the remainder being kept by the men. After a time the officers, having become tired of their prey, sold them back at a greatly reduced price to the men, who afterwards took back the whole of the abducted women to their Arab husbands and fathers, and made them purchase them back at the point of the sword.

This villany was connived at by the officers, and tacitly sanctioned by the higher officials. Is it a wonder that the oppressed Arabs cried for vengeance to Allah ; or that, when a strong man arose, they flocked, filled with deadly purpose, to his standard ; or that they swore to exterminate every Egyptian and every European, the latter being regarded by them as supporters of the Khedive's cruelty and grasping oppression ? This was the first thing that opened my eyes to the turpitude of Egyptian rule, of which I have more to say later on.

I arrived at Korti on New Year's Day, 1885, and handed over my charge of ninety-seven camels. I passed the battlefield of Korti, where the Egyptian troops had defeated another advanced body of Mahdists, under the chief Heddai, who was slain ; his

head had been cut off and sent in a bag as a trophy to Lord Wolseley.

The loss of the Mahdists must have been great, for the plain was well covered with heaps of slain, whose white clothing with blue patches showed them to have been followers of the false prophet. This battle had very recently been fought, and the remains of the fallen warriors had not yet been dried up by the sun, and the stench was insupportable.

I heard at Korti that Herbert Stewart had gone across the Bayuda Desert to seize the wells at Gakdul—the only extensive water-supply on the two hundred and thirty-mile tract between Korti and Metemmeh. I was at once appointed to the Intelligence Department, under Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, whom it was intended to send as political officer to Khartum.

On 4th January news came in of the seizure of Gakdul by Herbert Stewart, and the establishment of a fortified post there, and the next day he arrived with his force at Korti.

I rode out to meet him with Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller and others, and a most depressing sight was offered to our eyes. I was told that the camels were in first-rate condition a few days before, when the force left Korti on 30th December. A forced march of a hundred miles had been made to Gakdul, which was reached early on 2nd January. The column left that place the same evening, and reached Korti on 5th January—that is to say, two hundred miles in less than six days. There is no animal living which can endure so much and last so well as the camel, but he is exceedingly delicate, and needs almost expert care. His pluck is great, and he will go till he drops to rise no more. The camels were

handed over to our men, who were quite ignorant as to how they should be treated; and this they did in the last way in which it should have been done. I was actually told myself, by a Staff officer to whom I said I watered my camels twice a day, that a camel only needed water every three days—the fact being that a camel will survive without water, under press of circumstances, for that time.

I am sorry to say I fear that the unfortunate animals were treated under the *regime* propounded to me, and that large numbers died of thirst. Napoleon managed his camel corps much more sagaciously. His camels were left in charge of their Arabs, and the French soldier was carried as a burden, having nothing to do with the animal except when on his back.

The camels we met were drooping and dead-beat, dragging themselves along with manifest difficulty—every now and then one falling to rise no more, while as far as the eye could reach, one saw along the track of the column ominous-looking heaps, soared over by foul vultures, the numbers of which were increased every moment by others

“Coming through the aerial ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is black with pinions.”

HIAWATHA.

Nearly all the transport available had been given to this force—the advanced portion of the desert column—and it was but too clear that it had suffered irreparable damage, if not destruction, owing to this forced march.

Lord Wolseley said to Sir Redvers Buller, alluding

to the seizure of the Gakdul wells and his rapidity, that Herbert Stewart had done splendidly. Upon which Buller replied, in his blunt, straight way, something about deserving a court martial for destroying the transport of the army. There was much to be said in favour of a rapid march to Gakdul, in order to seize the wells ; but, once seized, there was no reason whatever for making an equally forced march back to Korti, as there were none of the enemy within appreciable distance. Indeed, an officer of the Intelligence Department, who had had some experience of the country and the Arab tribes, affirmed positively that no resistance would be offered north of Metemmeh ; and probably when he so stated, he was correct, though the result was not as expected and hoped for. Probably the return march was forced in total ignorance of what a camel could do and could not do.

To show to what utterly untrained men in their use and care the camels were handed over, I may relate that the first day or two after my arrival at Korti I was employed with the transport department, and I helped to hand over camels to the Naval Brigade which suffered such terrible loss at Abuklea. The camels were all squatting in the usual manner on an open space in front of the tents. The men were told off to their respective camels, and they remained standing by them. Not a move was made, so I asked one of them why they did not mount. The man replied, with a salute and a grin, " Please, sir, we don't know which end of the animal gets up first."

Anyone who has ridden a camel will understand and appreciate the hesitation. A soldier of the commissariat was told to mount and dismount a few times before

them, and then they all swarmed up, as if they had been in the rigging, and, led by an officer, they departed to their tents. But how I feared for the future of the camels !

Korti being the starting-point of both the river and desert columns, numerous friends of mine passed through. Here it was that I learnt to know Sir William Butler, almost the most brilliant man it has been my lot to meet. His work in connexion with the boats in face of the obstruction of Nature and of the Egyptians was quite marvellous ; and, considering the wretchedly slow rate of progression up the Nile, and the enormous distance to traverse, with three cataracts to overcome, I doubt if ever a greater work of its kind was accomplished.

He left Korti on 16th January, the boats then numbering two hundred and seventeen, with a hundred days' provisions ; General Earle in command, Brackenbury being next in seniority. This river column was intended to meet the desert column, and, in combination with it, to occupy Khartum, to release Gordon and the many European prisoners, and to re-establish Egyptian rule, appointing an Egyptian prince as Viceroy. The aim was a pretentious one, and the means at Lord Wolseley's disposal for arriving at it were, even under the most favourable circumstances, utterly inadequate.

The desert column left Korti on 8th January, reached Gakdul on the 12th, and on the 14th left it for Metemmeh—expecting, from the report alluded to already, to encounter no solid resistance till the Nile was reached on the far side of the Bayuda Desert. Sir Charles Wilson having gone with it, I was appointed

head of the Intelligence Department on the Headquarters Staff. Just before starting, Sir Herbert Stewart confided to me a few small articles which I undertook to hand to his wife, if he did not survive the campaign, and I did. He seemed to have a presentiment of coming fate. I need not say that I faithfully fulfilled my trust.

After the battle of Abu Klea on 17th January, followed by that of Abu Kru (Metemmeh) on the 21st, the small desert column, now greatly reduced in strength and with no hope of speedy reinforcement, which had swept before it huge hordes of desperate and blood-thirsty dervishes who fought to the death and who gave no quarter, butchering all prisoners and wounded who fell into their hands, entrenched itself in a zareba at Gubat, on the Nile, near Metemmeh.

On the 21st, General Gordon's four steamers arrived, bringing a message from him, bearing date 29th December, 1884, and to this effect: "Khartum all right. Can hold out for years. Gordon."

On the 22nd a reconnaissance was made up the river to Shendy, which was reported to be occupied by the enemy, and which was heavily shelled, apparently without the least effect. The 23rd was taken up in repairing and refitting the steamers, and, on the morning of the 24th, Sir Charles Wilson, who had succeeded to the command of the desert column, on the fall of Sir Herbert Stewart, started for Khartum—only to learn on approaching it that one of the greatest tragedies of the nineteenth century had been consummated. Khartum had been carried by assault by the dervishes, Gordon had been slain, and the place had been handed over to plunder and massacre, on the 24th January—two days



earlier—so that the party arrived forty-eight hours too late!

There has been a great amount of controversy as to whether the three days' delay of the steamers at Metemmeh, before the voyage to Khartum was commenced, carried with it the responsibility for the capture of the city, the death of Gordon and the wrecking of the object and hopes of the campaign. Sir Charles Wilson has been bitterly blamed for his apparent inactivity; but when one considers the confident nature of Gordon's message, it is hard to see how he was wanting in not forthwith starting for Khartum, seeing that it was necessary to overhaul and re-fuel the steamers—somewhat crazy craft. Probably the latter might have been made ready to start sooner than they did, but even this would not have saved Gordon and Khartum. My own opinion, much strengthened subsequently by the reports of spies employed by me and sent to Khartum to gather information, was that Mohammed Ahmud, the Mahdi, could have, weeks sooner, carried the place by assault, and that he expected to annihilate the relief force, on which he supposed Gordon would yield at once; but that, when his best fighting men were utterly defeated at Abu Klea, and he heard that the British were steadily advancing, he determined to act at once; and, raising the siege, depart south. One of his Emirs, in whom he especially trusted, pressed him to assault the place and capture Gordon as hostage; he yielded to his persuasion, with the fatal result we know. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the arrival of Sir Charles Wilson with the steamers and his tiny escort of twenty men of the Sussex Regiment would have made any difference, probably that they would have shared Gordon's fate.

The great difficulties of the position, in which Sir Charles Wilson was placed, have hardly been fairly estimated. He was well known and justly appreciated as a man of scientific and historical research, and as an enterprising and successful explorer in Palestine; but for a long time he had had no practical military experience of command.

Burnaby was sent with the desert column to take command if any casualty befell Sir Herbert Stewart. On the fall of both of these gallant and deeply regretted officers, the command fell to Sir Charles Wilson, just as a battle was imminent. He had been designated as political officer only, and Lord Wolseley would not for a moment have contemplated his appointment to the command of the column. No one could have supposed that both Herbert Stewart and Burnaby would have been killed, especially as no resistance north of Metemneh was expected.

Sir Charles Wilson did as well as anyone could have done under the circumstances, and the attempts to saddle him with responsibility for the failure to save Gordon and Khartum were neither justified nor creditable. It was at first believed that Gordon was betrayed and Khartum given up by treachery into the Mahdi's hands. Mr Gladstone spoke over and over again of "the betrayal." Major (now Lord) Kitchener, who was a colleague of mine in the Intelligence Branch during the war, wrote the official report on the campaign, in which he states he found nothing to justify the accusations of treachery, but the most vague rumours, which reached me constantly at Dongola. He believes that "Khartum fell from sudden assault, when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make serious resistance."

Major Kitchener was the last man to form an over-hurried conclusion, and his was arrived at after the long and patient investigation which bore fruit in his very able report upon this disastrous campaign.

The steamers were brought back with the greatest difficulty, under fire nearly the whole way, till they were wrecked, and Sir Charles Wilson and his party were rescued, some twenty-five miles from Metemmeh, by Lord Charles Beresford, who, after a sharp action, brought them safely back to Gubat in his steamer, the "Safia."

The desert column remained in their fortified zareba, under the command of Colonel Mildmay Wilson, Scots Guards, after the departure of Sir Charles Wilson—who, with Major Stewart Wortley, went to Korti to report to Lord Wolseley. The forces of the Mahdi were now full on the move northwards, and were threatening in many directions. It soon became manifest that the Gubat position was becoming thoroughly unsafe, seeing that it was some two hundred and forty miles from Korti, and one hundred and forty from the nearest post, the Gakdul wells. The dervishes could in a short time have isolated the small British force and cut off its supplies.

On the 11th February Sir Redvers Buller, Chief of the Staff, who, equally with Marshal Ney, deserves the title of *le plus brave des braves*, the most gallant of soldiers, the truest of friends, the kindest of men—one who was as straight as a die and who hated anything approaching self-glorification, advertisement and snobbery—was sent by Lord Wolseley to extricate and bring back the jeopardized force to Korti.

On the 14th, the retirement began; the sick and

wounded and such stores as could be transported across the desert having been sent in advance, the desert column marched from Gubat. Everything which could not be carried, as well as the guns of the steamers, were thrown into the Nile, while the engines of the latter were made useless by Lord Charles Beresford. Major Willoughby Verner of the Rifle Brigade led the column, which halted at Abu Klea walls. Sir Redvers Buller, whose advent raised the drooping spirits and inspired all with new confidence, brought with him a battalion of the Royal Irish, which had just completed their tour of Indian service. They were one of the finest bodies of troops I ever saw; they marched on foot from Gubat to Korti, and furnished a most valuable and much-needed reinforcement to the hard-trying and naturally discouraged force in the zarefa.

On the 16th the enemy came within range, and opened a heavy fire on the rear of the column, causing some loss. The next day the dervishes advanced cautiously to attack, but were repulsed; and when Major Wardrop, with a handful of hussars, managed to crawl round their flank and open fire, his party being concealed from them, the enemy, fearing that their rear was threatened, beat a hasty retreat, and beyond a little distant sniping, they harassed the column no further.

Lord Wolseley, accompanied by his Staff, rode out into the desert a considerable distance to meet Sir Redvers Buller and the desert column, which had gone through a period of terrible strain, privation and hardship. The troops presented a very different appearance from what they did on 8th January, when they set out in full confidence of saving Gordon. All were then

mounted. Few camels were now to be seen, at least alive, for the desert was strewn with dead ones, and the soldiers plodded along on foot, almost in rags, often shoeless. They seemed weary and way-worn; but, though all hopes of success had been blighted, they looked hard, fit and determined—as ready as ever to fight to the death, as the Mahdists knew well; and this and the great losses suffered by them at Abu Klea and Abu Kru had made them very shy of coming too near the British soldier.

The conduct of the men had been, as was that of the army generally, throughout the campaign, quite admirable; they bore their tremendous task unflinchingly. Every soldier of the desert column we were watching had behaved like a hero in the face of adversity, which is the true test of courage; and England had indeed good cause to be proud of her sons.

And yet it has been an Englishman who has slandered these soldiers in the following passage, culled from a recent work, entitled "Gordon at Khartum." Speaking of the British soldiers who fought at Abu Klea, he writes:—

"These English soldiers are mere murderers, and I confess I would rather see them all at perdition than that a single Arab more should die. What are they? A mongrel scum of thieves from Whitechapel and Seven-dials, commanded by young fellows whose ideal is the green-room of the Gaiety—without beliefs, without traditions, without other principle of action than just to get their promotion and have a little fun. On the other side, men with the memory of a thousand years of freedom, with chivalry inherited from the Saracens, the noblest of ancestors; with a creed the purest the world



ever knew, worshipping God and serving Him in arms, like the heroes of the ancient world. It is over the death of these we rejoice! No; I desire in my heart to see their blood avenged, and every man of Stewart's butchering host butchered in their turn, and sent to hell."

This extraordinary rigmarole of irresponsible malignity emanates from the pen of Mr Wilfred Blunt. No one had a better opportunity than myself of knowing what our soldiers were like in this campaign, and I can affirm that a more utterly unfounded and unworthy libel was never written; it is difficult to believe that such venomous rubbish ever germinated in the brain of a sane person. The writer would appear to be one of those individuals who detest and condemn everything connected with the land that gave them birth.

The chivalry with which his beloved Arabs fought consisted in brutally butchering every prisoner and wounded man who fell into their hands. Not one was spared by them. This hatred of one's own country and countrymen, and admiration of their enemies, betokens the presence of what the French call *un esprit de travers*—of which Rochefoucauld writes in his "Pensées, Maximes et Réflexions Morales": "On trouve des moyens pour guerir de la folie, mais on n'en trouve point pour redresser un esprit de travers."

I may here say that the tribe of Kababish Arabs, who were opposed to the Mahdi, did us the most signal service in helping us with their camels, when ours had nearly all been wiped out by over-fatigue and ignorant mistreatment. When the British force retreated down the Nile, the blood-thirsty monster, the Mahdi, as vindictive



as he was cruel and crafty, plundered and almost annihilated this fine tribe, murdering their Sheikh Saleh, a man with whom I had many dealings, and whom I found to be trustworthy, fair and honest.

It was now decided that the army was to go into summer quarters on the banks of the Nile, at Merawi, Dongola, Hafir, Korti, Tani, Kurot, Abu Gus, and Handak, and that, after being reinforced, it should advance on Khartum the following winter.

These different stations were placed under the command of well-known and distinguished officers. They were objects of great curiosity to the Arabs, who used to travel for miles to visit them. Most of these were friendly to the Mahdi, and no doubt spied freely for him.

One day a small party of stately sons of the desert, gorgeously attired, paid a visit to General the Hon. James Dormer, who commanded, I think, at Tani or Kurot. He received them in his tent, and they squatted in a semi-circle before him. Coffee was served, and conversation was carried on through an interpreter. He asked them if the Mahdi could do everything the English could do. They shrugged their shoulders, and smiled in derision at the idea of doubt being possible on the subject.

“Can he do this?” said the general; and taking out his glass eye, he tossed it in the air, caught it, put it back, and fixed them with a stony stare.

For a moment the visitors remained rigid with awe; then, in wild panic, shouting out, “*Lā Haul wa lā Kuwwata illa billāhi*” (“There is no power, no strength but in God”—the Mohammedan’s appeal to Allah when he is frightened), rushed out of the tent, and never

stopped till a good distance lay between them and the cantonment.

The fame of this was, doubtless, spread abroad ; and the news reached Khartum that at least one of the British generals was a great magician, and one who should be avoided ; for few visitors afterwards appeared at the station.

I must here say that Lord Wolseley had decided to advance across the desert after Sir Redvers Buller, with his whole available force ; but, in reply to his proposal to do so, the War Minister, then the Marquis of Hartington, telegraphed to him that, as Gordon had fallen and Khartum had been captured by the Mahdi, the Government did not desire that any advance should be made till the winter.

Lord Wolseley and his soldiers had done wonders in the face of the most persistent and atrociously evil fate. The expedition started too late, which was no fault of his, and, in spite of that, he all but succeeded ; and when the bitter blow fell, and the news of Gordon's death and the failure of hope was announced (the last thing that was expected, having regard to Gordon's confident message of 29th December), he bore it heroically, unflinchingly, and without a murmur, as I can personally testify, as I was with him when the fatal message was brought in. He at once began to modify and remake his plans to suit the disastrously altered circumstances.

The army headquarters were shortly moved from Korti to Dongola, and after remaining there a few days, Lord Wolseley left for Suakim—the command of the Nile army devolving on Sir Redvers Buller. It was for some time thought that the British Government would adhere to their resolve that Lord Wolseley should again

advance on Khartum after the hot weather, by which time his army would have been reinforced ; and we settled down expectantly in our summer quarters. Sir Charles Wilson remained for a few days at Dongola, in charge of the Intelligence Department, and then left for Cairo—on which I was appointed to succeed him ; and then commenced that portion of the campaign which was to me personally of, by far, the greatest interest.

I must say that I think the projected move of Lord Wolseley across the Bayuda Desert to join Buller, with the object of advancing on Khartum, would have been fraught with the greatest danger. The transport was then in a deplorable condition, and the troops, greatly reduced in numbers, were dispirited ; while, on the other side, the victory of the Mahdi at Khartum had brought tens of thousands of waverers to his standard, all of whom now believed in him as an inspired person, and an apostle of Allah, only second to Mahommed himself. Why we were not vigorously attacked I could not imagine, till I was told by my spies that it was thought by the Mahdi's Emirs that the British withdrawal was only a feint to draw them on, and then serve them as they had done at Abu Klea—where, to use their own metaphor, " a sword had been driven into their hearts." There is no doubt that, at one time, the situation at Korti was considered very critical. The effective force was very small, the number of non-combatants, sick and wounded, large ; and if, as was reported to be the case, a considerable body of dervishes had succeeded in crossing the desert, the chances of our annihilation would have been great.

One day it was determined by Lord Wolseley to make a demonstration, and a parade was held for the purpose

of impressing the natives. Every man who could carry a rifle, sick or sound, was ordered to attend ; and with non-combatants a fairly goodly show was made. Whether this ruse worked the desired impression or not, I do not venture to say ; but, in any case, no attempt was made to attack us.

## CHAPTER V

### THE MAHDI

Capture of the Mahdi's relatives who had been supplying him with information of our movements—I offer to exchange these with the Mahdi for prisoners captured at Khartum—The Mahdi's reply to his relatives and to me—Career and death of the Mahdi—Rumours as to the Mahdi's death—I am accused of conniving at his murder by poison—Father Bonomi is rescued from El Obeid—His extraordinary story—*Sic vos non vobis.*

**T**HE first thing to be done was the all-important task of getting so far in touch with Khartum that we could acquire a general knowledge of the Mahdi's dispositions and doings and possible designs against us. Money was not wanting, and messengers more or less trustworthy were obtained for us by the Mudir of Dongola, Mustawa Jāwa, the Vakil Jawdat Effendi, and Mr Santoni the postmaster. These messengers on the whole did very good work for us, and were well worth the money paid them; some of them certainly did reach Khartum and El Obeid, and brought very valuable information.

I soon learnt from some of them that constant messages were being sent to the Mahdi, informing him accurately as to all the British force was doing. Early in April it was ascertained that the main source of this system of information to Khartum lay in the island of Labāb, a few miles distant from Dongola up the Nile, where lived a number of the relations of the Mahdi, who had commenced his career as a schoolmaster in a village

near Dongola. Sir Redvers Buller rightly determined to stop this source of information, and he thought moreover that if he held as hostages the kinsmen of the Mahdi the latter would purchase their release by exchanging with them the European captives in his power. He accordingly ordered me to seize them, for which purpose he said I might have as large a force as I liked. Sir Charles Wilson was strongly in favour of my taking a considerable number of both mounted and dismounted men. But after a long consultation with Jawdat Effendi I came to the conclusion that the very appearance of a large body of troops would cause the flight of our quarry into the desert south of the Nile, where their capture would be impossible. The only way to succeed, as Jawdat Effendi, who was as cunning as a fox, said, was by a *coup de main*; this I determined to attempt.

Very early in the morning of the 29th April I set out, taking with me in a steam pinnace a few blue-jackets and a couple of Soudanese soldiers, together with Jawdat Effendi, who knew the wanted men well. A nugger (large sailing-boat) had been sent the night before to anchor off Labāb, as the appearance of such a craft, with its native crew, would not be likely to excite any suspicion. The intention was to get the men quickly on board the nugger, and then to tow the latter to Dongola. When we arrived off the island we found to my chagrin that the nugger was stuck hard and fast on a sandbank, and therefore useless to us for the purpose required. Fortunately, a large ferry-boat, the only one, as it appeared, that the islanders possessed, lay close by; and it was at once seized and made fast to the pinnace. The Vakil then sent a message to Abu Degin, the chief of the



Mahdi's relations, and to the others ; and shortly afterwards they came down to the water's edge with a few followers, who evidently had not the slightest idea what we had come for. We landed, and after a somewhat lengthened parley between them and the Vakil, they got into the ferry-boat, which was immediately towed towards the opposite bank where a large fair or market was being held. As soon as we arrived in mid-stream, our course was altered and we proceeded full steam ahead down the river. It was a critical moment. In a few minutes both banks were crowded with yelling natives, who saw that a trick had been played them. They brandished their spears, and shouted hatred and defiance at us. They would have made very short work of us if they could have got at us, but their only ferry-boat was in our possession, and they were helpless.

By what pretence the Vakil managed to induce the relatives of the Prophet to come down to the bank and embark in the ferry-boat I know not and did not inquire. My belief is that he represented to them that we had come to purchase grain for the British army at a price profitable to them, and that, as a market was being held on the opposite bank at which the produce of the island was being offered for sale, he persuaded them to go with us to the market to arrange then and there for the sale of their corn. The Vakil was evidently on very intimate terms with them, and there was no doubt that the Mudirs, the Vakil and other Egyptian officials, by whom we were surrounded at Dongola, had been trimming their sails and making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of the Mahdi since our retreat across the desert and down the Nile, by which we had lost a great deal of the prestige won at Abu Klea

and Abu Kru, and that the Mahdi's relatives thought that the Vakil had come to pay them a friendly visit ; for no soldiers were with him except the two Soudanese orderlies ; they had no idea who I was, and the sailors were merely the crew of the pinnace. They could not suppose that such a small insignificant party entertained hostile intentions. Be it as it may, the stratagem of the Vakil succeeded and enabled me to carry out my orders and capture the whole of the men required.

It was fortunate for us that a market was being held on the bank opposite the island, for a large proportion of the population of the latter was there. When they saw that their only ferry-boat was gone, and that their head men were being carried away, they, men, women, and children, plunged into the river and swam for their homes. The distance was about a quarter of a mile. It was a curious sight. The water was thronged with heads, and one might have supposed that the swimmers would have been afraid of the alligators and hippopotami, which haunt the Nile. These people are amphibious, and appear to pay little or no regard to the animals in question, which, except when attacked or wounded themselves, rarely molest human beings whom they shun as far as possible.

We conducted our prisoners safely to Dongola, and a few days later they were sent down the Nile in a steamer for Egypt, on 6th April. An Arab undertook to deliver a letter written by them to the Mahdi, and one from me to that august personage. In the former it was stated that they were in captivity with the British army, and they implored the Prophet to release the Christians in his hands, and so obtain deliverance for his kinsmen. My letter, written by order of Lord Wolseley, was to

the same effect, and I pledged myself in Lord Wolseley's name that our prisoners should be well treated, and that they should one and all be released in exchange for Slatin Bey (Baron Rudolf Carl), now Slatin Pasha, and the other Christian captives. On 14th June the messenger returned, bringing with him three very curious documents. The first purported to be a letter coming from and signed by the ninety-six Christian prisoners. It was to the effect that they had all embraced Islamism, that nothing would induce them to leave Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi, Prophet of God and their Lord and Master ; and it wound up with an exhortation to us all to join and submit to the Mahdi, and so save our annihilation by him in this world, while securing our everlasting salvation ! This letter was thought at first to be genuine, though doubtless signed under pressure. Father Buonomi, however, who was shortly afterwards rescued from El Obeid and brought to Dongola, and whose signature was included with those of all the priests, nuns and others, including those of Slatin Bey and Lupton Bey, assured me that he had never heard of and had certainly not signed any such document, and he was quite sure that the signatures were all forged or extorted under torture. This letter was supposed to have been the work of an Italian named Cuzzi, who had become a Mussulman, and was with the Mahdi. The other two letters were from the Mahdi himself and bore his seal. I give the translation of these two letters *in extenso*, as they possess great interest in showing the semi-divine position which the Mahdi held in his own estimation and that of his followers.

The first letter is as follows :—

“ In the name of God, the clement and merciful :

glory be to God the Generous Ruler, and prayers to our Lord Mohamed and his descendants !

“ From the slave, dependent upon his God, in whom he reposes his trust, Mohamed El Mahdi, the son of Abdulla :

“ To Mohamed Abd El Kadir El Haj Sharifi, Mohamed Nur, El Sharif Shati Ali Abd El Kadir, Abd El Karim, Mohamed Ibrahim, Ahmed En Najib and Haj Sherif, son of Mohamed the Kadi.

“ I have received your letter, in which you complain that you are captives in the power of the enemies of God, Lord Wolseley's Agent and his English Band : that you are held as hostages for the delivering up of the priests, nuns, Europeans, Copts who are with me : and that you are cruelly treated for their sakes : and you implore me that they may be sent down to the English in order that you may be liberated.

“ In reply I say unto you : oh, people, fear God and dread the day of his wrath, for his word shall be fulfilled. Deceive not yourselves with delusions, and vanities of earthly existence, but follow the teaching He has sent down from Heaven, and repent before that day in which his vengeance shall take you unawares, when you shall exclaim in the bitterness of remorse : ‘ Had the Lord guided us in the right way, we had been Believers.’ Ye hypocrites and rebellious of heart, hath not God Almighty said : ‘ Nay ; but my word came to you and you refused to listen, and persisted in your infidelity ’ ?

“ Know that those whom you demand should be sent down to redeem you from captivity are more precious in the sight of God than you, for they have listened to His words and obeyed His call, and quitted darkness for light, and are now of those elect who fight in the

cause of the Lord ; they are of His holy band, under His divine care and near Him. He says in His word, ' They who come to Me and believe are My chosen ones ; I will lead them from darkness into light.'

" As to you, I summoned you, but you heeded not my call, you persisted in your perversity, and put your trust in Infidels. They who are led from light into darkness are the really wicked and evil of heart. Whatever they may do to you is a much less punishment than you deserve ; and does not affect me in the least. I have no connection with or interest in you : for you yourselves are the authors of the evil which has overtaken you, and between you and the English there is no difference in my sight. Pray what is your value that I should exchange for you those whom God Almighty has chosen for his own, guided in the right way, and made joyful with the light of his salvation ? I wonder at your conceit and credulity !

" Were you possessed of common sense, you would know that to exchange the precious for the worthless is not the way of the wise.

" God forbid that I should act thus, or commit so unworthy a deed ; for He hath said, ' Those people cannot believe in Me and My Prophet, who love those who go astray from their God and his Apostle, even should they be their Fathers, their children, their brethren, or their Tribesmen.' If therefore you rely upon the ties of relationship with me, this verse will be sufficient to prove to you how complete is the separation between us.

" In short I refuse to comply with your request, nor do I pity you in the slightest degree for whatever punishment the infidels inflict on you—yea, even if they torture you to death, and tear you limb from limb—whilst you



are in league with and subservient to them, and fear them rather than your God. Let them do what they please with you. The Prophet of God hath said : ' Those who aid the wicked shall fall into their power.' Your fate is due to your love of the world, and in you is fulfilled the proverb : ' He who would seize the carrion must risk the bite of dogs.'

" Be sure that if you and your allies do not quit your evil ways and repent and turn to God, you will soon by the will and power of the Almighty be in my grasp and taste the bitter reward of your wickedness in quitting the path of the Lord ; but if you repent you shall be accepted and receive from me the security and peace of God and of his Prophet and of me His chosen servant.

" Signed and sealed :

" There is but one God, and Mahommed is his Prophet.

" MAHOMMED EL MAHDI IBN ABDULLA.

" Khartoum, 13th of the month *Shaban* 1302."

This letter must have been a bitter blow to the kinsmen of the Mahdi, for they were confident that he would release at least the number of the prisoners in exchange for them ; for although they had not left their homes and given up their whole to follow him, as he had summoned them to do, they had been very useful to him in furnishing him with information as to our movements. Doubtless he saw that they had been found out, and could serve him no more ; so he left them to their fate ; rather the way of the world !

I do not know what became of these riverain relations of the Mahdi, but I hope that when the Nile was cleared of the dervishes they were sent back to their homes and their water-wheels.



The third letter was addressed to me as Agent of Lord Wolseley, and, as it will be seen, it teems more with hypocrisy and arrogance than the last one. The Mahdi, it must be remembered, was then at the zenith of his fleeting power, and felt himself uplifted to the greatness of Mohammed himself.

My letter ran thus :—

“ In the name of God, the mighty, the merciful, the beneficent Ruler ; and benedictions on our Lord Mohammed and his descendants :

“ From the slave and firm believer in God, Mohammed El Mahdi, the son of Abdulla :

“ To the Agent of Lord Wolseley and all his soldiers :

“ Know that God Almighty is all powerful and that naught in the universe is impossible to Him. He utters the word ‘ Be ! ’ and it is. He is the King of all dominions and of all glory.

“ It being His will to establish and make permanent the Faith of Islam, he sustained me with his angels and demons, and struck terror into the hearts of my enemies : and he promised me triumph over them all, and also the sovereignty of the whole world, so that neither mortals nor demons should ever be able to resist me in battle. I, who formerly was but a poor and frail man, have been chosen and anointed by God, who has rendered manifest my divine mission and annihilated the Turks and other enemies of the Lord who gave me the lie.

“ The fate of the armies sent against me by you is a matter of notoriety—how they perished by the sword and fire, while the few survivors were made captives. You have seen how their fortified towns have fallen under my sway ; and you are witness to the might and power which God has vested in me, and which will continue to

increase until, by the permission of God, the whole earth shall be brought under my rule.

“ Therefore, as you understand this, I summon you to become worshippers of the true God, and exhort you to respond to His call, and I summon you to accept the true faith : to believe in God and His Prophet and to submit yourself to the decrees of the Mahdi.

“ Believe and be saved : become Moslems and God will give you a two-fold reward. Ye people of the Book (the Bible) come, let us adopt one common motto—namely : ‘ We will worship but one God, a God without a partner.’

“ If you respond by a profession of Islamism, and come to your God, ye shall be my brethren in the Lord. Ye shall receive what I receive, and my rights shall be your rights : I will protect and preserve your lives, your property and your honour : and on the great Day of Judgment (which must come) ye shall receive from God the great reward of the righteous. For this world shall most assuredly be destroyed, but the future world—a habitation possessing all the joys which the heart can desire—shall remain for ever and ever.

“ But if ye refuse to give ear unto my words of advice, and persist in your infidelity, take warning that the same woe and destruction which overwhelmed Hicks, Gordon and others, shall surely be your portion. Your numbers and your tricks will avail you nothing against the Almighty.

“ You are aware that the persons whom you have made prisoners have sent me a letter (which I have duly received) respecting the Priests, Nuns, Europeans and Copts, begging that they may be sent down to you, in exchange for them, your captives.

“ I comprehend your trickery and your fraud ; and inform you that it is labour lost : for they, who are with me, have turned to Islam : they are more precious in the sight of God, and dearer to me, than those whom you have seized and hold in bondage. I will never consent to let those who have embraced Islamism return to the land of the infidels, and they themselves refuse to do so.

“ Even if you were to hack your captives limb from limb, these righteous ones shall not be returned to you.

“ Whatever you do to them can only be an adequate punishment for you : for you and they are equal in my estimation : there is not a jot or a tittle of difference between you and them.

“ That God's will is that you shall fall into my hands, I am certain : and then shall you taste the bitterness of evil for your rebellion against God unless you repent and become Moslems.

“ This letter is sent as a warning to you. Peace be to those who follow the apostolic leadership of the Mahdi.

“ Sealed : There is but one God and Mahommed is his Prophet.

“ MAHOMMED EL MAHDI IBN ABDULLA.

“ *12th of the month Shaban 1302.*”

I have this original letter in my small but somewhat valuable collection of autographs, and I do not prize it less as a curiosity than others I have of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, William III., Pitt, Fox, Lord Nelson, Wellington, John Locke, Samuel Pepys, Napoleon I., Ney, Davoust, and many others.

The Mahdi had reason to be inflated with pride at the wonderful position and power that the obscure Nubian schoolmaster had attained ; his rise had been extra-

ordinarily rapid, and the serious defeats of Abu Klea and Abu Kru had been more than compensated for by the withdrawal of the British down the Nile. He had indeed "waded through slaughter to a throne, and closed the gates of pity on mankind," but his power and might were to be of "short duration, his countless victims were soon to be avenged."

A few weeks later, this sanguinary, relentless monster died—either from the effects of self-indulgence and debauchery, to which he gave himself up after the fall of Khartoum, or from poison, as many thought, administered by a slave girl. He was succeeded by the Khalifa Abdul Taashi, a man equally cruel and bloodthirsty as the Mahdi himself, but without any of that magnetic power possessed by the latter, by which he was able to hold together all the Arab tribes—many of whom were bitterly hostile to others, as was soon seen after the Mahdi's death.

All sorts of rumours were spread as to the Mahdi's death—one of which was that it was caused by the machinations of the British, who bribed some one in his surroundings to poison him. Curious to relate, some three or four years later, when I was serving as Commissioner of Police in the West of Ireland, I received a letter from Lord Wolseley with some enclosures, the purport of which was that a certain Levantine, who had served as one of the interpreters to the Headquarters Staff at Dongola, had approached the Intelligence Department in Cairo, and threatened that unless the authorities paid him £500 he would make known a letter or letters of mine by which it was clear that I had connived at the poisoning of the Prophet, and that I had paid for it. The matter was referred by Lord Wolseley to me.

I at once replied, that the story was a clever fabrication, that the interpreter himself had suggested to me that the Mahdi might be removed by such means as poison, and I told him that the British did not fight in such a way. I further said that if the authorities at Cairo were weak enough to submit to the demands of this would-be black-mailer, I must entirely disclaim any responsibility, as the story was a trumped-up one, and the man ought to be prosecuted for blackmailing. Lord Wolseley expressed himself to be highly pleased with my reply, which he was good enough to say was just what he expected from me.

It is somewhat curious that this was not the only instance in my life when attempts have been made to drag me in as an accessory to murder, as the sequel will show.

It was quite clear that—for the time being, at all events—it was hopeless to make any further overtures or attempts to procure the release of the prisoners at Khartum. In the meantime, however, my attention had been directed to El Obeid, where we knew some of them were. So I called the Vakil and the Postmaster, M. Santoni, to a conference—the latter being acquainted, naturally, with a number of messengers employed by the Post Office. The result was that one Mahommed Mahmud was found willing to make the desperate attempt to rescue the Head of the Mission, Father Buonomi, for the sum of £100; and, if he succeeded, to endeavour to do so in the case of the rest, at the same rate. I paid him £25 in advance, and he started.

Some weeks later, I was sleeping in the Mudiriyyeh, a few days before quitting Dongola, when I was awakened by vociferous talking; and I saw one of the Guard,



with two men whom I took to be Arabs. My interpreter, Mr M'Clellan, was sent for, and it soon became apparent to our awakening senses that the men who stood before us were my messenger, Mahommed Mahmud, and a European dressed as an Arab, and sunburnt as dark as one. This was the priest, Buonomi. He was provided with food and a bed—the first time he had slept on one for many a long day. The next day he related to me, in the presence of General Brackenbury, the Hon. Robert White, my Staff Officer, M. Santoni, and Mr M'Clellan, the following most extraordinary story, which I give verbatim as it was taken down from his lips and heard by me.

It is as strange as many of the tales in the "Arabian Nights, but I do not in the least doubt its accuracy: in fact, it has nearly all been corroborated by statements of other subsequently released captives. I may say that the Hon. R. Colborne, representing the *Daily News*, the only Press Correspondent remaining in Dongola, was allowed to be present.

Father Buonomi, then a man of about forty, related to us as follows:—

"The sun had not risen when I, Luigi Buonomi, chief of the Latin Mission to Central Africa, with a heart full of gratitude to God who had so far preserved me through perils, great and terrible, still to serve Him, fled from the foul city that had been so long my prison. Alas! I left behind—and my heart was sore at it—my friends, Guiseppe Orwalder (an Austrian subject), Pado Rosignoli (an Italian), Regnatto, and Guiseppe Regnalo. Regnatto was a layman, who belonged to our mission. Perhaps I may as well state how it was that I came to be at Obeid.



“ I was once first parish-minister in the diocese of Verona, and in 1873 entered the mission of Central Africa, and went to Khartoum in 1874. I was first missionary in Kordofan, then at Gebel Nuba, and in 1876 superior at El Obeid ; from 1877-79 superior at Gebel Nuba, and from 1879 to 1881 General Vicar of Bishop Bamel Camboni at Khartoum, and then General Superior of the mission in the countries of Nuba. In May, 1882, I was at Gebel Belim, central seat of mission, among the Nubani when surrounded by the rebels 17th September, and was made prisoner, as well as all the missionaries and 150 soldiers. I was present at the siege of El Obeid, which surrendered 17th January, 1883, when all the prisoners and nuns there were made prisoners. When the Mahdi marched upon Khartoum I was with twelve European surviving members of the mission. The priest, three nuns, and one catechist died of starvation and bad treatment. I, with a mission composed of Padre Yousef Orwalder, the layman called Guiseppe Regnalo, a mechanic, Gabriel Madiani, also a mechanic, and three nuns established a church at Gebel Deli, three days' journey from Obeid. We succeeded in making 30 liberated slaves embrace Christianity ; these we trained to different trades or to farming. We carefully tilled a large quantity of land which we had purchased, and we were allowed soldiers as a guard. We now established a mission at Obeid, a priest was at the head, and there were laymen and five sisters. When the Baggara Arabs in the neighbourhood heard of Mahomet Achmet, that he had come to cast off the yoke of the Turks, they at once made ready to join him : they got dangerous, too, and made a fierce attack on our mission. We resisted this attack, and beat them back, and they could not prevail against us. The Blacks

who were with us fought well and assisted us greatly. These were the Nubi from the mountains, Aborigines driven up there by the succeeding waves of Arabs that flooded the country after the Crusades. They hid them to the mountains, and had never been completely subjugated. We made Christians of some of these. We were environed from the 2nd of April to the end of Sept. 1882.

“About this time, it will be remembered, the army, under command of Yousef Pacha Shellali, marching to the relief of Obeid, was annihilated. The soldiers had found the wells on the previous day’s march filled up. On arriving at the next wells their thirst was so great that they at once broke from the ranks and rushed to them. The Arabs were in ambush and slaughtered them all. After this success the Mahdi proceeded to lay siege to Obeid. He first sent an Emir called Mek Omar to attack the mission. This man had orders to put us all to the sword ; not one was to escape alive. He had, however, an insufficient force ; so he simply sat down before the place, well knowing that thousands of Arabs were on their way to help him. Day after day their number increased. So we, seeing our case hopeless, resolved to collect our cattle and sheep and whatever we had, and leave the station, and make the best of our way to Fashoda ; for it would be impossible to get into Obeid, as that town was in a close state of siege. We had fixed to make our move on the 14th of September, 1882 ; but man proposes, God disposes ! A man called Khalel Effendi, a military officer, informed the rebels of our intentions. We had foolishly entrusted him with our secret. Thereupon El Mek Omar completely surrounded us, tightening the cordon around, and sent us a summons

to surrender, stating if we did not we should be put to the sword. At this juncture, to our misfortune, the officer commanding the Egyptian troops, and all his men, who were there to protect us, declared for Mahomet Achmet. Then seizing their rifles and ammunition they passed the zerebas and deliberately went over to the Arabs. Our situation was now desperate—hopeless. So we determined to offer to surrender on condition that our lives should be spared, and that we should be allowed to proceed to Egypt unmolested. These terms were granted, and we became prisoners. All our cattle, sheep, farming instruments, books and clothes were seized. We were bound, and marched off to Mahomet Achmet, who was then before Obeid. Elias Pacha, with all the notables, all the merchants, and, in fact, all the inhabitants of this place, had sided with him. Elias Pacha is a near relation of Zobeir Pacha, the notorious slave-hunter, whom you have now a prisoner at Gibraltar. When these people deserted the town the commander, Mohamed Pacha Said, Governor of Eastern Soudan, drew in his lines of defence. Before this Obeid was, like all their towns, defended by an enormously long and straggling trench and zereba nearly two miles in circumference and unable to be held except by an immense force. But now trenches were dug afresh, simply enclosing the Government house and offices, the arsenal, barracks, and mouderiah. Up till now the troops had resisted all the attempts of the rebels to storm the place. Whenever they had done so they had been repulsed and scattered with enormous loss, several hundred being shot at each assault, the rebels themselves having spears. It is strange they did not take the rifles of the army they had destroyed

(Yousef Pacha's), but these they left lying about on the ground.

“There were seven of us, and we were led, as I before said, before Mahomet Achmet. He informed us that it would be necessary for us immediately to embrace Islamism. We replied firmly, ‘We cannot do this thing nor forsake our holy religion. God forbids it; and even were we to do this and become Moslems in garb and outward form, our hearts would remain unchanged.’ This bold reply greatly irritated Mahomet Achmet. He cried, ‘Hark ye, accursed infidels! To-morrow is Friday. I give you time to reflect. If you have not embraced Islamism by the rising of to-morrow’s sun, behold you shall be led forth and executed as a punishment for your obstinacy and disobedience. So have a care and repent while yet there is time. I have spoken.’ We were during the day visited by several dervishes, who adjured us to embrace Islamism, but we replied, ‘We give you, O dervishes! the same answer as we did to your master—we cannot do this thing.’ They were very wroth, and spat at us, and brandished their long swords at us. But we trusted in God. The next morning we were led forth from the hut built of dhoora stalks, where we had been confined. We found the Arabs drawn up in line. Behind them was a vast assemblage of horsemen. Thousands of spears and bright swords gleamed and glistened in the rays of the morning sun; and we looked upon it as it rose and gilded the edges of the few mimosa and rocks scattered about on that vast yellow sandy plain—we looked upon it, as we supposed, for the last time. Never again were we to see a sun rise; our race was run; and we, as thousands had done before us, were to die martyrs for the faith of our Lord. We

had no fear. We rejoiced that we were worthy to die for His sake. As we were led along that long line, marching with firm step and heads upright, the Arabs brandished their long two-edged swords over our heads, cursing us as we passed; and now we reached the spot where Mahomet Achmet, the so-called Mahdi, was. He was mounted on a magnificent dromedary. He cried aloud to us, 'Oh, Christians! are you prepared to embrace Islamism or to have your heads struck off from your shoulders?' Then we, having our trust in God, made answer: 'Oh Sheikh Mahomet Achmet! you have vast powers; you command this huge assemblage of warriors, stretching as far as the eye can see. You can order them to do whatsoever seems good in your eyes, and you are obeyed; and you also have power over us to slay us, for God for some wise purpose has delivered us into your hands. But you have not power, O Sheikh, to make us embrace Islamism. We prefer death to doing this thing.' We one and all made this solemn asseveration. There was silence all along those dusky ranks, and near us stood dervishes with long swords waiting and longing to do the bidding of their master and strike off our heads. But Mahomet Achmet gazed upwards and eastward for some time and spoke not. He then fixed his eagle eyes upon us with intensity, and, perceiving we were steadfast in the faith, he cried aloud, 'O Nazarenes, may Allah, the most bountiful and merciful, put your hearts right and show you the right path,' and when he had thus spoken he again cried aloud, 'All ye who are here present, sheiks and dervishes, and every man under you bearing arms, put up now your swords in their sheaths, for this is the order I give you—Let these Nazarenes be conducted to my hut in safety—I have said it!' So we were led



off, praising God for having put it into the heart of this fierce man to spare us. We were conducted to a straw hut. He ordered us to sit down and to partake of food with him, and he conversed freely and in an animated manner with us, asking us our ideas on many subjects. 'Be assured,' he said, 'of my protection. There shall not be a hair of your head injured. I shall now give you in charge of a Syrian of the name of Georgie Stambouli. This man, praise be to Allah, has seen the error of his ways, as no doubt you will shortly, and has embraced Islamism. He will instruct you in all needful doctrine.' It is probably this man who drew up this document, now known to be forged, that was sent in to Sir R. Buller; or at any rate someone forged the signatures, knowing what was in the body of the letter. We were now handed over to him, and he took us to his hut. It was built of dhoora stalk, and enclosed round about. We dwelt here two months, keeping inside always, for we knew that the dervishes sought occasion to slay us. Our situation became extremely wretched, for we lay squalid, dirty, and naked. Our privations were great, for the Mahdi took no further care of us. We were in dirt, with hardly enough to eat. One layman sank under this treatment, and died of low fever; and shortly afterwards two sisters sickened and died. Poor creatures, they too sank gradually, the iron had entered into their soul. They succumbed under a horrible dread, they were famished and naked, and when it rained they were exposed to it. Poor weary souls, your troubles are over. You have died for the cause as much as any holy martyr of old. I performed the last rites of the Church over them, but even our religious exercises we had to perform in the greatest secrecy. It was hoped that by ill-treat-



ment we should be forced to embrace Islamism, and we would probably have been slain had we been caught at Christian worship. I was horrified at the miserable deaths of these poor wretches, and I resolved to betake myself to the Mahdi, come what might. I entered his presence and demanded that the terms of our surrender should be honourably fulfilled, and that we should be allowed to set off on our journey to the land of Egypt. 'I cannot, I regret, accede to your request,' Mahomet Achmet replied. 'God will not permit it; but take now these ten thalers, buy with them whatsoever you may need. Here also is raiment wherewith you may clothe yourselves. It is not forbidden for you to go to and fro about the market. I have given orders that no man shall molest you; but you are always, when outside, to wear Moslem garments.' And now the time had arrived when the garrison of Obeid, which had resisted all assaults so gallantly, were compelled to surrender, being on the verge of starvation. Their sufferings had been terrific. The little corn there was was sold at an enormous price—2,200 dollars an arobb. Eggs, though they were seldom to be got, were sold for a thaler each. The men had become gaunt-looking, walking skeletons, with their bones showing through their skins. If one was killed or died there was none to bury him. The arms of the survivors were too weak to dig a grave, there the corpses lay rotting. Each day lent new horrors to the scene. Men dug up buried carcasses of dogs, donkeys, and camels; others stripped the leather from the angeribs (native bedsteads, on which the mattress is supported by thongs of leather transversely drawn across and attached to the woodwork). These thongs they would soften in water and then eat.

The live donkeys were killed and cut up ; even the tail would fetch 20 reals, and the head and entrails much more. Dogs were treated in the same way. Others, too, would shoot the foul carrion crows, vultures, and kites that hovered around.

“The grim and ghastly sights to be seen in that beleaguered city were enough to freeze the blood, and the narrative of those days is too horrible to be continued. But the stern old Turk commanding, refused to surrender ; while the wretched soldiers were unable to hold their rifles, but prowled about like wolves to find something to eat, unable to make further defence. On the 18th January 1883, the rebels walked over the trenches and entered the Muderiyeh and other houses. When the dervishes entered the diwan of the Muderiyeh, the large hall, they found the commandant, Achmet Pacha Said, sitting in a high, carved, armed-chair of stained wood, bolt upright, with his arms folded, gazing at them defiantly. They rushed at him and would have slain him, but others insisted that he should be brought before Mahomet Achmet. ‘Back, dogs ; touch me not,’ he cried. ‘You defile me, base rebels. I will go myself before this arch rebel Mahomet Achmet. Lead on.’ They instinctively drew back, startled at his terrible voice and fierce aspect. One is reminded of the old Roman whom the gaoler was afraid to kill. ‘Hold his hands and search him,’ ordered Mahomet Achmet the moment he saw him ; and he was just in time with this precaution. The old man was drawing forth from his breast a revolver, and undoubtedly meant to deal death to his enemy. ‘Take the cursed dog of a Turk away,’ cried Mahomet Achmet, ‘and sell him for a slave by auction in the Bazaar. Away with him.’ Then was

the commandant led forth and exposed for sale, but no man durst buy him at first—but it happened that an Emir passed by that way, and, out of derision, cried out 'O, auctioneer, I will surely give 680 piastres for this man.' So he was knocked down to the Emir. Now when this came to the ears of Mahomet Achmet he sent forth an order that the commandant should be slain with all speed—so some dervishes went from the Mahdi's presence then and there and sought out the commandant. They heard he was in the house of the Emir; they went there and ordered that Achmet Pacha should be brought forth. He presented himself to them with unquailing look and bold bearing as the dervishes drew their swords. 'You have come to murder me, have you? Cursed, cowardly dogs, I fear you not. May your fathers' grave be defiled. I curse them, you, and the foul harlots that bore you. I curse your fathers and mothers back to three generations. All your female relations are abandoned women, and may the graves of all your forefathers be defiled. I curse you all, and your vile, false prophet Mahomet Achmet.' They fell upon him, pouring forth these maledictions, and he died like a brave man, with the utmost fortitude. I forgot to mention that on the entering of the town by the dervishes this gallant soldier tried to blow up the magazine and destroy himself and army with the rebels, but the officers prevented him. The dervishes now in their rage—for they were cut to the heart by the words of the Commandant—sought out Ali Bey Sherrif; him they also slew, with other officers. Now the dervishes returned to Mahomet Achmet, and told all these things to him. He burst into a flood of tears, threw dust on his head, and upbraided them for thus spilling blood.

“ ‘Ye be sanguinary men, O ye dervishes. These deeds do not find favour in my sight.’

“During the siege a priest named Giovanni Losi died in Obeid, but two others were captured, and compelled to embrace Islamism, and there were five sisters taken at the same time. These were now sent as companions to us, in the hopes that they should follow the example of the men. The sisters refused in the most determined manner to leave their religion. In what a fearful condition these poor women were—bags of bones. They never left the house. This was the state of things to the 28th March, 1883.

“One day a letter was slipped into my hand; it was from Hicks Pacha, then at Khartoum, and was dated 21st of April. He stated in it that he was on the point of marching against Obeid with a large army, and told me to be of good cheer, for he would surely deliver us. While I was at Obeid I saw three men being hunted out of the town: there seemed to be something unreal in this chase. I have since heard they were the three sham guides of Hicks. This was done for effect: they were ordered to mislead him. Khalifa Abdulla El Taashi now arrived at Obeid. The first thing he did was to have us brought up before him. He then enjoined us to embrace Islamism. We replied to him as we had to Mahomet Achmet when the same demand was made. We were sent back to our house, but he sent us an order to deliver up to him the sisters. We replied, ‘By your own Moslem law, women are forbidden to visit the houses of strangers.’ However, on the first of April, he sent and took the nuns by force, and a terrible life, if possible, was now to be their lot. They were distributed as slaves among the Emirs! I and my two companions, men, were treated

in the same way. I was sent to the Bert El Wal, Guiseppe Orwalder to the house of Emir Abdalla, Wad en Noor, and Guiseppe Regnalo to the house of Sherif Mahmoud. From that day I never saw the sisters, but I know that the treatment they received was horrible, most horrible. They were afflicted and tormented in order that they might be induced to embrace Islamism, but they were steadfast in the faith, neither would they deny their Saviour. Some time after this, these wretched women were made to go along on foot almost nude to Rahat. The Mahdi was there, and they were brought before him. Alas, their frail nature could hold out no longer. Their strength of mind as well as of body was gone. Driven to desperation, to avoid greater degradations and insults, they affected to embrace Islamism. They were then taken as wives by Greeks who themselves had become Mohammedans. The names of their so-called husbands were Demetri, Cocorombo, Andrea, and Paragioh. These men declare that they only did this to save the women from a worse fate, and that the marriage is really one in name only. I therefore consider them to be deserving of the highest honour, for by so doing they incurred great risk of life.

“On the 20th of April, I was sent myself to Rahat with my two companions, and kept there till the 30th of August, when we were conducted to El Obeid with heavy chains round our necks, after the manner of conducting criminals in the country. We were again released, and dwelt in a house of Es Sherif Mahmoud, full liberty being given to go to and fro about the town, and even in its neighbourhood.

“And now the day of my deliverance was at hand. Little attention was paid to my ingoings and outgoings.



Famine stalked through the town, and it was full of that direst of diseases, small-pox. Men were dying—masses of corruption right and left. As the Egyptian soldiers had done during the siege the Arabs were doing now—actually digging up the skeletons of carcasses buried years back. There was little corn; it was sold at 50 reals an ardeb. It was found that many merchants who had fled from Obeid had buried their gum in the ground. This, though it had become rotten, was now dug up and eaten by hundreds. Es Sherrif Mahmoud, the Mahdi's Emir, had gone to Buka with an army of 2,000 men, half of them carrying rifles. His intention was to attack Nowai, the Chief of the Howayma and Homran Baggaras—the Arabs who had deserted at Omdurman, and raised the standard of revolt against him among the Bedouins in Gebel Kowaleeb. It was the 15th of last Regib when he set forth to battle against these men. While he thus threatens the Arabs from the north, Abu Anga menaces them from the east. I hear that Nowai, hearing of their approach, retreated to Gebel Dinka, in the south; but some submitted to Mahmoud, while others did the same to Abu Anga. Others, again, fled to their homes. As Abu Anga advanced from Omdurman he collected reinforcements on the way, and at last, when he had ten thousand, he made an attack on Gebel Lamman, one of the Tagala Mountains. He laid waste all the country round, and carried off the inhabitants as slaves, besides taking large quantities of grain, cattle, and sheep. He now advanced upon Gebel Dair, and drove El Mek Kumbo to the mountains. Thus as he has possession of the land at the foot of the mountains the inhabitants are unable to till the land. A guerilla war is carried on



there; every now and then the brave mountaineers sweep down at night and retake their cattle. This they do with great success, and their raids actually extend to near Obeid. On the one hand the mountaineers dare not risk an open battle; on the other, the dervishes dare not ascend the mountains.

“The story sent about Anga’s defeat is utterly untrue. These stories were circulated by the opponents of the Mahdi to encourage the English. The Mahdi’s power is not on the wane, a story so briskly, it appeared, circulated for your edification. Utterly broken, indeed! The so-called Mahomet Achmet is supreme all through Kordofan, though the cruelty and oppression of his dervishes have made his rule detested; therefore the unfortunate inhabitants, who have to pay higher taxes than they did to the Egyptian Government, long for its return. By the first June Abw Anga had arrived from Gebel Tagala, and had taken up a position at Gebel Dair. Terror was struck into the hearts of all the Arabs, when the news of your victory at Abu Klea and at Metem-meh arrived. You were looked upon as invincible, and the Arabs flatly refused to appear in arms against the British. The whole army, had you advanced, intended flying to the mountains and deserts, so you would have walked into Khartoum, or gone wherever you pleased without the least opposition. But every single movement of the British, their intentions even, were well known and spied out, and swiftly reported. You were surrounded by spies, they dwelt among you. So it came to pass that your intention of giving up the game was quickly known, and the Arabs took courage, who before had been thrown into a perfect panic. ‘The Inglezi are retreating, are retreating,’ was shouted and passed

along all over Kordofan, from sakiyah wheel to sakiyah wheel, by camel, by donkey, and swift messenger.

“Regarding Olivier Pain, I will tell you. When I was in Obeid August last there entered the town one day a little Frenchman, about 35 years old. His beard was scrubby and carrotty: his complexion a muddy red-clay colour. I was ordered to examine this strange man’s papers. I found a passport with ‘Olivier Pain. Profession, homme de lettres,’ written on it. His Arabic was very imperfect; but he would invariably try to speak in that tongue. He was dressed à la dervish. He always passed us by without the slightest recognition, and even if saluted he neither returned the compliment nor spoke. When addressed by a European, if he replied at all, it was in bad Arabic. He remained at Obeid ten days, and then went to join Mahomet Achmet at Rahat. He then went to Shat and reached Onderoo by Duem, passing down by water. Here he sickened, and died of a grievous malady. The dervishes ruled the country with a rod of iron—so much for these people fighting for their liberty. Patriots indeed! The dervishes and the men who fight are a perfect terror to the poor peaceful inhabitants who only wish to be allowed to till the land, but they are forced to take arms everywhere. If they do not, they are made slaves, their villages pillaged, and their wives and maidens carried off for the use of the dervishes and their officers. Often these poor downtrodden villagers are massacred. And this is what some people in England call ‘fighting for their country.’ There was regular news sent between Khartum and Obeid. Much of this agrees with the statements of men escaped from Khartum regarding the massacres at Khartum. When I fled I escaped by

way of Assaf, north of Barra-Rajmar and Safia. I was 19 days on the road. We struck the Nile at Abu Goss, and after a rest proceeded to Dongola, arriving at the house of Major Turner, Intelligence Department, where he and Captain Robert White received me most hospitably. It is to the exertions of the first-named gentleman, who arranged with my guide my escape, that I owe my release from my cruel and savage persecutors. The sum of £100, besides an advance of 100 dollars, was paid by him, with General Lord Wolseley's sanction."

Two days later, 25th June, I received from Lord Wolseley, then at Cairo, the following telegrams :

"Very glad you have managed the escape of this priest ; give your agent the £100 promised and continue to work as proposed at end of your telegram."

"You can give £150 for success. If Luigi Buonomi wants money give him up to £30 the mission here will repay. Cairo 26 June."

A few days later I left Dongola, taking Father Buonomi with me to Cairo, whence he went to his home at Verona, from which he wrote to me to renew his thanks for his escape and for his treatment at my hands. I also subsequently received letters from his Order, and another in which the acknowledgments of the Austrian Government were conveyed to me for what I had done for him.

I was amused—I cannot say, surprised—at learning later from "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," from the notes of Father Ohrwalder (another of the captive priests) compiled by Major F. R. Wingate (now the Sirdar in 1892), that the whole credit of Father Buonomi's escape had been attributed to M. Santoni, who was rewarded for it by the Pope Leo XIII. with the Order of Gregory the Great. My management of the affair

was entirely ignored. All the part that M. Santoni played in it was to find me a messenger, out of whose reward probably—Egyptian-official-like—he took his due commission. Such is the way of the world—“*sic vos non vobis.*”

## CHAPTER VI

### END OF THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN

Mustapha Yāwa Mudir of Dongola—Jawdat Effendi the Vakil—A Dongola dinner-party—Decision to abandon the Soudan—Great exodus of refugees to Lower Egypt—The ruin of warfare—The villainies of the Vakil—Bashi-bazouks become obstreperous—Promptly dealt with—I am fired at by one of them—I respite six prisoners under death sentence—Feud murders—The murder of the Mafettish—I leave Dongola—Major French—Brummagem mummies—Cairo—Home—Causes and policy of the Soudan Campaign—Gordon and slavery—Gladstone and Gordon—Lord Cromer—The solution of the Soudan problem.

**W**E had not long been at Dongola when it was rather more than suspected that the Mudir was corresponding with the Mahdi; and though the nature of the communications which passed between the two did not come to light, it was surmised that he was trying to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, in the event of an advance of the dervishes down the Nile, which it was not then for a moment believed the British could stop. Mustapha Yāwa was a remarkable man, a rabid fanatic, and not more nor less tyrannical and corrupt than the rest of the Khedives, Governors or Mudirs. He was most ascetic in his habits, and used to pray for hours at night. When I took possession of the Muderiyeh on his departure, I found in one of his apartments a curiously shaped box, rather like a winnowing machine; on inquiry I was told that when the Mudir said his prayers, he did so in this box, in which a man could neither sit nor stand nor lie down, in which position sleep was out of the question,

and the continued utterance of monotonous invocations to the Deity possible.

He was very extortionate, and was hated by the oppressed people under his sway. I was directed to escort him to the steamer, which was to take him down the Nile. He was very sulky at having to leave the scene of his authority and plunderings, and he told me to look out, for he had ascertained from the stars that a great event, which would overwhelm us, was soon to take place. There was no demonstration whatever, except that many women were seated on the high bank watching the steamer, and when the Mudir went on board, and the steamer started, they all took up dust, which they threw in its direction. This action conveys a pious hope, the fulfilment of which would not speed the traveller safe on his way.

The Mudir was succeeded by the Vakil, Jawdat Effendi, who was equally unscrupulous, but, not having any religious views or fame as a holy man, was much easier to deal with. Shortly after taking charge of the Intelligence Department I was invited to dine by the principal merchant left in Dongola—most of his class having departed for Egypt. Maxwell (now General Sir John Maxwell) and Bobby White accompanied me.

In honour of, and for the convenience of, his European guests, our host, Gamaria El Haj Mahomet, had provided a table and three chairs. He and the rest of the party squatted on the floor. A whole roast sheep was served up on the table—no plates, knives or forks were provided—and the feast commenced by our Oriental friends digging their thumbs and forefingers into this *grand pièce de resistance*, from which they tore out titbits and handed them to us. We soon learnt how to do



likewise, and, accustomed as we were then to stave off our hunger with commissariat rations cooked by a soldier servant, the product of which often resembled leather and grease more than food, we found the meal delicious. Our host, though a Mohammedan, had procured an unlimited supply of very sweet but not bad champagne, and this, with grapes, formed the *menu*. After dinner, a nautch was provided, which was as slow and uninteresting as such dancing in India, according to my experience, always is; and then we profusely thanked our host, and departed, having much enjoyed ourselves, and gained a new experience. I shall never forget the hospitality of Gamaria El Haj Mahomet, or my first and last dinner-party on the banks of old Father Nile. I may here say that the word "Haj" in a man's nomenclature implies that he has made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Mohammed at Mecca, and that therefore his chances of Paradise are brighter than those of others less enterprising or less privileged.

The British Government apparently wavered for some time between the alternatives of reinforcing the army in view of advancing on Khartum at the beginning of the cold season, or of withdrawing and leaving the Soudan to the tender mercies of the dervishes. For this "policy of scuttle" as it was called, they have been sorely blamed, but without any just grounds. Many months of the presence of a number of troops on the Nile had exhausted almost completely the supplies, and the riverain population itself was threatened with shortage before the next harvest. The difficulties in making such an advance for such an enormous distance with adequate numbers, by means of boats and camels, were but too apparent. A completely new expedition must have been prepared at

an enormous cost, and with no very certain prospects of success. The Government, therefore, decided that the Nile army was to be withdrawn, and that the Soudan was to be evacuated.

Lord Wolseley telegraphed to me for a report as to the supplies, which could be provided locally in case of an advance ; and after exhaustive inquiry, I was obliged to reply that the country had been denuded of all its stored grain ; and that not only would none be forthcoming till the next harvest, but that a scarcity of food, if not a famine, for the inhabitants was not improbable.

On 11th May, orders for withdrawal arrived, and the retreat began immediately—commencing with the garrison at Merawi, the farthest station south—the next station being evacuated as soon as it became the rear post of the scattered army, till all detachments, one after the other, had quitted their positions on the Nile, and arrived at Wadi Halfa, to be passed down at once to Assouan, Assiout and Cairo. This withdrawal was carried out with celerity and skill. Not a hitch occurred ; and the dusky-faced enemy kept at more than a respectful distance.

A difficulty of a very serious nature presented itself. It was bad enough to leave the Kabbabish Arabs and other tribes who had not joined the Mahdi, according to his orders, and who had incurred his vengeance by helping the British ; they could at all events show fight or escape into the desert. The riverain settlers had entirely lost their nomad nature, and were essentially men of peace. It was only too likely that they would be plundered and murdered by the cruel and rapacious dervishes as they advanced north ; and, therefore, a

safe conduct into Lower Egypt was offered to everyone who desired to leave his homestead.

On 17th May I received the order to collect all these refugees from the south at Dongola, to provide what transport I could, and to establish food depôts at the places where the bands of fugitives would halt for the night. The exodus began at once. Day after day, crowds of these people flocked into Dongola, unfolding one of the most painful pictures of warfare—the sufferings of the civil population. From 21st May to 4th July we forwarded 12,938 of these victims of war down the Nile, on the left bank; some of the marches were very long. One took fourteen and a half hours, another eleven and a half hours, and there was not a drop of water to be met with on the way.

Still, there was not one casualty among this vast number of men, women and children, who were, one might say, fleeing to cities of refuge for their lives. Indeed, there was a small, a very small, increase to the number, for one of the wives of the Sultan of Darfūr, the Emir Abdul Shakūr, “a common-looking, unintelligent and badly dressed native,”<sup>1</sup> who had been deposed by the Mahdi, increased the population on the way; and, though the halt made during the arrival of the infant was necessarily somewhat limited, both mother and child did well, and reached Egypt in health and safety.

One hears a great deal about the pomp and glory of war, and at the conclusion of one *Te Deums* are sung, and general congratulation and glorification take place in the land of the victors. But these are as whitened sepulchres, or—as it has been described—resemble a

<sup>1</sup> “Modern Egypt,” by the Earl of Cromer, p. 351.

burnished metal plate on a coffin; for they veil the horrors and sufferings of war, which John Bright described as the combination and concentration of all the crimes and sufferings, of all the horrors and atrocities which human nature on this plane is capable of enduring. These it is that are veiled by the curtain, in front of which are displayed the trophies of war, and the triumph of warriors who have outlived the war and come safe home; while their chiefs are fêted, honoured and raised in rank and dignity—sometimes for deeds the credit of which was in no way due to them; while, on the reverse side of the curtain, are the rotting heaps of slain, the thousands of human beings maimed, mutilated and crippled for life, the infinite number of bereaved orphans, widows and parents, who are often left destitute, and who, like most of the killed and wounded, had no interest in the war, and probably for the most part had the vaguest idea as to what the cause and objects of the conflict were.

As R. G. Ingersoll has graphically put it: "No man has imagination enough to paint the agonies, the horrors, the cruelties of war. Think of sending shot and shell through the bodies of men! Think of the widows and orphans! Think of the maimed, the mutilated, the mangled!" Not all the torments of the material hell imagined by Dante and Milton, and believed in implicitly by our forefathers as designed to be the lot of human beings hereafter, can compare to those incident of war.

We now had day after day this picture, rolling itself out before our eyes. Thousands were leaving their all to save their lives from bloodthirsty and murderous hordes, whose advance was, if slow, certain. A more pitiable sight than that presented by these poor people

could not be imagined. Their homes, their fields, their water-wheels (sakiyahs), by means of which they live by irrigating their narrow plots of land on the banks of the Nile, were all left behind them : and their sole possessions were what they could carry with them.

Gradually, Dongola became a city of the dead ; and when we left it on July 4th, with the rear guard of the 19th Hussars under Major (now General Sir John) French, and the last batch of refugees, there was not a living soul in the city—which had been one of the seats of government of the Nile provinces. It was abandoned to hyenas, jackals, and vultures, till it was reached by the dark billows of fanaticism and barbarism, which had been rolling down along the banks of the Nile, sweeping away all traces of industry and civilization, and turning the country into a howling wilderness, where reigned the abomination of desolation.

As the time for our departure drew near, I found great difficulties in giving effect to the demands received from the troops for camels, when they reached Dongola : and I asked Sir Redvers Buller to allow me to requisition the number required for the army. He consented, and the Vakil Jawdat Effendi was told to procure the animals, for which a fair price was to be paid ; and a large sum of money was handed to him for the purpose. He at once set out with a battalion of bashi-bazouks, made a descent upon every Arab village within reach, and carried off all the camels he could lay his hands upon, without disbursing one farthing. He then marched with his booty on the Nile, which he struck many miles above Dongola. His diabolical craftiness then displayed itself. He sent on half his bashi-bazouks with all the camels, one day in advance. This party passed



through the many villages on the banks of the Nile between its starting-point and Dongola, and terrified the inhabitants with tales about the Mahdi's advance, and the terrible tortures he was inflicting on those who had not obeyed his summons to leave their homes and join him. By these means, supplemented with a little coercion, the poor creatures were induced to buy the camels, till the whole of them were sold to the people of many villages. The day after, Jawdat himself arrived with the other half battalion, and seized all the camels a second time without payment. Thus he acquired gratis the camels he was commissioned to procure, and in addition pocketed their value in money twice over.

Sir William Butler states in his autobiography, page 310, that Jawdat not only swept up the camels of the unfortunate people on the banks of the Nile, but that he plundered everything that he and his bashi-bazouks could lay their hands on, including all the money they had earned during the British occupation, and that he arrived at Dongola with many chests of piastres gained by these foul means.

He was a most plausible person, but the most unprincipled that could be imagined. He was a Circassian, and had been one of the slaves of Saduk Pasha, the "Muffettish" Minister of Finance, who was, as my readers will hereafter see, murdered at Dongola. Some time after his death, Jawdat and others were allowed to go from Cairo to Dongola, to erect a tomb to his memory, and the former was retained in the Government service; and, being clever and utterly unscrupulous, was soon found to be a proper subject for rapid advancement.

Two days later, a battery of Artillery arrived in



Dongola, with hardly any camels left. And I was told by Sir Redvers Buller to get fifty for them. I went to the place where I had parked the camels bought in by Jawdat ; and when I arrived, I found him with a number of his friends and several merchants of the place, loading up all our camels, and preparing to make a start. The wily Vakil had, no doubt, sold many of them again.

I was just in time ; an hour or two later, the caravan would have been well on its way. I sent at once to inform Sir Redvers Buller, who ordered a company of infantry to the spot, and who quickly took possession of the camels—which, up to then, had been left in charge of the Vakil, the extent of whose audacity and dishonesty was not up to then grasped by us. He was furious, of course, and his looks in my direction showed that he was only restrained from murder by fear of consequences.

A day or two later, his method of obtaining camels for the army became known to Sir Redvers Buller, who promptly dismissed him from his post, and sent him after his late Chief, the Mudir, to Egypt. A fine *par nobile fratrum*, but neither better nor worse than the majority of Egyptian officials in high places, whose one aim and object was to enrich themselves at the cost of the wretched people over whom they were set in authority.

As I have before stated, the conduct of the British had been admirable during the campaign—not so that of the bashi-bazouks, one battalion of whom, on their arrival at Dongola, positively refused to occupy the camp which had been apportioned to them. But they reckoned without their host. Sir Redvers Buller, on being informed, sent a messenger to summon their commanding officer to report himself to him. He sent back an impudent message to the effect that if General Buller

wanted him, he had better come and see him where he was. Sir Redvers ordered me to take some of the guard, arrest him and bring him, and conduct him to the General's office. I carried out the order at once, and found this commanding officer a grand-looking old Turk, of lofty stature, with a long white beard—Suleiman by name—in the midst of his men; I promptly arrested him and placed him between two files of the guard, and marched him off. For a moment it looked as if the bashi-bazouks would resist their commanding officer's removal, but they thought better of it, and only growled with anger.

Sir Redvers told the contumacious old man that he was at once to send an order to his battalion to take up the ground allotted to them, and that he himself would be kept in arrest as a hostage for their good behaviour, and held personally responsible for their obedience to his orders. His attitude had the desired effect, and the incident closed quietly, which would certainly not have been the case had a less firm man than Sir Redvers Buller been in command.

These battalions of bashi-bazouks were sent down the Nile as quickly as possible, and it was reported that they committed hideous excesses upon the inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. The men soon began to desert, and went alone, or in small groups, on their own account. In one instance, a wretch shot an Arab woman dead, who refused to respond to his advances. Fortunately, some British soldiers were at hand, and he was caught red-handed, tried, and executed.

One morning Robert White and myself were riding in the desert near Dongola, when two bullets, one after the other, ploughed the sand close to us. We looked round and descried at a distance, a man partly hidden

behind a bush. We galloped up to the place, and found a bashi-bazouk who had left his battalion at Dongola, and was amusing himself by firing at anything like a human being whom he saw. We seized his rifle, marched him to Dongola, and handed him over to his battalion. He had no especial wish to shoot us, but it would, no doubt, have been a great satisfaction, if he had dropped one or both of us. This incident shows what entire want of control and discipline existed among these soldiers of the Khedive; and one can easily imagine how terribly the unfortunate people of the Soudan had suffered under the Egyptian sway, bolstered up by the bayonets of such freebooters, who aided the officials in their plunder and extortion, and in addition carried out the same unchecked on their own account.

Two days before we left Dongola, I was seated in the Muderiyeh to receive reports from officials as to the evacuation of the town, and I was informed that within the next twenty-four hours the last of the population would have departed. The superintendent of the Prison was the last to approach me, and after making his report he asked me what I wished done with the prisoners under sentence of death—who were the only inmates of the gaol left. I saw at once that he expected an order to despatch them forthwith. Up to then, I had not been informed about these convicts, and I called for full explanation; and was told the following extraordinary story, which only goes further to prove how revoltingly and abominably cruel and corrupt in their atrocities the highest officials of the Egyptian Government then were, and what worthy followers and imitators of their master. I was informed that there were six men under sentence of death—that one of them had been

awaiting execution for five years, having been kept in mental and bodily torture for this long period. He, like the others, was in chains, and the fetters had embedded themselves into his flesh. The last of them had been convicted and sent to the condemned cell, six months previously. They had one and all committed feud murders, a crime which can be traced back to the earliest ages, and which Shakespeare calls "the quarrel of a true inheritor." It has always been known under the name of *vendetta*—a time-dishonoured institution in Corsica ; and it was long rife in the Highlands of Scotland and in the wild west of Ireland. When I was Commissioner of Police in the last country, I found traces of it to my cost, for a feud murder, which was as a matter of course reported, without any grounds whatever, as agrarian, was committed close to the town of Ennis in County Clare, where were my headquarters. This deed is looked upon as one of retributive justice, and it is in no way regarded as a crime.

Supposing two men of different tribes, or even families, quarrel, and one kills the other ; a member of the victim's tribe or family is selected—usually by lot—to slay a male member of the murderer's kin. The vengeance is often tardy and long-belated. It may even not be effected till the next generation ; but it is inexorable and sure to come, sooner or later. There was no difference, therefore, in the nature of the crime of these six convicts—one and all of whom had been forced to commit murder in accordance with the unwritten law of the desert.

I ordered them to be brought before me, which was done at once, the poor wretches dragging along their heavy chains. Though they preserved that stolid look of indifference and resignation so characteristic of the

Oriental when faced with death, they evidently thought that their last hour was come; and they cast anxious glances at me and at the executioner who was present with the other prison officials. I asked the head of these why the prisoners had been kept so long under sentence, and why they had not been executed long ago. I was informed that the Mudir, when a man was convicted and sentenced to death for a feud murder, put him up, as it were, to auction between the relatives of the slayer and those of the slain; and when he considered that the utmost possible sum had been offered, he had the prisoner executed if the murdered man's kinsmen made the highest offer, or released him if his own relatives produced the larger bribe. Needless to say that, in either case, the Mudir pocketed the money.

After a few moments' consideration, I pronounced, through my interpreter, a serious discourse upon the wickedness of man in taking—under any circumstances whatever—a life, which is the gift of God. This naturally did not produce the slightest effect upon their minds, as the thoughts of Orientals on such subjects are not as our thoughts, nor their ways as our ways; and I then ordered their chains to be taken off and themselves to be released. The scene which followed, when they were able to realize what had befallen them, almost beats description. First, 'delirious joy; then reaction, in tears; then kneeling at my feet and kissing my hands; then a slow exit, one by one, to disappear, I hope, to slay no more. I trust that this unusual manner of administering justice will be hereafter accounted to me for righteousness! After some experience of the Oriental in India and the Soudan, I learnt for the first time that he can be emotional, under abnormal stress of circum-



stances ; certainly those I have described were in the highest degree abnormal and soul-stirring for the convicts.

I would, in no case, have allowed them to be executed without official enquiry ; and there was no time or opportunity for this, as all were on the move, or on the point of starting for Lower Egypt. Besides, I felt that they were not hardened criminals, but merely one and all slayers of a man in the carrying out of what seemed to them a righteous act of justice. They had, besides, in my opinion, purged their offences by long spells of torture, awaiting a violent death, which might come any moment—a torture far worse than death itself.

The last day of my stay at Dongola, I ordered a house-to-house search to be made, in order to ascertain if anyone had been abandoned and left behind who wished to proceed northwards. Only one feeble old slave-woman was found, who, being good for no more work, had been left to starve. I had her placed on board one of the last steamers, and she was highly delighted with, and proud of, the attention shown her.

I made myself also a tour through the deserted city, accompanied by a few officials, including the native doctor of the Muderiyeh and three or four Soudanese soldiers. We happened to come to a small house overlooking the Nile, which had been occupied by the Hon. John Colborne, who had now gone to Cairo. It was a one-storied, unassuming building, consisting of two rooms leading into one another—one in front, the other in the rear of the house. I noticed that there was a marked disinclination on the part of several of my Egyptian and Soudanese companions to approach the house, and I told my interpreter to ascertain what this hesitation meant ; and, after a while, I was told that



the house was haunted by the ghost of the Mafettish, who had been done to death there. I had heard of the person who bore this appellation, and who had been no less a being than Saduk Pasha, the Minister of Finance of the Khedive Ishmael Pasha, the most unscrupulous, tyrannical, and murderous of all the Khedives, who, without rhyme or reason, except his own greed, confiscated the land and property of his people, borrowed money upon them on the European Bourses, spent it in riotous and wanton living for the most part, and in reckless public expenditure, which under no circumstances could his country have afforded to pay, and brought Egypt to the verge of bankruptcy. In this he had been zealously and effectively aided by a man equally wicked, greedy and unscrupulous as himself—his Minister of Finance, the strange tragedy of whose murder I was now to hear.

My interpreter, who was from the Foreign Office at Cairo, had seen documents relating to this case, with the facts of which he was well acquainted. Then and there he told me as follows :—

The Finance Minister had sprung from a very humble origin. He was the son of a small market-gardener near Cairo, and through some interest was employed in one of the Government offices in a menial capacity. He was found to be very clever and industrious, and rose in time to the position of clerk, in which capacity his talent for figures and finance were so remarkable that they attracted much attention—through which he attained a comparatively high position in the Finance Department.

Before long he was brought to the notice of the Khedive, who saw him and felt sure that he would find in him a ready instrument to aid him in carrying out his

extortions and robberies ; and, finding that he was not mistaken, he appointed him, in due course, Minister of Finance. This worthy servant of a worthy master plundered on two accounts—on the Khedive's and on his own ; and, in a very few years, he amassed a huge fortune, said to have amounted to three million sterling. His style of living, his palaces and his harem rivalled that of the Khedive himself, who, it was said, became jealous of his power and envious of his wealth, but to whom he was too indispensable to dismiss or cause to disappear. The Mafettish was feared and hated as much as the Khedive himself ; but no man dare raise his voice, or utter more than a whisper against him, for Egypt was permeated with his secret agents and spies, and a hint conveyed to him against anyone, especially if the person had possessions which were worth confiscating, was sufficient to cause their arrest ; and for them to pass within the portals of the prison was equivalent to final disappearance and death—as was the case a hundred years ago in England, under the penal laws which then existed, when there were two hundred and twenty-three offences, some of them being of a most trivial nature, which were punishable by death, including the theft of goods worth five shillings from a shop !

Matters at last became so notorious, and it was clear that the Khedive and his State were living far beyond any possible income which could be derived from clean sources. Reasonable suspicion arose that the high interest on the bonds was paid out of the capital ; and the bondholders became, with good reason, seriously excited and alarmed. After much consultation it was agreed that Lord (then Mr) Goschen should go to Egypt, and make an exhaustive inquiry into the financial situation.

It was now the Khedive's turn to be alarmed. His guilty conscience told him that his reign could not survive the result of any deep inquiry; but he knew that only one man—the Mafettish—was fully aware of his iniquities; and, as he did not for one moment trust him to hold his tongue if it suited his interests best to do otherwise, he determined that on no account should he meet the British Envoy.

Accordingly, a few days before the latter's arrival, shortly before sunset, the Khedive called at the palace of Saduk Pasha and invited him, as he often did, to go for a drive with him. After the worthy pair had been out some time, being presumably on the best of terms, darkness came on, and the Khedive ordered his coachman to drive to one of his residences, on reaching which, he bade his companion to alight and enter with him. The unsuspecting Minister followed his master into the hall, and then into an antechamber adjoining, where the Khedive spoke a few words with him and, telling him to await his return, passed through an inner door. He heard the key turn in the lock and, suspecting something, rushed to the other door by which he had entered, and found that locked also. He was a prisoner, caught like a rat in a trap!

Soon after, the outer door was unlocked and opened, and an Egyptian officer with two Soudanese soldiers entered, and told him he was a prisoner, and that he was to go with them. At the door was awaiting them a closed hired carriage, into which the officer with the prisoner and one of the soldiers entered, while the other soldier mounted on the box beside the coachman, who drove off at a rapid pace to the Bulāk Dukrūr railway station, where a special train was in readiness in which

the prisoner and escort were conveyed with all despatch to Assiout, where the railway then ended. Here a steamer with steam up was waiting to forward them to Assouan where, owing to the cataract, the river had to be left, and the short railway taken which led to Shellāl above the falls. Here another steamer was in readiness to convey them to Wadi Halfa, opposite which the prisoner was landed. With a refinement of cruelty almost incredible, the wretched Saduk, who had for years lived a life of pomp, luxury and profligate extravagance only second to that of the Khedive himself, was put on a rough baggage camel, and the small caravan which was awaiting the party proceeded forthwith to Dongola with hardly any halts; over eighty-seven hours' marching, exclusive of any halts. At Dongola the prisoner was conducted to the remote little house before which we were standing, into the inner room of which he was hustled in which there was nothing but a bedstead; some food was shortly after brought to him, and he was left to his own reflections.

How bitter these must have been, one can well imagine. Hurlled from the zenith of his power, wealth and luxury, he had suffered the lowest dregs of humiliation. He had undergone mental torture and physical suffering almost unthinkable; and now, for the first time since the Khedive left him in his ante-room at Cairo, he was alone. Not inappropriate to his position are the words of Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII., when he had been degraded and plundered by the King:—

“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms;  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.

The next day comes a frost, a killing frost :  
 And while he thinks, good, easy man, most surely  
 His greatness is a-growing, nips his root ;  
 And then he falls."

Not long afterwards the door opened and the officer and two soldiers entered the room. The former carried a sort of sling, the latter a sheet. They at once rushed upon their victim, and whilst the soldiers wound the sheet round his chest and compressed his lungs with all their force, the officer tried to strangle him with the sling.

The Mafettish appears to have been a powerful man, for he fought long for dear life ; and in the struggle seized the thumb of the officer in his teeth and bit it through and through, till the injured man, smarting with pain, gave an order to one of the soldiers, who drew his knife and drove it into the unfortunate Saduk's heart. The bloody deed was accomplished, and the Khedive's orders carried out.

The doctor who was with me then took up the story. He said that, on the following morning, he was sent for by the officer to the house where the tragedy had taken place ; and when he came there, he saw a body laid out on a bedstead outside it. It was covered with a sheet.

The officer said in a loud voice to him : " That man died of apoplexy last night, and I want your certificate to that effect."

The doctor raised the sheet, saw a gaping wound over the heart and exclaimed that the man had not died of apoplexy but had been murdered. The officer struck him a violent blow on the head which nearly felled him, and then held out to him a ready-prepared certificate, stating that apoplexy had been the cause of death. He



asked him in a threatening manner whether he would sign or not, and told him that he would rue it bitterly if he did not.

The doctor then signed the paper out of terror, and a telegram was sent out to inform the Khedive that Saduk Pasha had died of apoplexy.

In 1886 I met Lord Goschen at Killarney, when I was employed in the west of Ireland, and I related the circumstances of Saduk Pasha's murder, as told me on the place where it occurred. He informed me that there had been considerable surprise at the absence of the Minister of Finance, through the inquiry and examination of accounts, but that the Khedive had given explanations, and no one, except the few who knew, had the smallest suspicion that foul play had taken place.

Long before this tale of tragedy, to which I had listened with rapt attention and from time to time with bated breath, had come to an end, night had begun to fall. The great red ball of the sun, now changed from Ra<sup>1</sup> to Tum, had sunk below the horizon in the west, leaving nothing but a slowly vanishing line of intense red :

“ The last streak  
Of intense beauty on the horizon's brim,  
When night on all the rest hangs chill and dim.”

Behind us lay deserted Dongola, a city of the dead ; to the east the moon was rising, and had begun to cast its pale shimmer on the boundless desert ; below us old Father Nile, which had now assumed a dark-leadened hue as if it had donned the garb of night, flowed peacefully by, as it doubtless did on the night when a man who had

<sup>1</sup> RA, the hero, is the midday sun. TUM, the old man, the setting sun. Horus, the rising sun.



risen to the highest pinnacle of power, wealth and luxury, and who had felt, up to a few hours previously, that he was the indispensable *fidus Achates* of his sovereign, was dragged across the spot on which we were standing, and thrust with studied ignominy into the slaughter-house, to be butchered by hired assassins.

Black as his past record was, it was impossible to withhold feelings of pity when one thought of his miserable end, planned by the master whom he had served so unscrupulously but so well; or to come to any other conclusion than that the ruler of Egypt and not his minion was by far the greater sinner of the pair.

The next afternoon, 4th July, I left Dongola with the few Egyptian officials who had remained with me, and the last batch of refugees—12,938 of whom we had despatched from Dongola for Wadi Halfa. The rear-guard was composed of a squadron of the 19th Hussars, with two guns, under the command of Major (now Sir John) French, who, with his regiment, had especially distinguished themselves by the excellence of their reconnaissance work during the march and the hard conflicts in the desert. At 10 p.m. we reached a place called Benh, and settled down in our bivouacs.

A quarter of an hour later I was much perturbed by receiving an order from Major French to the effect that, as we were in rear of the rear-guard, we must change our position and advance to another in front of it. Our evening meal was in process of cooking, and many of the tired refugees were already stretched out on their blankets asleep; so it may be imagined what a move would have entailed. I asked Captain White to go to Major French to represent the state of things and ask that we might be allowed to remain where we were for

the night—especially as there were none of the enemy within appreciable distance.

I awaited the reply with considerable uneasiness, for I hardly knew Major French then ; to my great relief a reply came from him that I could do as I liked, but that I must start the next morning in time to be in front of the rear-guard, which would march at such and such a time.

This is a small and unimportant incident, but I record it as showing the character of the man whose capabilities have raised him to the highest position in the army—to the complete satisfaction of the latter, which in itself says much indeed for him ; for, as in most other earthly institutions, envy, jealousy and detraction are not unknown in the British army, as many an officer has learnt to his cost.

One of Sir John French's great qualities is that he has no fear of taking responsibility on his own shoulders ; another is that he has not a shred of red tape about him. This narrowing attribute is the antithesis of common-sense and broad independent judgment, and has been well-defined as "the rigid application of hard and fast rules and regulations which crush initiative, stamp out all sense of healthy responsibility, and reduce the brains of those who are strictly bound and guided by them to the level of the instinct of a protoplasm."

At the end of my time at the War Office that establishment was shackled with red tape, and the intense superiority which so often accompanies hopeless inferiority. Lord Haldane has, I really believe, done what no War Minister has ever before succeeded in doing—he has swept the Augean stable clean of red tape with the River Alpheus of Common-sense. Red tape, however, is a very

hardy perennial, and it is sure to come to the surface again, if a less able brain and less firm hand than those of Lord Haldane are there to keep it under.

A great many officers, placed in the same position as French on the 4th July, 1885, would have shirked the responsibility of departing from the letter of the law, and would have requested me to break up my bivouac, and move my poor weary refugees to another spot in the middle of the night. I was duly grateful to him, and I have not been mistaken in my prognostication—that, given good chances, he would go a very long way indeed.

We followed the track taken by the Arab caravans along the left bank of the Nile, and we arrived opposite Halfa on the 12th July. Most of our route lay tolerably near the Nile; but we had two long desert marches—one of thirty-five miles without any water; these two marches took  $11\frac{1}{2}$  and  $14\frac{1}{3}$  hours respectively. The plan was to start about 2 a.m., and march till the sun was well up and very hot; then to rest, under what protection from the sun we could secure, till about 4 p.m., marching till about 9 p.m. Every morning we were greeted by a glorious sunrise, and every night of our march was illuminated by the moon, when the desert is at its best.

I used to become desperately sleepy; and nodding led to lurching, which, fortunately, always awoke me, or probably I should have fallen from my camel. No incidents worth recording took place during this march, except, one night, a large caravan of slave-dealers with their human prey passed by our bivouac, and awoke us all. They had meant, I was told, to occupy our halting-place; but, finding us there, and not liking the looks of us, they hurried on like guilty things. Not that

we could have done anything, for there were strict orders that slavery was not to be interfered with by us. Still, whenever I came across slave-dealers, they got out of my way as quickly as possible, fearing that I might release their prey.<sup>1</sup>

Arrived opposite Wadi Halfa I found Sheikh Saleh and a number of the Kabbabish Arabs awaiting in the hopes of picking up camels, etc, cheap, as we could take them no further. I sold my riding camel back to the sheikh who was delighted to get him; and I presented him with my baggage camel, which pleased him still more. I parted with the excellent animal, which I had ridden every day for nearly a year, with the same regret one feels at losing a favourite horse.

This was the close of the campaign for me, for, after staying the day at Halfa with Colonel Duncan, during which I saw General (now Lord) Grenfell, I embarked next day on board the S.S. "Water Lily," which left at 2.15 a.m. on the 14th. We were hurried down without delay, reached Luxor on the evening of the 16th—too late, I deeply regret to say, to visit Karnak and Thebes. I was especially sorry not to have a day to visit the latter, the city of the dead, which I knew *au fond* from reading George Eber's charming work "Uarda."

We purchased, with the assistance of the Consul at Luxor, a lot of curios, scarabœi and the like, some of which were genuine; but one of my companions, wishing to have a more substantial memento, bought a mummy cat, which he was assured dated back at least to the Pharaohs. The animal kept up its tradition and char-

<sup>1</sup> Soon after his arrival at Khartum, General Gordon had issued a proclamation to the effect that slavery should in no way be interfered with.

acter till it reached Ireland, where the soft damp climate proved too much for its embalmed constitution, and it promptly became decomposed, in the most up-to-date manner. Cats are embalmed for tourists, and scarabæi are manufactured for them and despatched up the Nile from Birmingham; and I have but little doubt that, when so much sacrilege has been perpetrated among the tombs of the ancient Egyptians that the supply of painted coffins and mummies run short, both will be manufactured and sold to the more enterprising travellers who wish to count among their possessions an ancient Egyptian, to whom a long pedigree will be given on papyrus leaves, and his last resting-place decorated in the most approved and ancient style.

At Assiout railway station, just before our train for Cairo was starting, a man ran up to me, knelt down and kissed my hand. After a moment I recognised him as one of the six men whom I had released at Dongola, and who were under sentence of death. This poor man showed the falsity of the belief that there is no gratitude among Orientals; for if ever I saw thankfulness expressed, it was in that Arab's eyes. I am convinced that gratitude is no rarer in the East than in the West—if so much so; and that the following story from the Persian is at least equally applicable to the West:—

“Allah once invited all the virtues to his garden. They all arrived at the appointed hour, and no introductions were needed, as they were well acquainted with one another; except in the case of two who had never met—namely, kindness and gratitude.”

We reached Cairo in the morning of the 10th, and went to Shepherd's Hotel; and I don't think I ever relished food so much as I did the breakfast on our arrival. I



had not been inside a comfortable room, or slept under a roof, or eaten a decent meal, for many months ; and the excellent coffee, the rolls and butter, served on a clean table-cloth, formed food fit for the gods.

I handed over the cyphers and seals of the Intelligence Department to my old friend, Sir John Ardagh, and then my last shred of responsibility had disappeared. We were hurried through Cairo as we had been down the Nile, only being allowed to stay there one day, on which I visited the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and the Sphinx, and made some hasty purchases. The next day we were sent to Alexandria by rail, and embarked forthwith on board the S.S. "Italy" of the National Line, and we sailed next day.

The voyage to England was as uneventful as had been the one out ; but there was one great difference between the two—that, whereas in the case of the latter, every mile travelled took us further and further from our homes, now every cable's length brought us nearer and nearer to our dear ones, from whom we parted in more than ordinary uncertainty as to whether we should see them again in this world, and to our native land.

I do not envy the man whose disposition is such that his heart is not open to the influence of such emotions : he doubtless suffers less in the aggregate than the sensitive, affectionate man ; but, on the other hand, he fails entirely to feel and enjoy the highest delight that can fall to the lot of man—reunion with those we love and have lost awhile.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself hath said :  
 This is my own, my native land ;  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned



As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand."

"Lay of the Last Minstrel."

We landed at Portsmouth on the 8th August.

A soldier is not supposed to occupy himself with politics, or to concern himself about the causes of a war, or the motives which led the Government of his country to enter into hostilities; he is bound to carry out his orders, and exercise whatever intelligence he possesses only within the limitations of his instructions; outside these, he must only think in his own heart and be still. As the French poet wrote:—

"Le bon soldat ne pense pas ;  
C'est une inconsciente machine :  
C'est un numero dans le tas :  
Ainsi le veut le discipline."

It is quite right that it should be so, for if everyone in the army were to give expression to his thoughts and feelings, discipline, that first and all-important factor, which goes so far to secure success in war, would be scattered to the winds, and the army which does not possess it must become a rabble.

The thoughts, however, cannot be controlled, and the position I occupied, which gave opportunities every day of conversing with natives of more or less good position and intelligence, gave me abundant food for reflection as to the causes which had led us into the *impasse* and forced us into the discreditable position of failure and of retreat before the barbarous hordes of the Mahdi, leaving all the inhabitants, who had not obeyed his summons to flock to his banners, either to leave their all and fly for refuge to Lower Egypt, or to remain to be plundered and massacred by the dervishes who were as rapacious as,

and more merciless than, even the Khedive's officials and the bashi-bazouks.

While the tyrannical and utterly corrupt government of the Khedive was mostly responsible for the revolt of the Soudan, there were other causes, one of which was the designs of Gordon to abolish slavery, and his attempts to do so without any means to enforce them, or any plans to supply the wants which must be created by depriving the employers of labour of the means on which they and their forefathers had depended, for thousands of years, as supplying the necessities of their lives. It was an economic question of the highest magnitude, the difficulties of which General Gordon did not apparently understand or appreciate, till his last ill-fated expedition to the Soudan, when the Government took the ill-advised step of employing him to carry out the evacuation of the Soudan—a task which, under the existing circumstances and having regard to the means at his disposal, was at least as difficult as any of the labours of Hercules. When he arrived at Cairo he urgently requested that Zobeir Pasha, “the greatest slave-hunter who ever existed,” as he described him, should accompany him, as he thought that Zobeir's influence would “end the Mahdi,” which shows that Gordon, in his absence from Egypt, had not grasped the enormously increased power of the Mahdi consequent upon the destruction of Hicks Pasha and his army; not a dozen Zobeirs would probably have sufficed to upset him. No trust whatever could be placed in Zobeir's loyalty, and he was animated with bitter animosity against Gordon, owing to the death of his son. The Government decided that Zobeir should not be employed, and certainly to do so would have been “the hazard of the die.” Still, it must be remembered that

Sir Evelyn Baring, a man possessed of singular calm and level headed judgment, and who had no special confidence in the possession of such qualities by General Gordon, recommended Zobeir's employment; and, as he was on the spot and possessed the confidence of the Government, his recommendation ought to have been carried out; if it had been, there was just an off-chance of success; in Gordon's expedition, as it took place, there was none.

To the immense astonishment of most people, General Gordon issued a proclamation at Khartum to the effect that slavery was no longer to be interfered with, that all the severe measures adopted for its suppression were to be cancelled, and that the slave trade might flourish as of yore. Naturally this proclamation shocked a great many well-meaning people in England; but he was undoubtedly right in what he did. The step, however, was taken much too late to counteract the harm that had been done, and the people of the Soudan did not believe in the good faith, as regards slavery, of the man who had been the great advocate for its abolition.

It must not be for a moment supposed that I have not the utmost abhorrence of slavery, and that my fingers did not itch to release by force, if necessary, the human prey, which I often met in the desert, driven along by the slave dealers. As the great German philosopher said: "He who acts on only one maxim is a pedant, and spoils things for himself and others." Gordon's crusade to crush out slavery without any power to do so was fine, from a moral, impossible from a practical, point of view.

Gordon was possessed of the qualities of fearlessness, unselfishness, philanthropy and determination; but he

chafed under any authority, and his proceedings after his arrival at Khartum showed that the last thing he was prepared to do was to carry out implicitly the instructions of the British Government as to the evacuation of the Soudan. One could not but see that the employment of Gordon on this mission was an error which cost Great Britain much blood and treasure, and the temporary loss of prestige which failure must always bring.

Lord Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," vol. iii., p. 168, gives the following extract from a letter of Mr Gladstone, written some few years after the war, which shows clearly that the Government saw the error they had committed in sending Gordon to the Soudan—which was done to satisfy the Press and the public, who clamoured for and demanded Gordon's employment on a mission, the difficulties of which they did not in the smallest degree comprehend.

That this employment was viewed with great anxiety by the Cabinet and by Sir Evelyn Baring at Cairo, there is not the smallest doubt, but the *vox populi* was yielded to. Mr Gladstone wrote :

"In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes: but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he had left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zobeir prevailed, it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved, and, with the

Tories and Irish, have carried, a condemnatory address. My opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him, than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time, he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have been worse."

The great error of the Government lay in employing Gordon, as Lord Cromer shows in "Modern Egypt," and this led to all the disasters which took place in connexion with it. Still, the Government cannot be seriously blamed for this error of judgment. It is easy to be wise after an event. As the Duke of Wellington once said: "I find many ready to say what I ought to have done when a battle is over, but I wish some of those persons would come and tell me what to do before a battle."

As Mr Gladstone further said: "I do not doubt that a true and equitable judgment will eventually prevail." It is to the infinite credit of Lord Cromer that, to a great extent, such judgment does now prevail.

I have read many works on the Soudan imbroglio, but in my judgment there is not one which can compare to Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," which gives a comparatively concise but clear and masterly exposition of the causes which led to the relief expedition of 1884-5, which was pre-doomed to failure—partly because it started much too late. Lord Cromer is one who does not fear to call a spade a spade, and with his ability, power of observation and knowledge, his work is a most valuable contribution to the history of our Empire. I hold no brief for him, I do not even know him by sight, which of course argues myself unknown. I have not seen him for just half a century, when he was Lieutenant Evelyn Baring of the Royal Artillery. He was then regarded

with awe and admiration by us young subalterns on account of his superior intellect ; though I must confess he was not amazingly popular, since he appeared to us to be lacking in one quality, namely, that of " suffering fools gladly," which is not an attribute to be despised, either in public or private life. No one has had a more difficult, onerous and responsible task than Lord Cromer has had in Egypt, and I doubt if anyone could have fulfilled it with more credit and success than he did, or more to the advantage of Egypt and the British Empire. Well, indeed, does he deserve the distinctions which have fallen to him !

It is almost impossible to believe that the Soudan, which was such a terrible *bête noire* twenty-seven years ago, and which the British Government yearned to see evacuated, with the inevitable result that it would lapse into a state of utter barbarism, has in those few years become the Soudan of to-day—happy and contented and safe as to life and property. This is the result of British courage and wise administration ; and it was well indeed for Egypt that France stepped aside, and left the sole task to Great Britain. No other country could have produced the same admirable results in so short a time ; and of all the great steps on the high road of civilization due to British statesmen and soldiers, there is none of which we are more justified in feeling proud than the rapid regeneration of the land of Ramesis and Cleopatra and the Soudan.



## CHAPTER VII

### IRELAND IN 1886. THE FIRST HOME RULE BILL

Appointed to the staff of Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar—Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury—The Ulster problem—Tory coquetting with Home Rule—Attempt to discredit Lord Spencer—His Irish policy—Lord Randolph Churchill at Belfast—Appointed Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen—Lawlessness in Ireland—Defeat of the Home Rule Bill, 1886—The Crown jewels—With Sir Redvers Buller in Kerry and Clare—Arrival at Killarney—Causes of crime in the west of Ireland—Sir Redvers' methods—"A noted Fenian"—Sir Redvers Buller appointed Under-Secretary—I succeed him as special Commissioner of Police in Kerry and Clare—"Pressure within the law"—The Glenbeigh evictions—Irish funerals.

**I** REMAINED unemployed for a very short time, and in September I was appointed to the Staff of H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar as Assistant Military Secretary. The Prince had just succeeded Sir Thomas Steele as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. I have been as a rule, except in one or two notable instances, singularly fortunate as to those under whom I have been fated to serve. Prince Edward was kindness of heart personified, as was the Princess, and they did all in their power to make the lives around them happy. He was endowed with a remarkable amount of shrewdness and common sense, and though not of a conspicuously energetic nature, he performed all duties that fell to him thoroughly and well, and I can say with conviction that no highly placed officer in the army was regarded with greater affection, and that deservedly.

The presence of Serene Highnesses in the capital of Ireland caused considerable flutter in the dovecots of

society, and having, or at least showing, no political tendencies, the Prince and Princess soon became and remained great favourites with all classes. They possessed the very soul of hospitality, and the Royal Hospital was always filled with guests, among whom often were some remarkable people, for instance, Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, who bore a marked and singular likeness to the effigy of Queen Elizabeth in the glass case in St Islip's Tower in Westminster Abbey. Her aquiline nose and generally imposing and commanding appearance were very striking, and contributed to the impression that one was regarding something very like the immortal Queen Bess. She was probably the most favoured and favourite guest in Great Britain, a guest who could not come too often, nor outstay her welcome. During the time that Prince and Princess Edward were at the Royal Hospital, there always appeared to be a blank when this charming *grande dame* was not staying there, which she did very frequently. She was most considerate and kind-hearted towards servants, but the latter held her in great awe; for she had an extraordinarily acute eye for the slightest deviation from the correct, when they were in attendance, and she drilled and trained her men-servants with the greatest pains, so that any such servant coming from her carried the *cachet* of menial perfection.

The following letter addressed by her to me, when I was struggling with considerable difficulties to carry out my task in maintaining law and order in the south-west and west of Ireland, will be read with interest, especially at the present time when the oft debated and fiercely contested question of Home Rule is about once more to become that of the hour, and when sounds of the coming battle already fill the air:—

*“ Tuesday, March 19, 1889,*

*“ ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.*

“ Thanks, dear Colonel Turner, for your letter and enclosure. No peace for Ireland until there is ‘ Home Rule ’ in some form, I say. I quite admit this cannot be done unless ‘ Ulster ’ joins. However, we differ, and no wonder in such a disaffected part of Ireland where you are. I read Clifford Lloyd’s letter in yesterday’s ‘ Times ’ ; now that he is for Home Rule, as he states, why should not political powers on both sides agree on some common course of action with a view to some peaceful solution of this much vexed question? My view of ‘ Home Rule ’ is not disintegration or Gladstone’s either. I hope you will soon have some rest, for you require it after all you have gone through. Thanks for your expressions to myself. I was much pleased to see you again.

“ I am, dear Colonel Turner,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ M. E. AYLESBURY.”

This letter was in reply to one of mine, in which I wrote that, though law and order had been restored, this had only been effected through brute force, and that though I could by such means keep the peace, the discontent was as great as ever, and that if the present controlling power were removed or slackened, things would be as difficult as ever. Lady Aylesbury was an acute observer and an ardent friend and admirer, but not a blind follower, of Mr Gladstone. She was convinced as to the hopelessness of making Ireland peaceful and contented under Dublin Castle Rule, but she always appreciated the deadly difficulty of the irreconcilable

Ulster minority, with their intense hatred of the Pope and Catholicism, and their deep, though unfounded, dread that Papish domination would take the place of the much gloried-in Protestant ascendancy, to the ghost of which they still cling with the bigotry of the Middle Ages. If Ulster would, as Lady Aylesbury writes, join with the rest of Ireland, as the latter would readily do with them, the settlement of this long-standing question of Home Rule would soon and surely be settled. Ulster would be received with open arms, and my experience of the most disturbed countries of Ireland, at a time of something like suppressed revolution, convinced me that there is not the smallest justification for the assumption that under Home Rule Protestants would fare badly at the hands of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. As it is, a system of Government which is ardently desired by some four-fifths of the Irish people, including even a large proportion of Ulstermen, is blocked by an irreconcilable minority, thus causing perpetual friction and irritation, and making the settlement of the Irish question one of insurmountable difficulty. For, as Lady Aylesbury shrewdly remarked twenty-two years ago, a solution cannot be arrived at unless "Ulster joins." Otherwise, under Home Rule, there would be a large discontented minority, and the last state would be even worse than the first. Is it too much to hope that, for the common good of Ireland, Ulster will join and take her share and responsibility in a new system of Government, introduced to supersede the old one, which has never been satisfactory, and which is hated by the vast majority of the Irish people?

The bogey of separation is surely not contemplated by any sane man, and angry and foolish words spoken

by orators under the influence of feelings of injustice and imputed inferiority may be regarded as "trifles light as air," with no real meaning.

I found many and great changes on my return to Ireland. Lord Salisbury's Government had succeeded that of Mr Gladstone, Lord Carnarvon had taken the place of Lord Spencer, and the air was full of rumours of an agreement between Mr Parnell, the uncrowned king of Ireland, and Her Majesty's Government, upon the subject of Home Rule. Lord Carnarvon had had, as it turned out afterwards, with the approval of Lord Salisbury, a long interview with Mr Parnell, in a house in Grosvenor Square, and the Irish Unionists were suspicious and irritated. Shortly after my arrival I was dining at the King's Inn and sat beside a judge whom I knew well. He had just come from circuit in the West, and he told me that he had ascertained without a doubt that confidential orders had been sent to the police officials throughout Ireland to minimize the reports of crime in their districts to the utmost, for the purpose of showing that there was no need for exceptional legislation, and that, as he supposed, the country was ripe for Home Rule. He also told me with horror that the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, a strong Nationalist, had actually been seen driving to the Viceregal Lodge to visit Lord Carnarvon. The latter was a nobleman of the broadest views, the greatest experience, and the highest integrity. He saw clearly, as many others have done, that it was impossible to rule Ireland under the existing conditions; in these ideas he was strongly and ably supported by Sir Robert Hamilton. A sorry feature of it all was that Lord Spencer, who had been forced to coercion by the Phoenix Park murders and many crimes, and who had

been lauded to the skies for his firmness by the Tory Party, was now discredited, to the satisfaction of the Nationalists, who jumped to the conclusion that a Government had now come into power which was going to satisfy their aspirations and give them Home Rule. Ulster was furious, and the words "treason" and "treachery" were thrown about broadcast. The Maamtrasna murders, to which I have before alluded, and the execution of one of the convicted men, were brought up, and Lord Spencer was shamefully charged with having knowingly allowed an innocent man, Myles Joyce, to be hanged—though he was proved without a doubt to have been one of the gang. To such lengths did the attempts go to discredit his administration for political purposes.

It has been shown without a doubt that Lord Salisbury did not contemplate giving Home Rule in any shape, and that the famous interview between Lord Carnarvon and Mr Parnell, though approved by him, was not an official one, but was meant as a means to discover what the Irish leader wanted, and whether any means could be found, short of giving Home Rule, to satisfy the Nationalists, and so far restore peace to Ireland that exceptional coercive legislation might be abolished. The intention was excellent, but it was playing with fire, and it ought to have been known that under no circumstances would anything less than autonomy satisfy Mr Parnell and the Irish Party, and that unless it was intended to give some concessions in this direction, it would have been much wiser to abstain from taking steps which are firmly believed to this day to indicate that Lord Salisbury's Government was prepared to enter into a compact with Mr Parnell and his followers. So



strongly did certain great statesmen feel on the subject that Mr Chamberlain denounced the conduct of the Ministry in performing "a strategic movement of that kind, executed in opposition to the notorious convictions of the men who effected it, carried out for party purposes, and party purposes alone, is the most flagrant instance of political dishonesty this country has ever known." While Lord Hartington used equally strong and forcible language on the subject.<sup>1</sup>

Being, as I was, in a military appointment at the time of the Carnarvon Viceroyalty, I had nothing to do with what was going on in Dublin Castle, or the Viceregal Lodge; but, as I had been in close and confidential relations with Lord Spencer from 1882 to 1884, often acting as his Private Secretary, and as I constantly associated with officials and others, I may say that I was to a great extent behind the scenes, and I was full of indignation at the way in which Lord Spencer was decried by the Tories for carrying out a system of coercive administration, which he did for the maintenance of law and order, and for the suppression of crime—then terribly rampant in the country, and for which, and for his unshaken firmness and courage, they had previously lauded him to the skies. Whatever the cause of the state of crime which prevailed, he rightly saw that first of all crime must be repressed and order restored, and that no new system of Government and administration was possible while Ireland was in a state of actual turmoil and disorder.

It was the habit of the Tories who stood aloof from and disapproved of the *rapprochement* of their Government and the Nationalists, to accuse Lord Spencer and

<sup>1</sup> Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," vol. iii., pp. 214, 215.

Mr Gladstone with having become sudden converts to Home Rule, for political ends, because they thought that the Tories would take and hold the lead in settling the Irish imbroglio. With regard to Lord Spencer, I know from long and, I am proud to say, intimate association, that he was the last man in the world to subordinate his opinion to political exigencies. He often and often conversed with me on the subject of the system of governing Ireland. He was convinced that it was all wrong, unsuited and abhorrent to the people, cumbrous, and centralized to the utmost. He entirely scorned the idea that separation and the formation of an Irish Republic were the aims of the Irish leader and his Party, who asked for no more than had done Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt. I am absolutely certain that had Lord Spencer remained in office long enough to see the coming of the day when the country was in a state which justified a return to the normal action of the law, he would have made proposals to Mr Gladstone to establish measures of self-government, and that the coquetting of the Tories with Mr Parnell, and the temporary treaty with the Irish Party had nothing whatever to say to Lord Spencer's strong attitude on the subject of Home Rule, when introduced by Mr Gladstone. There is no doubt that he was stung to the quick by Lord Randolph Churchill's attack upon his Irish administration, but it is entirely erroneous to suppose that it or any of the similar onslaughts which were directed against him influenced his mind or gave a bias to his calm and level-headed judgment.

As to the charge against Mr Gladstone that he adopted Home Rule because the result of the elections of February, 1886, had placed it in the power of the Irish to put him

into office or turn him out, this is, as Lord Morley points out, entirely disproved by a letter he wrote to Mr Childers, when the latter in September, 1885, wrote to him and asked him for an expression of opinion upon an announcement in favour of Home Rule, which he proposed to make to his constituents at Pontefract. In the course of his letter Mr Gladstone expressed complete approval of Mr Childers' proclamation. Further, in 1885, he said, with regard to Mr Chamberlain's scheme, "Subject to the supremacy of the Crown, the unity of the Empire and all the authority of Parliament necessary for the conservation of that unity, every grant to portions of the country of enlarged powers for the management of their own affairs was not a source of danger, but a means of averting it."

As to the legislative union—"I believe history and posterity will consign to disgrace the name and memory of every man, be he who he may, and on whichever side of the channel he may dwell, that, having the power to aid in an equitable settlement between Ireland and Great Britain shall use that power, not to aid, but to prevent and retard it."<sup>1</sup> No person unblinded by prejudice could fail to see from the above that Mr Gladstone had long been convinced as to the necessity for autonomy for Ireland.

The bubble of Tory-Irish alliance did not last long; at the end of January the Government was defeated by seventy-nine votes, and Mr Gladstone was called to form a Government, which, if supported by the Irish Nationalists, who now numbered over eighty, disposed of a large majority. Then came, like a thunderbolt, the fighting speech of Lord Randolph Churchill, whom

<sup>1</sup> Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," pp. 236-7.

up to then the Irish Nationalists had regarded as favourable to their cause. He incited Ulster to resist Home Rule, coined the battle-cry, "Ulster will fight, Ulster will be right"; and the result was intense embitterment between the Orangemen and Catholics, which led to warfare with great loss of life and destruction of property.

It may be imagined with what acute interest I watched the shifting course of events in Ireland, though only as a passive spectator. This interest was naturally not abated when one morning I received a letter from Lord Spencer, informing me that Lord Aberdeen had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and asking me if I should feel disposed to accept the place of Private Secretary to him. I communicated at once with Lord Wolseley, asking his advice as that of a dear and old friend, and he advised acceptance. I accordingly resigned my position as Assistant Military Secretary, through which act, I fear, I gave considerable umbrage and caused immense surprise that I should give up such an easy, comfortable office under such a Chief as Prince Edward. The fact was that the duties of the post amounted to a *sinecure*, even including the management of the Grand Military Races at Punchestown, which tradition had attached to the office and which was not in the least congenial to me.

I have always led a strenuous, fully occupied life; I had just come from a year's incessant hard work in the Soudan, and I could not settle down to a vacant, idle existence. I was a firm believer, moreover, in Mr Gladstone and Lord Spencer, and it was therefore with great joy that I entered into the duties of Private Secretary, and took part, though a humble one, in the first great fight for Home Rule, which was destined to be short,

sharp, decisive and disastrous in its result upon the Gladstonian Government, while, with a short interval, it brought the Tories into power for twenty years.

Lord Carnarvon had, in the meantime, resigned just before the fall of Lord Salisbury's Government, on 28th January, 1886, and Mr Smith had been actually appointed Chief Secretary to reverse his policy of conciliation, and presumably to give poor Ireland another dose of increased coercion, from which for the time the country was saved by the change of Government. Lord Aberdeen landed at Kingstown on 10th February, where I met him. He was well received, and was shortly afterwards followed by Lady Aberdeen. Neither of them were ever weary of well-doing, and they succeeded in making themselves dear to the Irish people during the short five months that the Viceroyalty and Government lasted.

Naturally a certain aristocratic and *soi-disant* aristocratic *clique* held aloof from the castle, the drawing-rooms and the *levées*, and threw up their eyes in scorn and derision at the class of people who attended at these functions; but their absence and contempt counted for nothing, and nobody seemed a penny the worse. Lord and Lady Aberdeen did much to conciliate people of a class then considered irreconcilable, and it is deeply to be deplored that the really valuable work done by them, which bore much good fruit in a short time, should have been nipped in the bud and suspended for nigh a score of years. The change which then took place in Irish Government gave probably the most remarkable illustration of the old saying, that that unfortunate country is the football of English political parties.

Ireland is indeed unfortunate. The most promising



situations and opportunities have often been blighted by internal dissensions, which are not unknown up to the present day, or by crimes which are seized hold of by political enemies and dangled before the public as proofs of the unfitness of Ireland for self-government. These statements are greedily swallowed by those "whose wish is father to the thought," and the whole country and its leaders are branded as little short of criminal because of the crimes of a few, which amount in Ireland to far less in proportion than those committed in other parts of Great Britain. To Ireland is always imputed, as Mr Gladstone said, "a double dose of original sin."

At the time of which I speak, bad crimes were of constant occurrence in the west and south-west of Ireland. In County Kerry, the population of which is as a rule law-abiding and crimeless, murders of an atrocious description, committed under circumstances of revolting barbarity, were frequent, in spite of the vigorous exertions of the Bishop, Dr Higgins, and his Catholic clergy. In fact, a wave of crime appeared to be passing over the country, exciting to frenzy the usually courteous, kind-hearted and easy-going peasantry. Castle-island and the neighbourhood acquired an especially evil reputation. Here it was that when Lord Spencer rode through its long street, black flags with death's-head and cross-bones were displayed to welcome him instead of the Union Jack; and the principal inhabitant, a small shop-keeper, endeavoured to obtain advertisement and mention in the Press by refusing to take the Viceroy's proffered hand!

The inception and origin of the crimes, many of which were not agrarian at all, were attributed to Mr Parnell and his Party, who had no more to say or to do with



them than I had with the death of the Mahdi, which, as I have before related, was attributed to me. Any stick serves to beat a dog if you want to beat him, and no charge was too impossible or mendacious to be made against the Irish Party.

It can well be imagined that a strong reflection of the passion-permeated political feeling in London during the discussion of the Home Rule Bill was thrown upon Ireland. The debates were followed, day by day, with feverish attention; hopes and fears alternated. The varying moods of Mr Chamberlain, formerly regarded by the Irish as a staunch friend and advocate of autonomy, were closely scanned. It was believed that Mr Gladstone, with the help of Mr Morley, the best and most trusted of Chief Secretaries, since Mr Drummond, would just carry through the Bill on the second reading. Mr Gladstone exceeded himself—his speech was magnificent; but Ireland's chance was not to come yet.

On the night of 7th June, when the division was taken, the Staff and some friends of the Viceroy were assembled in the Viceregal Lodge, awaiting the fateful telegram which was to announce the result. It came about 2 a.m. on 8th June. Mr Chamberlain and ninety-two other Liberals had voted against the Chief and Party. The Bill was defeated by 343 against 313, and the first great Home Rule phase came to an end.

After much deliberation, Parliament was dissolved, and an election was fought, into which the energy of both sides was fiercely thrown. The result was that, to regard Ireland only, 390 were against Home Rule, 280 in favour of it—or a Unionist majority of 110; and as a matter of course Mr Gladstone resigned.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen had a most triumphal send-

off, the streets being packed and the enthusiasm intense. I was forcibly reminded of the departure of Lord Spencer only a few months before, when he was assailed by the hideous boos and execrations of a mob who judged of his rule merely from the surface incidents which had been forced upon him, and little thought that they were witnessing the departure of one of the truest and best friends that Ireland ever possessed.

When Lord Aberdeen left, the Crown jewels were given to me to hand over next day for Lord Londonderry. I simply locked them up in the drawer of my writing table, where they remained till wanted. Familiarity breeds contempt, and none of us at the Castle or Viceregal Lodge had the smallest regard or idea of the value of the now notorious lost jewels, which nobody took particular care of. Later, some official brought to notice their value and the loose manner of their custody. In consequence of this a safe was specially constructed for their security by the Board of Works. When it arrived it was found to be much too large to be passed through the doorway of the room in St John's Tower, for which it was intended. When this fact came to public knowledge, people exclaimed, "Just like the Board of Works," which was of course an undeserved calumny!

The result of the mistake was that the safe with its precious contents was stowed in the passage, and that thieves entered that passage, opened the safe and abstracted the jewels, of which no trace has been discovered—though some of the brilliants were well-known and renowned. All sorts of wild theories were formed, persons in the highest position were scandalously hinted at as being the culprits, but the case still remains one of the mysteriously undiscovered; and the apparent haste

with which the search and investigation were suddenly allowed to drop added much to intensify the mystery, and to create the wildest and most baseless suspicions.

It was to cope with the serious and ever-increasing lawlessness in Kerry and Clare that it was determined to make a special appointment, to be filled by Sir Redvers Buller, who was given the full powers within the law to deal with what was undoubtedly for a time a dangerous state of things as regards life and property; for the action of the ordinary law was paralysed. No one would come forward as a witness, and no jury would convict upon even the clearest evidence given by an eye-witness of a crime. It was freely stated that Sir Redvers was employed because Sir Michael Hicks Beach was apprehensive of an actual rising in force in those two counties. He was much too clever and level-headed a man to imagine any such nonsense. A cavalry regiment and battalion of infantry would have been quite sufficient to deal with any uprising, and Sir Redvers Buller derided the idea of such a scare, as there were neither arms of any account nor leaders nor possibility of organization of any kind. He was employed because he was justly considered qualified to carry out successfully a task which called for great resolution and firmness, coupled with tact and kindness of heart, all of which qualities he possessed in a very high degree.

His appointment met with considerable opposition, and Mr Edward Russell made a motion for the adjournment of the House as a protest against the iniquity of employing an officer who had only been accustomed to deal with savages to carry out civil duties. Lord Randolph Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a masterly and masterful speech, shattered the argu-

ments of Mr Russell and turned them into ridicule ; saying " that Her Majesty's Government entirely decline to take any part in the discussion." The Motion was, however, pressed to a division, and defeated by 241 against 146.<sup>1</sup>

As soon as his appointment was confirmed, Sir Redvers wrote to me, to the Private Secretary's Lodge in Dublin, which I had not yet left, and asked me if I would go to the west of Ireland as his assistant, as my knowledge and experience of the country would be of great service to him. I hesitated for a time, as I had an instinct that it was not a bed of roses that lay before me ; however, I knew Sir Redvers well. He was one of the few men I have ever met in whom I thoroughly believed, and I am sure that even if I had foreseen the difficult path, strewn with thorns, that I was destined to follow for the next six years, I should not have declined his offer.

When he arrived in Dublin and announced that he was going to take me, very long faces were pulled, and strong objections were made. A noble law-lord who much fancied himself as guiding the first footsteps of the new Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Londonderry, who, as a matter of fact, needed no guiding beyond his own ability, profound courage and common sense, declared that I was " much too tarred by the Home Rule brush " to be employed in such a capacity, and that it would create a very bad impression among the Unionists of Ireland if I was allowed to go. Sir Redvers was not the man to be driven from his position, once taken up, and he made a point of it that I should accompany him. At last a most reluctant assent was given.

This little incident shows how intensely political

<sup>1</sup> See " Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," by Mr Winston Churchill, vol. ii., pp. 42-43.

feeling runs in Ireland, and how exiguous is the mind of some of its officials. The idea that a British officer is incapable of doing his duty which he has undertaken, and for which he is paid, because his political opinions do not happen to coincide with those of the Government under whom he is serving, could hardly have germinated outside the circles of Irish Unionists of that day.

When we arrived at Killarney, accompanied from Dublin by Mr Meldon, a Resident Magistrate and barrister who had been attached to Sir Redvers' Staff as legal adviser, we were received at the railway station by Mr Moriarty, the County Inspector, and Mr Crane, the District Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, two excellent officers both of whom were long associated with me in my Irish work. There was a large number of police present, and every part of the platform and the open space between the station and the Great South-Western Railway Hotel was literally packed with Kerry men, who had flocked into Killarney to see what this renowned soldier was like, who had been sent by the Government to put fear and dread into the heart of the moonlighters. Of the latter, we were told by the police that practically the whole body were present. Sir Redvers was received in respectful silence, and was closely scanned by all who could come near him, and then the crowd quickly dispersed. We were much struck by the appearance of the "Boys of Kerry" who looked the very reverse of the dangerous criminals and assassins which they were then represented to be; of generally fine physique, their faces were intelligent and kindly, as I always found them personally to be. The undoubted existence of a simple, hospitable, and most sympathetic nature, adds much to the mystery that these people could commit the deeds



of cruelty which then soiled the reputation of fair Kerry. It has been asserted that the priests winked at, and the National Party encouraged the crimes, as a portion of the wheel which was gradually to break landlordism. This is a foul calumny on both. The Bishop of Kerry and his priests did everything in their power to suppress crime, and the Nationalist leaders did the same as far as they could, without showing sympathy with a Government detested by the people, and all the more so now, because rightly or wrongly, they thought they had been befooled and hoodwinked by the Conservative Government the year before.

The only solution I can offer is this. A large number of families evicted in the past had emigrated to America. The memory of the cruel hardships they had suffered in being turned out of their homes for the non-payment of rents, which they could not possibly pay in most instances, were never forgotten, and the story of them was handed down from father to son. The hope of vendetta was always before them. A good many of the younger members of these families came from time to time to see their relatives *at home* as they always called it, and to look at the holdings out of which their fathers and mothers had been driven. The sight of these worked powerfully upon their emotional Celtic minds, and often drove them into a state of *furor*. They gathered round them the youths of the localities, showed forth, often with wild eloquence, the wrongs which their families had suffered, and warned their hearers that they, their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts, had all the same fate hanging over them, at the hands of certain ruthless, cruel, grasping landlords and agents, who were the curse of Ireland. The youth of Kerry,



excited to madness by these harangues, formed themselves into gangs of moonlighters, and as it was too difficult and dangerous to deal directly with the landlords, who were, besides, constantly absentees and unknown, and the agents, who were guarded by police, they set themselves to work indirectly by intimidating and punishing any tenants who sympathized with and were favoured by the owners of the land or their often still more detested representatives.

Sir Redvers Buller quickly made himself acquainted with his two counties, driving great distances every day, and conversing freely with the people of all classes. He was urged to take large escorts of police on cars for his safety, and to impose upon the inhabitants. He absolutely refused, somewhat to the consternation of some of the officials, and he was accompanied as a rule by only the County Inspector, myself and a police-orderly. I believe we carried revolvers, as did all the Irish Constabulary at that time. We also had on the car a Winchester repeating rifle, but this was never loaded. Needless to say we were never molested. We were as safe in Kerry as we should have been in any part of England.

The appointment of Sir Redvers Buller gave great satisfaction and hopes to certain classes in Ireland, as opposed to the masses. They thought that Clare and Kerry would soon be dragooned into abject submission by military procedure and brute force, but like Balak they were doomed to disappointment. Sir Redvers soon found out that all was not right, and that in many cases rents were being extorted from the tenantry which they could not possibly pay and at the same time support their families. They were regarded in the light of rent making automatons.

The advent of General Buller naturally caused much excitement among the Nationalists, who also concluded that one of the objects of his mission was to dragoon the tenants. His arrival was heralded by a cartoon in "United Ireland," in which he was represented in uniform on a camel, which also carried Mr Sam Hussey, probably then the most feared and detested land agent in Ireland. The general is knocking with his revolver, labelled "eviction notice" at the door of a farm house, and the camel is also made to carry a sack of writs and notices to quit. A fortnight later the same paper issued a cartoon, showing the complete discomfiture and failure of Sir Redvers. A Kerry bull is depicted tossing the supposed dragooning rent collector and his bag of writs high into the air. After this no hostile mention or caricatures of the general appeared, for the tenants had come to learn that, if he was not their friend, he was no partial or one-sided official who had come to oppress them, but a fair and broad-minded man, determined to act according to the state of things which actually existed, and not to be swayed a hair's breadth by the influence of one party in Ireland or the other. As such he will be gratefully remembered by the tenants of Kerry and Clare. *O, si sic Omnes.*

At this time the Government appointed a Royal Commission, with Lord Cowper as chairman, to inquire into the working of the Irish Land Acts, and to investigate among other things the causes for the disturbed state of things in Kerry and Clare, and further to hold out hopes that a measure of local Government such as prevailed in England and Scotland would be extended to Ireland. The Commission came to Killarney and held its sittings in the Railway Hotel, where were our head-

quarters ; Sir Redvers was summoned as a witness as to the causes of the condition of Kerry. While he was giving evidence I was standing on the steps of the hotel, when a representative of the Press whom I knew well came rushing out of the hotel in a great state of excitement and said to me, "What do you think he has told them—that the National League is the safety of the Irish people." He then ran to the post office to telegraph the momentous pronouncement to the Press, and returned to the Commission. A few minutes later he came out looking still more pleased, and told me that Sir Redvers had stated to the Commission that the law in Ireland was made for the benefit of the rich and not for the poor. This was also at once telegraphed all over the United Kingdom, and produced enormous sensation. The anger of the "classes" was supreme, and a noble lord who was a member of the Commission wrote to a high official, who left the letter carelessly about, and enabled it to be communicated to the Press, as was very usual at that time with private letters ; in it was asserted that "Buller appeared to be all right and well-intentioned, but he was in the hands of a noted Fenian, and allowed himself to be led astray completely." This "noted Fenian" was, needless to say, myself, who was so "tarred with the Home Rule brush."

The Government was much too sensible to act with regard to Sir Redvers as many persons wished them to do, for they knew their man and felt that he had made, if rather a blunt, a certainly true and unvarnished statement of fact ; indeed, so far from calling him to account, when they removed Sir Robert Hamilton from his position as Under-Secretary, because of his feelings as regards Home Rule, Sir Redvers Buller was appointed

in his place, while I succeeded him as Special Commissioner of Police in Kerry and Clare, to which the Counties of Cork and Limerick were added later on.

Sir Redvers was strongly impressed with the conviction that the immediate causes of the crimes and disturbance were that the majority of the tenants could not pay the rents demanded, that many of the landlords and agents persisted irrationally in claiming their rights, and that though the results of evicting on a large scale would be analogous to the battle of the Kilkenny cats, their attitude was such that they would, rather hit themselves hard than refrain from punishing what they held to be, a contumacious, rebellious and dishonest tenantry. He inquired most patiently and carefully into all such cases, and either he, or I, by his directions, interviewed both landlords and tenants, and endeavoured to bring about a settlement between the two, pointing out that it was far more to the interest of the landlord to accept what his tenants could pay than to turn them out of their homes and to have the farms thrown derelict on their own hands—in which case they would gain nothing and lose everything, for no one would take an evicted farm. It was hinted in plain terms that they must not rely upon receiving the help of the forces of the Crown to aid them in carrying out unjust evictions. This action was termed “pressure within the law.” Unfortunately, many of the landlords, who were men of great political influence, protested most vigorously against the Government’s possessing any power to dispense with the letter of the law. They were undoubtedly within their strict legal rights, and the Government was not strong enough to resist or to introduce special and effectual legislation on the subject ; so the military and

police were unstintingly placed at their disposal, and large tracts of country were cleared of their occupiers, often to become derelict and a picture of desolation.

The first evictions I saw were carried out on a wretchedly poor seaside estate called Glenbeigh. The tenants appeared to be little better than paupers, their holdings were small, and their cabins such that an English farmer would hesitate about using them for cattle shelters. The tenants would have been in poverty had they been rent free. Sir Redvers Buller had been summoned to Dublin Castle, and the task fell upon me of taking charge of the proceedings so far as the protection of the Sheriff was concerned. There was no resistance; the tenants, silent, sorrowful and looking half-starved, allowed themselves quietly to be ejected; and then for the first time my eyes were met by the sight of groups of men, women and children thrown out of their homes on the road-side with their miserable pieces of so-called furniture. I must confess that the spectacle stirred my indignation considerably, and made me think how very far the law of man is from the law of God, since, under the ægis of the former, acts of cruelty could be perpetrated wholesale upon people whose only crime was that they were poor. The priest of Glenbeigh, a most worthy father of his flock, was present, and I asked him what would become of these homeless people. He told me that the neighbours, who were a little less poor than the evicted, would take them into their cabins and give them shelter, and that he would get up a subscription for them. Towards this I gave him £5—with strict injunctions that my name was not to appear on the list. He was, however, apparently so overcome by his feelings that he could not keep the matter to himself, and when it became



known, "asinine," "sentimental," "mischievous," were the mildest epithets applied to me by the "governing" classes, and I was regarded with more suspicion than ever. I am happy to say that before long a settlement was made on the Glenbeigh estate, through which the tenants were restored to their cherished but miserable hovels and holdings.

I had one more set of evictions to superintend before Sir Redvers Buller gave over the charge of the district to me. The scene was at Ballyferriter, on the north coast of Kerry, near the foot of the grand mountain and headland of Brandon, close to the spot where a force of Spaniards had been defeated and massacred to the last man by the wild Irish in the sixteenth century. A few days previously, the Sheriff, with a small body of police, had arrived to carry out the evictions, but the wild people of the hills, armed with blackthorns, scythes and the like, had made a violent onslaught on the party, and had forced them to beat a hasty retreat. I was ordered to repair to the locality with a large body of police, to restore order, to protect the Sheriff and enable him to carry out the evictions.

When we arrived the people were all assembled on the hills above the property, but I could not make out whether they were armed or not. They made no hostile demonstration beyond a little booing, which was at once suppressed by the men in authority among them. When we arrived at the first house to be evicted, the priests of the locality were there, and approached me, who, with the sub-sheriff and agent of the estate which belonged to Lord Cork, Mr O'Kearney, were walking at the head of the column of police. A long parley and explanations ensued, with the happy result that the



agent, a most considerate, able and level-headed man, agreed to accept what the priests assured him the tenants were in a position to pay. A settlement was soon arrived at, the poor people were left undisturbed in their homes, law and order were restored on the spot, and the spectators flocked down from the hills as soon as they heard the joyful news—not to fight, but to fraternize, with the police, and to congratulate their fellows on their happy escape from impending suffering. I am sure Lord Cork, one of the best and kindest of landlords, was delighted with the result—not so certain other Kerry landlords and agents, one of whom met me on my return to Tralee to ask me what had happened. I told him, thinking that the news would mightily please him. To my surprise, for I was new at the work, he expressed profound disgust, saying that a shocking bad example had been set by Mr O’Kearney, which would make things very difficult for them all.

I knew then that I was going to succeed Sir Redvers Buller in charge of Kerry and Clare, and from the attitude of this agent, a very leading one, I received an inkling of the great difficulties which loomed in front of me. The next few years showed that those I anticipated fell very far short of what I experienced in the most difficult and responsible period of my life.

When at Killarney I saw a funeral procession of the old, I believe now extinct, Irish description. In front marched a number of women chanting the Keenthechaun, a mournful dirge, which was very impressive. I believe these keeners were paid mourners.

I saw also a wake, which was gruesome and not impressive. The body was laid out in its grave clothes on a table, and pipes, tobacco and snuff were deposited

on it likewise. As there was little room, many of the above were actually resting on the corpse from which they were taken up and used with perfect indifference. The moods of the people present alternated between merriment and grief; and suddenly the lively and joking conversation ceased, and at the signal of an old man, who apparently acted as Master of the Ceremonies, the whole of those present went down on their knees and began to pray, prefacing their orisons with a simultaneous question to the departed. "Oh, whoy did ye die?"

One morning Dr Nedley came to my room in the castle in 1886. I have already alluded to him as a wit. He was chuckling, and I saw he was suffering from a suppressed joke. At my request he told me that when coming to the castle he asked an old sweeper woman how she had enjoyed the wake, to which she had told him she was going. She replied, "Oh, well enough, for though the stingy woman only waked the dacent man in porter, I never smoked a better screw of tobacco off the stomach of a corpse."

This appears to show an absolute want of reverence for the dead, but it was really not so and no more repulsive than the greed for the black kid gloves and silk hat bands which attracted mourners in England less than half a century back.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CHIEF COMMISSIONER IN KERRY AND CLARE

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—Mr A. J. Balfour—Attempted murder of Mr Creagh—Story of a thumb—Mr Blood of Cranagher—An unsuccessful eviction—The priests and the law—"The Plan of Campaign"—Monsignor Persico and the Pope—The Bodyke evictions—English M.P.'s and ladies present—An interrupted lunch—Boiling water and vitriol—"Hoist with his own petard"—Desperate resistance—Colonel and Mrs O'Callaghan—Mr Tuke's philanthropy—Am accused of being brutal in the House of Commons and of not being brutal enough in the House of Lords—Lord Randolph Churchill defends me—Adventure at Scariff—A haughty Hussar causes trouble—Skirmish at Feakle.

I HAD hardly assumed the duties of my new office when I was sent for by telegram by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the new Chief Secretary, with reference to an indignation meeting which was announced to be held the next Sunday afternoon at Clonlara near Limerick, in the County of Clare, to denounce the impending eviction of a most respectable tenant named Lane, who had fallen on bad times, which rendered it impossible for him to pay the amount of rent demanded. The Chief Secretary was urgently implored by the landlord or agent to proclaim the meeting as likely to have a bad effect in encouraging Lane to persist in not paying his rent, and other tenants in doing likewise. The Chief Secretary desired me to give my opinion as to the desirability of proclaiming the meeting. I strongly recommended that no interference should take place. It might be expedient, I represented, to prevent a meeting, especially in a remote district, held to denounce an individual

who had made himself obnoxious to the community, and who might be in danger from the perfervid denunciations of the orators who addressed the meeting ; but in this case, the farm being close to the city of Limerick which swarmed with police, no harm could possibly come of it, while the suppression of free speech must always be a dangerous expedient. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach entirely concurred. The meeting was allowed, and no more harm came of it than does from a meeting of the Salvation Army in Hyde Park. This was my first and only interview with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and I was much struck by his common sense and calm judgment. Shortly after this, he had an affection of the eyes, which caused him great suffering and compelled him to resign his appointment, which caused considerable malicious, but mistaken, exultation in the Nationalist Press. I, with many others, deeply regretted his premature departure from the scene of the work he had commenced so well.

Nothing could have been more erroneous than the impression which had apparently been formed of his successor, Mr Balfour, who was represented in a caricature in "United Ireland" as a soft, effeminate creature, travelling to Ireland with two bandboxes in his hands containing instruments of torture, which he bore with apprehension and disgust, while underneath were the words, "I don't like going to Dublin." In a very short time the epithets applied to him were of a very different description, and he soon became to Ireland almost as terrible a bogey as the great Napoleon was to England in the early part of last century.

I at once occupied myself in driving all over the County of Clare, which then enjoyed a most unenviable reputa-

tion, worse even than Kerry. I found much the same state of things as in that County, but accentuated; the feeling between landlord and tenant was far more bitter, and whereas the outward demeanour of the Kerry men was always civil and agreeable, the Clare peasantry appeared to be sullen, dejected and morose. As in Kerry, no jury would convict, and no one would give evidence in any agrarian case. Some time before a remarkable case had been tried, and its result showed that law and justice no longer existed in the County. Mr Creagh, a small landlord at Carrahan, near Tulla, had incurred desperate unpopularity seventeen years previously owing to some eviction on his property. The evicted family had emigrated to America, but some of their relations lived in the neighbourhood, and from time to time descendants of the evicted returned to see their relatives. Mr Creagh, a quiet, kind, unassuming man, was never forgiven, and three deliberate attempts were made to murder him. He was under constant police protection night and day, and a small police barrack had been built close to his house. He was driving with his sister, an artist, to church at Quin one Sunday morning, when a volley was fired at them from behind a hedge. Both were wounded in the head and face, and Miss Creagh's eyesight was so impaired that she could no longer pursue her profession. A subscription was made for her by Mrs Fawcett, and a fair sum was collected. Not the slightest trace of the would-be murderers was discovered, though numbers of people were about, and must have seen them with their firearms. Some time previously Mr Creagh, who was very near-sighted, was walking on the high road near his house, without police protection, when he saw a man's head suddenly appear over the

stone wall which bounded the road, followed by the barrel of a gun, from which a shot was fired at him at point blank range.

A loud explosion followed, but the intended victim found himself unhurt to his great astonishment. Expecting a further attempt on his life, he ran off to the police barrack at Tulla, and reported the matter. Some police hurried to the spot, and on the other side of the stone wall a thumb and a pool of blood were found. The police, led by their suspicion and tracks of blood, ran to a cabin not far off, where they found the man they suspected in bed, and turning down the sheets they found him minus a newly amputated thumb. He was arrested, moved as soon as possible, and tried. The evidence was absolutely clear, the fragments of the burst gun were found, and the thumb fitted exactly. The man pleaded not guilty, but hardly any attempt at defence was made. The judge charged straight for conviction, but the jury promptly acquitted the prisoner. The Judge was furious, and adjourned the assizes; but before he left the bench the head constable held up a bottle of spirits of wine, in which was floating a thumb, and asked his lordship: "What am I to do with the thumb, my Lord?" "Give it to the owner," replied the angry Justice; and the bottle with its contents was actually handed to the would-be assassin, as he was leaving the dock.

Two other attempts to murder Mr Creagh were made, but failed. He seems to have possessed a charmed life with immunity from murder.

The same may be said of Mr Blood of Cranagher, also near Tulla, whose escapes from attempts to murder him were almost miraculous, in spite of his close and constant protection by police. One night a volley was fired into



the room before the fire of which he was sitting with his sister-in-law. The shots struck the walls close by them, but they escaped scot-free. I never could ascertain the reason of the animosity against Mr Blood, who was father of General Sir Bindon Blood. He was a particularly kind-hearted man of most engaging manner—a man who would not knowingly do harm to anyone. The fact is that at that time in Clare a very small cause indeed—such as the discharge of a servant or labourer—could be worked up into as great a cause of offence as an eviction itself.

When I first visited Clare, and for some time afterwards, murders, attempts to murder, and firing into houses, were of constant occurrence, and it was not till 1890-1 that the steady pressure of the law made itself felt. Time after time the condition of the County was made the subject of discussion in the House of Commons—the Opposition holding that the reports made by me were grossly exaggerated, while in reality the contrary was the case. I overstated nothing; the law was inoperative, the landlords were obstinate and not to be moved, the people were vindictive and thoroughly aroused; they felt themselves oppressed and aggrieved, which in many cases they undoubtedly were. A few days before my arrival an attempt had been made to evict some tenants who had holdings on a wild mountainside near Scariff, at the extreme north-east of Clare. The people, cheered on by a hot-headed old priest, drove Sheriff, *posse comitatus*, and police clear out of the place, as they had done at Ballyferriten in Kerry, a few weeks before. I must here say that this was the only instance that occurred in my Irish experience of a priest inciting the people to defy the action of the law. They

either stood aloof, or they aided me in preserving the peace, and on many occasions they afforded me most valuable help, and prevented bloodshed, at a time when the men of Cl re were little short of desperate. I may here say that the greatest satisfaction that I have reason to be thankful for, when reviewing the six most difficult and distasteful years of my life spent in renewing and maintaining law and order in the south-west of Ireland, is that owing to the precautions taken, and the forbearance and discipline of the troops and police, not a single death was caused among the people in the large portion of Ireland under my charge, and no one moreover was seriously injured. This is a complete answer to the charges of blood-thirsty barbarity hurled against me in Parliament by the Nationalist Press, and by speakers of whom Mr William O'Brien was the most virulent and vituperative, as he had been in the case of Lord Spencer, whom he understood as little as he did me. Mitchelstown, where three men were shot dead by the police, was not in my division when the deplorable incident occurred. I was, however, on the Court of Inquiry, and shall refer to this later. I have often been asked why, if the work was distasteful and repugnant to me, and if I was working so against the grain, I did not resign, and leave it to others. I reply that I had the example of my late Chief, Lord Spencer before me, who, because he considered it his duty, stuck to his most uncongenial task of maintaining law and order, in the face of the most hideous and outrageous abuse ever poured on the head of man by "United Ireland," other organs of the Press, and Nationalist speakers; and, *parva componere magnis*, what he had done and what he had suffered in the cause of duty, I could at least do my best to imitate. I am

by no means regretful of my Irish experiences, but I have no wish that they should be repeated.

In October 1886, "The Plan of Campaign" was organized by Mr Timothy Harrington, M.P., and Secretary of the National League. It was not a no-rent movement, and was only designed to be set in action for the protection of tenants against landlords who would not accept rent which it was in the power of their tenants to pay. In cases in which the demand on the tenants was too high, a meeting of the latter was held, and it was decided what sum should be offered to the landlord; if he refused their terms they joined the "Plan of Campaign," and a local committee was formed, into whose hands the money which had been offered to the landlord was paid for the purpose of fighting him in any action he might take against the tenants, and for supporting them, should they be evicted. Combination as in the case of strikes was the main feature of the plan; and it was agreed that on estates where it had been adopted no tenant or tenants were to make terms with their landlord unless with the consent of the others. Mr John Dillon and Mr William O'Brien were the two principal workers of the plan. It was a clever scheme, though undoubtedly a conspiracy in the eyes of the law, as it was pronounced to be in very clear terms by Chief Baron Palles. Mr Parnell did not approve of it, nor, it is said, did Mr Davitt; and, though it obtained many successes, it was mainly responsible for the severity of the Coercion Act of 1887, while it was answerable for great misery to large numbers of tenants and for the ruin and temporary depopulation of whole districts. It was not approved of by the Pope, nor by his envoy, Monsignor Persico, whom I met, and who told me that while he had the

warmest sympathy with the Irish people, and while his inquiries had led him to believe that vast numbers of the Irish tenants were crushed with the rents claimed from them, which they could not pay, and at the same time support their families, he could not approve of a plan which had been started by a few individuals which was not approved by Mr Parnell and most of the National Party, and which savoured of dishonesty. Monsignor Persico was possessed of wonderful shrewdness and powers of observation, and he grasped the situation in Ireland in a very short time. I fear from his concluding remarks to me that he left it with very little hope that the two opposite poles, landlord and tenant, would be brought together in agreement; and still less that the severe coercion, which in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria was hatching for Ireland, would effect anything favourable or desirable.

The first serious and anxious task which confronted me was the protection of the Sheriff in carrying out the Bodyke evictions, probably the most notorious of recent years. Bodyke bore a very evil reputation, many murders had taken place in its vicinity, and a short time before there had been a skirmish with fire-arms near the village between the constabulary and the people. Sir Redvers Buller and myself had satisfied ourselves that the rents demanded were much too high, and that the tenants could not pay them. We, acting "with pressure within the law," under the sanction and at the wish of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, had interviewed the landlord, agents, and priests at Bodyke, and the principal tenants; but all to no purpose. On the one side was obduracy and claim of legal rights, on the other side helplessness.

The following figures show how the rents had been

raised on this estate. It is doubtless justifiable to raise rents in good and prosperous times, but they should be lowered again palpably in times of agricultural depression. I give six instances as a sample of the whole estate :—

1. Martin Moloney, tenant. Government Valuation, £46. Judicial Rent, £57. Late rent, £80. Rent in 1850, £31, 14s. 10d.

2. Michael Hussey. Government Valuation, £18. Judicial Rent, £21. Late rent, £40. Rent in 1850, £15.

3. Mary Healy. Government valuation, £11, 5s. Judicial Rent, £22. Late Rent, £30. Rent in 1850, £11, 10s.

4. Martin Macnamara. Government Valuation, £8, 10s. Judicial Rent, £10. Late Rent, £18, 11s. Rent in 1850, £7, 5s. 2d.

5. Margaret Macnamara. Government Valuation, £16, 15s. Judicial Rent, £22. Late Rent, £36. Rent in 1850, £15.

6. Thomas Harrison. Government Valuation, £23. Judicial Rent, £30. Late Rent, £43. Rent in 1850, £21, 10s.

The rents paid in 1850, just after the famine, were doubtless very low, but the increase levied from the tenants made it impossible for them to lay by anything for a rainy day, so that when depression came they were helpless to meet it. It will be noticed what large reductions the judicial commissioners had felt bound to make on this estate. At the end of May, 1887, all attempts at settlement were given up as hopeless, and on June 2nd I escorted the Sheriff and his men with a large force of police, and 3 officers and 100 men of the Welsh Fusiliers. The Irish Government were very apprehensive that an attack would be made on us, and



I was directed to proceed with "full military precautions," reporting constantly to Dublin Castle. We had three or four miles to march, and started in the early morning up a valley between two ranges of hills; beyond "the cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn," the latter being sounded from all the small farms on the hill-sides to announce our approach, no sounds greeted us, till we approached the first farm that was to be attacked. Round this at a little distance were assembled large crowds of people, and a little boeing took place. Not a stone or any kind of missile was thrown and no attack of any kind was made on us as was expected. It appeared that Father Murphy and his curate, Father Hannen, a magnificent specimen of a young Irish priest, had been long and seriously warning their people against committing acts of violence, and it is certainly due to these two gentlemen that there was no bloodshed. This to their infinite credit. Near the first house stood a group of spectators, including Mr Cox, M.P., for the division, Mr Michael Davitt, the two priests, and three English Liberal Members of Parliament, Mr S. D. Waddy, Mr H. Lawson, and Mr Pease; Mrs Lawson and Mrs Pease were also present. The house was strongly barricaded, and the walls, which were of solid masonry, had to be broken through, which took from two to three hours. During the proceedings Father Murphy, with whom I was on most friendly terms, came up to me and complained bitterly how his house had been invaded by the English visitors, who had he supposed come to Bodyke expecting to find a hotel. They completely filled his house, he said, and sure he had not a corner left for himself. This was a case of billeting with a vengeance. I fancy Bodyke was very badly suited to supply pro-



visions to an abnormal number of people; for when, after the above eviction proceedings, the soldiers and police were allowed an interval of time to rest and eat what they had brought with them, the officers, military, and constabulary repaired to a field, where a picnic lunch had been laid out for them, which they brought in a cart. I saw two ladies and two gentlemen, the English M.P.'s and their wives standing on the road close by looking both hungry and disconsolate, and I suggested that they should be asked to picnic with us, which they readily did. A few moments after Mr S. Danks Waddy appeared, and looked with hungry eyes at the party. I asked him also to lunch; he eagerly accepted, and, just as he was sitting down, up came the imposing form of Michael Davitt, who started back with horror and amazement, and, pointing the finger of scorn, at the English visitors and sympathizers, exclaimed: "What, are you sitting down to eat with that burglar brigade?" Mr Waddy, whose hunger far predominated over his politics or active sympathy with anybody at the time, replied, "Yes, Mr Davitt, I am going to lunch with whomsoever I choose." Mr Davitt stalked away in high dudgeon, and the English visitors left next day. The crowd was wildly excited as the proceedings went on, but no violence was offered; but I saw that for the future the spectators must, for their own sakes as well as that of the Sheriff, be kept at a considerable distance from the proceedings.

The next day, therefore, I formed a cordon of soldiers and police completely round the houses to be evicted, and allowed no unauthorised person within it. Every house was fortified and barricaded, and it took a long time to effect an entrance. At the house of one Michael

Hussey, directly a hole was made in the wall and the Sheriff showed himself, he was assailed with boiling water and empty bottles. He was badly scalded, but not seriously hurt; the inmates were arrested. A curious incident occurred; some of the defenders of the house were on the roof to hurl missiles at the Sheriff and his protectors. A hive full of bees had been placed in the house, and when the Sheriff and his bailiffs entered the hive was lifted off the bees, which it was thought would go for the hated minions of the law. Instead of this, however, seeing a light through a chimney or hole in the roof, the whole swarm flew up to and through this and settled promptly in myriads on the boys who were astride the roof. When I saw this, I sent some constables, with their hands and faces protected, up ladders to bring the poor creatures down. One of them was terribly stung, and was in a state of collapse when brought down. I thought all was over with him, but the surgeon who was with the military soon brought him round with brandy and rubbing. It was a real case of "an engineer hoist with his own petard." This incident restored the peace for the day, and our prompt sending for our own doctor to treat the enemy who had been hurling missiles at us, seemed to the people like the touch of Nature which makes us wondrous kind, and made them think that we were agents only compelled to carry out duties which were hateful to us. In consequence of the throwing of boiling water, I had some very strong and large canvas umbrellas made that night, in order that the Sheriff or whoever first entered a breached house might hold one before his face and escape injury. It was well I did so, as the events of the next day showed.

An opening had been forced in the wall of a house,

and a constable in front of the Sheriff was about to enter the breach, when he jumped back exclaiming he was burnt by a fluid under the umbrella. His hands were burnt, and looking through into the house I saw a girl standing by a tub, out of which she filled a jug and threw the contents at us. I went forward to warn her to stop, and she greeted me with a discharge of a liquid, which luckily for me did not reach my face, but struck on the coat, which was burnt. A policeman then, protected with a strong umbrella and thick gloves, rushed in and arrested the girl.

The fluid was vitriol, but much diluted; still quite strong enough to do grievous bodily harm. It was rumoured that Michael Davitt, who night after night held a meeting at which he counselled the tenants to defend their houses in every possible way, had been the means of providing the vitriol. This was mere rumour, and no trace was ever discovered as to whence it came.

These evictions dragged on for some days, but I will only mention one more, that of a family called O'Halloran. Here the most desperate resistance was offered; the house was very well built and strong, and it took some hours to break into it. Two constables who first entered were attacked by the two young O'Hallorans and their two sisters and badly injured, while stones and hot liquids were thrown at us from the upper windows. At last I told the officer in command of the troops, Major Mayhew, to tell two of his men to point their rifles at the windows from which the missiles were coming, and to fire if they continued, having removed the bullets from the cartridges. The pointing of the rifles had the desired effect, and the house soon yielded to the Sheriff. Needless to say we turned our backs on the scenes of

these distressing evictions with alacrity and joy. I had the misfortune to witness many others during my stay in Ireland, but, except with one single instance, I never saw anything to compare with the obstinacy and courage of despair with which the Bodyke tenantry defended their hearths and homes.

It was greatly apprehended that attempts would be made on the life of the landlord, Colonel O'Callaghan, who had long been under strong police protection. He was utterly fearless, and at times, finding it naturally irksome to be closely escorted, walked out alone. Had it been designed to murder him, it would have been done, for the men of Clare, like those in Galway, did not stick at trifles, and a few years before, near Loughrea, in the latter county, a landlord named Taylor, and his escort, Corporal Wallace of the Scots Greys, both of whom were carrying loaded rifles, were shot dead in broad daylight by four men, who, after the deed, quietly walked away without any attempt at concealing themselves; no one dared to give evidence against them, and they were never brought to justice.

I know that the feeling of the tenants was far more bitter against the agents than it was against the landlord, who was believed to be forced on by them, to a great extent, against his inclination. Another circumstance that may have contributed to his safety was that he was superstitiously believed to have a charmed life; a countryman, to whom I was talking about the impending evictions, said to me in reply to a question I asked him as to whether the landlord's life was in danger, "Sure, your Honour, the two eyes of the Colonel are not the same colour, and the bullet that can kill such a man cannot be made by hand of man." Probably

the estimation in which Mrs O'Callaghan was held had much to do with her husband's immunity. She was brave to temerity, and when the times were at the worst, and when her husband was completely boycotted, she, having learned to shoot, and shoot right well, used to walk to the post, three miles off, for their letters, armed with a loaded rifle, which would not have saved her from an ambush, had it been desired to hurt her. She was full of sympathy and kindness for her fellow-creatures, and her heart and her help had ever been ready to assist in any case of sorrow and distress. The most determined of the Colonel's enemies felt, I am sure, that it would be a sin, crying to heaven for vengeance, if a hand were raised to kill or injure her or hers.

In February 1888 a settlement was arrived at between the landlord and the evicted tenants, and the latter were restored to their holdings. The sum of £2100 was due to the former in rents and arrears by fifty-seven tenants. Before the evictions, the sum of £907 in cash was offered to clear off all debts due from the tenants up to 29th September 1886. The tenants could not have paid more, and actually out of this sum of £907, £300 was promised by Mr Tuke, a benevolent English banker from Hitchin, who offered this money to save fifty-seven families from the horrors of eviction. Eventually, after the evictions, the landlord offered to settle up to March 1887 for £1500, to include half poor rates; the tenants offered £1000, plus half poor rates. Mr Tuke again came forward, and this offer was increased to £1105, plus the poor-rate allowance of £150, or £1255 in all. A portion of the money came from Mr William O'Brien and the "Plan of Campaign." The landlords' costs were £300. I give these figures to show how futile



and fruitless these evictions were, and that the landlord would have been far better off in the matter had he accepted the offer of £907 made by the tenants through their priests to clear them to September 1886. As it was, a very large expense was caused to the landlord in carrying out the evictions, a large amount of property was destroyed, numerous hard-working and well-conducted families were ruthlessly cast out of their homes, and the peace of the district was preserved with the greatest difficulty, and only through the presence of a large number of military and police brought to the locality and maintained there at great cost to the public. As it was with the Bodyke evictions, so it was with other wholesale evictions at which I had the duty of protecting the Sheriff. It was always a case that would have ended like the battle of the Kilkenny cats if persevered with to the bitter end.

It was palpable that no one could gain, and that everyone concerned must lose; but yet such struggles and scenes were re-enacted time after time, and no landlord seemed able to take warning from the losses which others suffered through evicting their tenants wholesale. As Goethe wrote: "Gegen die Dummheit verkämpfen auch die Götter vergebens."

The conduct of the troops and police was excellent throughout, and that often in the face of great provocations and difficulties. The orders given by the Irish Government that the law must be enforced, but that as much moderation and as little use of force as possible should be exercised, were carried out to the letter, and I received the acknowledgment of the Government for the manner in which I had conducted the operations.

This, however, did not suffice to save me from being



attacked, on the one side because I had not been sufficiently brutal, on the other that I had been guilty of brutality throughout !

In the House of Lords, Lord Carnarvon drew attention to the slackness of the Irish Executive, who allowed proceedings in defiance of the law to continue day after day, which should be settled and brought to an end in a few hours. This furnishes an instance of the extreme inexpediency of people laying down the law and giving their opinion on matters which they do not understand. The facts of the case were as follows : There were thirty-one houses to be cleared of their unfortunate inmates. Every one of these houses was strongly barricaded, and the Sheriff was compelled to effect a forcible entry, which could only be effected with the weapons at his disposal after some two to three hours' work. The military and police were present to protect the Sheriff and his officers, and to preserve order ; it would not have been lawful for them in any way to assist in the operations. More than one house could not be attacked simultaneously, nor did time allow of more than three or four evictions in one day. Unless the walls had been blown in with blasting powder and unless fire-arms had been used, in which case great loss of life must have ensued, the proceedings could not have been carried out with greater rapidity than was the case.

This attack upon me was followed by another in a letter to the "Times," by Mr Clifford Lloyd, who had just returned from Egypt, and who protested that more arrests were not made, and that the people who attacked the Sheriff and his men, and especially the vitriol-throwers, were not at once arrested. He also waxed wroth, because the people were allowed to assemble to witness the

evictions. A cordon of infantry surrounded the houses one after the other, and prevented the large crowds of people, who had flocked from all parts of the country, from approaching the buildings, and interfering with the Sheriff. In this the military rendered the most invaluable assistance and prevented rioting. How the people could have been prevented from coming to Bodyke and assembling near the scenes of the evictions passeth the wit of man to discover. The spectators numbered many thousands, and could only have been dispersed by an enormously large force or by extreme measures, which would have resulted in loss of life. The Irish Government, which was fully cognizant of the facts of the case, took no notice of these attacks upon its officials, which were emphasized in a leading article in the "Times," in which it was pointed out that "the force at the disposal of Colonel Turner was amply sufficient to overcome at one stroke the organized attempt to hold possession of the cabins at Bodyke in spite of the courts and the Sheriff, the police and the soldiers." How thirty-one strongly barricaded houses were to be taken possession of and the law asserted at one stroke, the writer of the article did not attempt to explain. I wished to reply to these attacks and asked for permission to do so, but Sir Redvers Buller objected, saying that they were not worth noticing.

An official has often very curious experiences of the truth of the proverb, *quot homines tot sententiæ*. A few days later Mr Dillon in the House of Commons rose to move the adjournment of the House to condemn the evictions and the brutality of the police, and to demand an official inquiry into the whole matter. Relying upon newspaper reports, and especially on one from the correspondent of the "Times," which described the conduct of the police

as scandalous and atrocious, and for which he had entirely drawn upon his imagination, or on what some of the excited peasantry had told him, Mr Dillon inveighed eloquently against the brutality of the Executive and the barbarity of the system of Government under which such a state of things could be permitted. The three English Liberal M.P.'s, Mr Waddy, Mr Pease, and Mr Lawson, gave very fair and unvarnished accounts of what they had seen, while strongly condemning the evictions. Mr Morley, who had been Chief Secretary for Ireland under the late Government, was not at all prepared to accept the charges of brutality hurled at me and the police, but he blamed the Government severely for their delay in bringing forward remedial legislation which would make such evictions impossible : and then a slashing attack was made upon me by no less a person than Sir William Harcourt, especially because I had not daily furnished full and ample reports of the proceedings, which, as a matter of fact, I had actually done, though apparently these reports had shared the fate of many others submitted to Government offices, and had not been, or had been only partly, perused. Mr Balfour and Mr Matthews defended the Government and the Executive, but by far the most telling speech was made by Lord Randolph Churchill, who completely shattered the charges of brutality by the following pertinent and irrefutable remarks, such as often marked him out as a debater of extraordinary readiness, skill, and vigour :—

He said : —“ I am not altogether without hope that it might be possible for me to convince the Irish members, although they might not acknowledge it publicly, that they have acted with some injustice towards the Government in this matter. They attack the Government for

having supported the execution of the law on the estate of Colonel O'Callaghan, and they are of opinion that the police, the magistracy, and the military have acted with a rigour which amounts to brutality. But if honourable members have read the "Times" this morning, they will have seen a strong and vigorous denunciation of the Government, the police, the magistrates, and the military for not having acted with sufficient rigour; and that denunciation comes from the pen of Mr Clifford Lloyd. Even they might take this as a set-off against the iniquity of the conduct of the Government: it might be imagined that conduct denounced by Mr Clifford Lloyd for not being sufficiently rigorous did not err on the side of rigour. But the other night in the House of Lords the conduct of the Government was criticized in an amiable manner by that mildest-mannered man, Lord Carnarvon, the idol of the Irishmen, the Lord-Lieutenant supposed to have adopted in all their intensity Nationalist opinions, who is supposed to have set an admirable example to the Tory Party, which they did not follow, and who is held up by friends and foes as the milk of human kindness. Lord Carnarvon makes a long and detailed speech to prove that the Government have not acted with sufficient rigour. I appeal to the honourable member for East Mayo (Mr Dillon) whether I can call a more competent witness to prove that the Irish Government have not erred on the side of rigour. Irish members will not be disposed to treat these witnesses with contempt."

On the Sunday which fell during the eviction campaign it was determined to hold a meeting in the neighbourhood of Feakle to denounce the Government and the evictions. This meeting was proclaimed. In what exact locality it was to be held was purposely not made known, and I had

to disperse the force at my disposal over a large tract of country, using the cavalry which had come from Limerick for reconnoitring. I went myself with the Hussars through Feakle to Scariff, but found no signs of a gathering. We halted for a time at Scariff, and some people assembled to inspect the Hussars, the like of which they had never seen before. They were perfectly friendly, and mixed with the soldiers, till one of them laid his hand, out of curiosity, on the bit of the officer in command. The latter resented this as an impertinence, and struck the man slightly with a cane he carried, saying: "You are a d——d ugly fellow." The man felt both the blow and the reflection upon his personal appearance, and he went off booing loudly. The rest of the people gathered round him heard what had happened, took up the booing, and began to throw stones.

There were only three policemen in the barracks, who were powerless. The Hussars were mounted in a few seconds, and the officer wanted to charge. But I refused to allow this, as it would certainly have led to bloodshed; and we rapidly left Scariff pursued by a shower of stones, which hit nobody. I requested confidentially that this peppery officer should not be sent to me in aid of the civil power, as his temperament was not suited to such delicate duty, which above all things required tact and patience.

On arriving at Feakle I found a large body of police and an excited crowd, but no collision had taken place, and no meeting had been held. I ordered troops and police to march home, the latter in rear. As the last of the column left the village the attitude of the people became very threatening, and they began to boo and to throw stones, which struck some of the police. I called



a halt, and turning about, the police, with drawn batons, had to charge twice before they could clear the village and drive the people to such a distance that we could pursue our homeward march unmolested.

Feeling just then ran very high. The day was one of rest during the period of Bodyke evictions, and people from far and wide had come to witness the effects of the destruction caused by the Sheriff, and to sympathize with the unfortunate ejected tenants. One can well understand the indignation of the Nationalist Party, and also their exaggerations, fanned as they were by highly sensational accounts in the Press, of incidents which had never taken place, or which were founded on the smallest possible foundation of truth ; and which were magnified into atrocities. I felt no resentment whatsoever on this account.

I must, however, freely confess that I was considerably nettled by the onslaught of Lord Carnarvon and Mr Clifford Lloyd, who were far from the scene of action, who could only have drawn their information from the Press, and who jumped at conclusions totally in antithesis to those formed by the Liberal and Nationalist parties, and by those warm-hearted but sometimes over-sentimental persons who regard the maintaining of law and order under such circumstances as tyranny and brutality.

At this distance of time the whole of the pictures of these distressing scenes roll before my eyes as vividly as if they had just occurred, and I can honestly assert that, whereas on one side the Government and the Executive acted with all necessary rigour, there was no brutality whatsoever on the part of the magistrates, police and military who were under my orders. The pro-



ceedings were in the highest degree distasteful to us all, but it was our duty to enable the Sheriff to carry out his work, as compelled to do by the law ; and this duty was performed by all ranks with firmness, and as much moderation as the highly difficult circumstances of the case allowed. Fortunately the wisdom of our legislators has made the recurrence of such calamities as the Bodyke evictions all but impossible for the future.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE NATIONAL LEAGUE AND THE COERCION ACT, 1887

The National League proclaimed—The Mitchelstown meeting—The Court of Inquiry—Use of troops in aid of the civil power—The Ballycoree meeting proclaimed and prevented without bloodshed—A hussar officer assaulted by an indignant lady—Admirable conduct of police—Murder of Head Constable Whelehan—A reputed *agent provocateur*—The slayer slain—The Ennis meeting—Battle of the Burnt Store—Invective of the Press—Adjournment of the House moved to discuss my barbarities—Threatening letters—My letter to the “Times” about Mr Gladstone—Mr Gladstone’s reply—The Vandeleur evictions—Hot porridge for the police—I am nearly charged with murder—A shower of writs—Coroner’s election at Kilrush—A constable gets real satisfaction at last—Mr Maguire returned as Parnellite M.P. for West Clare—Rage of the Anti-Parnellites.

**I**N August, the Government took a highly important step, which enormously increased the responsibility and difficulties of the Executive, and wellnigh exasperated the people. The National League was proclaimed as illegal, and meetings of its members were prohibited. It had been founded in October, 1882, as the result of a National Conference held on 17th October at Dublin. Its objects were to promote the cause of Home Rule, Peasant Proprietary, Local Self-Government, the extension of the Franchise, the encouragement of Irish Labour and industrial interests.

Mr Parnell was, as a matter of course, appointed President; its headquarters and central committee were at Dublin, and its branches were speedily established all over Ireland, and in England, America and Australia. “United Ireland,” a most ably edited but

terribly vituperative weekly, was its official organ. The popularity of the League was unbounded; the people thoroughly believed in it, and its work was such that, as I have already stated, a no less person than Sir Redvers Buller stated in his evidence to the Cowper Commission that it was the salvation of the Irish people.

Unfortunately, and very unjustly, all the crimes then committed in Ireland were ascribed to the machinations and influence of the National League. In most cases, the parish priest or his curate was chairman of the local branch of the League, and this was enough to show that crime was not encouraged by it. It was a sort of safety-valve for the expression of opinion among the people, which, if forcibly suppressed, was sure to lead to crime and outrage committed in retaliation. The Government did not carry on its proceedings against the National League *de main morte*. Its meetings, when discovered by the police, who were employed on reconnoitring duty against it every Sunday afternoon, were forcibly dispersed, its rooms and offices broken into, its papers and books seized. Newspapers which reported its proceedings were prosecuted, and their editors occasionally imprisoned without the option of a fine, not by conviction of a jury but by the fiat of two Stipendiary or Resident Magistrates. Looking back over the twenty-five years which have elapsed since these events, it seems that much more harm than good accrued from the suppression of the National League. It afforded a solid grievance against the Government, and rendered the work of the Executive wellnigh impossible, and especially so the position of the constabulary, who were scattered in small posts all over the counties in which it had been suppressed. The police were ordered to

deal with meetings wherever it was attempted to hold them, and this it was manifestly out of their power to do ; they were compelled to restrict their operations to taking down names and making notes ; and, needless to say, had a fiftieth part of those who defied the law been prosecuted, the whole judiciary of Great Britain would not have sufficed to try the cases which would have arisen.

On the other hand, large public indignation meetings were held, which might have produced and which in one case did produce disastrous results. This was at Mitchelstown in County Cork, on the confines of County Tipperary. County Cork was not till later placed under my charge, but I went there shortly after the event as a member of the Court of Inquiry assembled to investigate the circumstances of the case, which were as follows. A meeting at which Mr Dillon, Mr Labouchere and others were announced to speak was to be held on the Square at Mitchelstown. It was proclaimed, and a large body of police and troops were assembled to enforce the decree. Seeing the impossibility of holding a meeting, the leaders of the people formed a procession and marched out of the town. They were not followed or watched, and as it was concluded that they had given up their design, the troops and police were dismissed to their quarters. A couple of hours later the column reappeared and proceeded to hold their meeting. The authorities were taken by surprise, no force was at hand to prevent the people from working out their will, and Mr Dillon began to speak. A Government notetaker was sent, escorted by a few police to the platform, but they could not make their way through the dense wall of people. A message was sent to that effect to the police barrack, in consequence of which an officer with more police was

sent to their assistance. On arriving at the spot they endeavoured to force their way through, using some roughness. This was too much for the excited people of Cork and Tipperary, all of whom were armed with black-thorns; they made an onslaught on the police, who at once were seized with a panic, and fled to the police barrack pursued by a dense crowd, whom Mr Dillon tried in vain from the platform to stop. The police rushed into their barrack, closed and barred the doors, and fired at the crowd from the upper windows, apparently without orders, for it could not be ascertained that any were given to proceed to this very extreme measure. Three men who were mere spectators of the fray were shot dead, and it is remarkable that more casualties did not occur. The fall of the three victims maddened the mob, and they were about really to attack the barrack, which before they had no intention of doing, when Mr John Dillon managed to push his way through and head the enraged crowd. So great was his influence that they halted at his command and sullenly withdrew with loud imprecations. This disastrous conflict must be ascribed to the mismanagement of the authorities. Unfortunately, the Divisional Commissioner of Police was not present, and a young and inexperienced resident magistrate was in charge of the proceedings. A sufficiently large force of police and soldiers were present to carry out orders and prevent any meeting without having recourse to force, as was the case when the promoters and people first assembled in the town. When they moved in procession out of it, no attempt was made to follow and watch their proceedings, and when they returned they formed a surprise meeting, which there was no force at hand to prevent. Then instead of waiting till a sufficient

force could be collected, it was sought to interfere with the crowd by means of a handful of police, or, in other words, to attempt the impossible.

The bravest men, as the Iron Duke said, are liable to panic, and one cannot account for what panic-stricken men, who have lost their heads and are hardly responsible for their actions, will do. Many different accounts of this unfortunate affair were given, each side attempting to justify itself; the above version, formed on the evidence given before the Court of Inquiry, seems to be the correct one, and shows that blame was to be apportioned pretty equally all round. Mr John Dillon alone seems to have deserved credit for his bravery in forcing his way through and stopping an infuriated crowd, thus in all probability averting a desperate conflict and saving many lives. The action of the crowd in turning on the police because some of them had been hustled and roughly treated by the latter was of course unjustifiable; the firing upon the crowd still more so; and worst of all were the arrangements of the authorities which provoked disturbance by their ineptitude.

What I heard on the spot of the Mitchelstown affair convinced me that I was right in the conclusions I had formed as to the best and most merciful way of dealing in aid of the civil power. No one, and least of all the Government, desires that a conflict should take place, that lives should be lost, or that property should be destroyed. The only efficacious way to prevent such, is to have such a force at the disposal of those whose duty it is to preserve the peace, that those who might break it will be convinced at once that resistance would be useless and foolish. What is more, the force should be assembled and *en évidence* as early as possible.



Many people decry the use of troops to aid the civil power, but probably such persons have had no experience of the great difficulties and responsibilities of those who are charged with this unpleasant duty. The presence of the military has a most salutary effect even upon the most unruly spirits, who would not shirk a tussle with the police. I had a free hand as to requisitioning troops; Mr Balfour insisted upon this; and I was often asked why I did so so often in cases in which the police would have sufficed. My invariable reply was that I would not have any resistance or bloodshed, which would be not only deplorable in itself, but also highly embarrassing to the Government I served, every incident in Ireland then being closely scrutinized and dished up with formidable exaggerations in the House of Commons.

For six years I pursued the even tenor of my way, and though I had numerous riots to deal with under circumstances in which lives might have easily been lost, I have not to regret the extinction of the vital spark of one single individual in a conflict with the people of Cork, Kerry, Limerick and Clare. As a rule the prompt employment of troops was the principal means of accomplishing this, to me, most happy result. I am well aware that the result was not so satisfactory to every one. There were those I could mention, who considered that a "good example" was desirable on every occasion for the Irish people of Home Rule tendencies, and that their aspirations should be stamped out by brute force. This I have often heard expressed, not, I need hardly say, by the Government nor the Executive, with the rarest exceptions. The Coroner's inquest, after sitting for seventeen days, brought in a verdict of wilful murder

against the County Inspector and five of his men ; but this was quashed by the Court of Queen's Bench for irregularities of form. The whole affair, as Lord Morley writes in his " Life of Gladstone," " seemed as if there had been a conspiracy of all the demons of human stupidity in this tragic bungle, from the first forcing of the reporter through the crowd, down to the inquest on the slain men and onwards."

The court, of which I was a member, pronounced severe censure on the arrangements made for preserving the peace, which had led to the tragedy, and which Lord Morley might well have included as part of the conspiracy of the demons of stupidity. Mr Balfour was most severely blamed for not instituting a public inquiry, and for defending the conduct of the police. In the first place, the former would only have brought to light palpable and well-known facts ; in the next place, there is no doubt that the police were violently attacked and in peril of having their heads broken ; and it was beyond the wit of man to decide who was most deserving of blame among those who took part in the fray. The real *fons et origo mali* were, first, the inadequacy of the arrangements made, and, to go deeper still, the interference with free speech in a supposed-to-be-free country.

It was determined to hold a large meeting on 4th September at Ballycoree, near Ennis, County Clare, where Daniel O'Connell had addressed a famous meeting in 1829. Mr Dillon, with Mr Philip Stanhope, M.P. (now Lord Weardale), the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr T. D. Sullivan, M.P.), and Mr Cox, M.P., arrived in Ennis the evening before, and were met at the railway station by a large crowd with a band, and escorted to their hotel. There they were joined by Mr William O'Brien, M.P.,

and many others, including many English visitors, among whom were several ladies.

Mr Stanhope and Mr Dillon addressed the people from the windows of the hotel. The latter protested vigorously against the Government for using its forces to prevent the people from assembling in public to discuss their grievances. Most of my readers will, I imagine, agree with Mr Dillon, and consider with some surprise the action adopted by the Government twenty-five years ago, which smacks of the proceedings of the Middle Ages, when the people were not represented in the Government of the country.

The Ballycoree meeting had been proclaimed, and I was ordered to prevent it at all costs. This proclamation had been met by a counter-proclamation from the Nationalists, inviting the men of Clare to assemble in thousands, as it was the intention of the organizers to hold the meeting in defiance of the Government.

I stood near at hand and heard all the speeches at the meeting in Ennis on the Saturday; but as nothing flagitious, incendiary or treasonable was said, and as no disturbance took place, I did not interfere. The Government was very apprehensive of a serious conflict between the forces of the Crown and the people, which might result in bloodshed and loss of life. I was told to assemble any amount of force I deemed necessary to prevent the meeting, and bearing in mind Sir William Harcourt's strictures with regard to the Bodyke evictions, that I had not, as it was incorrectly alleged, reported the result of the proceedings every day, I was ordered now to report with reference to the Ballycoree affair by telegram every hour, and by letter by the first post.

My force consisted of a squadron of hussars from

Limerick, three companies of the Leinster Regiment, and 250 police. I had learnt how to deal quietly, but firmly, with the men of Clare at the recent evictions ; and as my force was composed of excellently disciplined and efficient men under capable officers, I felt quite confident that the meeting could be prevented without any show of violence. I sent half the hussars and some police to Ballycoree to hold the ground, and to furnish immediate information of any assembling of the people there, while I paraded the rest of my force in Ennis by way of a formidable demonstration, in column, myself with the hussars being in front, then the police, and in rear the infantry, to whom, it was well known, ball cartridge had been served out. The array was imposing and had due effect.

A consultation of the people's leaders was held, with the result that while a small proportion of the masses went towards Ballycoree, the remainder, with the important speakers, proceeded in the direction of Limerick, and preparations were made to hold a meeting in an open space not far from Ennis. They were followed, and when they halted and formed round the speakers, a report was at once sent to me. I had marched towards Ballycoree, thinking that the crowds, which were so far orderly and under perfect control of their leaders, would double round and go to Ballycoree, as it had been announced that at all costs the meeting should be held. It was now clear that this intention had been abandoned. It was, however, most unmistakably my duty to prevent or disperse any meeting in the vicinity of Ennis ; so I marched my force rapidly to the spot. When I arrived with Captain Welch, a resident magistrate, who did excellent service in those troublous times, at the head

of the column, resolutions condemning the action of the Government in prohibiting the meeting, for aiding tyrannical landlords by means of the forces of the Crown, and for suppressing the National League, had been put by the chairman, Mr Philip Stanhope, and Mr John Dillon had spoken. Mr William O'Brien had just commenced to speak when I summoned the leaders to disperse. Mr Stanhope approached me, and, holding up a paper, said that the meeting was a perfectly legal one, that I should be acting illegally if I prevented or dispersed it, and that he would see that I was made to answer for my conduct. I replied that I was merely acting as an agent for the Government, whose orders I was bound to and would carry out ; and, pulling out my watch, I said that I would give them five minutes to disperse, and that at the end of that time, if they had not moved on, I must force them to do so.

The men of Clare, whom Mr Dillon had in his speech the night before termed "the most disturbed County in Ireland," were very excited, and for a few moments I felt somewhat apprehensive, for the fields on each side of the road were crowded with stout countrymen, who might have made it very warm for us, and compelled me to order very regrettable steps to be taken. The M.P.'s and others, however, behaved with perfect propriety and calmness, and their example took effect among the people, and, to my infinite relief, the cavalcade of carriages containing the speakers, followed by the people, moved off and reached Ennis by another road.

Thus the day which had opened with apprehension and fear of possible, if not probable, consequences, closed in peace. A slight collision took place in the evening between some men who had been drinking, and



stoned the police, who drew their batons and charged, inflicting some slight scalp wounds, but none serious, and as I was marching home with some troops and police, we were heavily stoned from a side street. I and several of those with me were hit, so, halting my little column, I was about to send police with batons drawn to disperse the stone throwers, when I saw a priest, a friend of mine, Father Little of Sixmile Bridge, County Clare, who had much influence with the people. I went up to him and told him that if he did not disperse the truculent mob I would do so, upon which he, with me riding by his side, went straight up to the crowd, who then stood still, and, as we approached, they gave us a hearty cheer and wanted to shake hands with me. So quickly can the demeanour and disposition of an excitable Celtic mob be changed, if they are taken in the right way.

The only other incident in connexion with the day was that one of the English ladies assaulted an officer of hussars with her umbrella, as he was with his men quietly riding past the wagonette in which she was seated. Unlike the officer of the same regiment, who nearly caused trouble, as I have before told, he only smiled blandly at her, which added to her fury, and adjusted his busby, which her assault had somewhat displaced.

There were far greater elements of danger at Ennis that day than there were at Mitchelstown, and a very small spark would have led to a serious conflagration, which must have had most deplorable results. As it was, the constant demonstration of a large force, and the loyal carrying out of orders that no roughness or violence of any kind was to be displayed by the police, unless they were attacked, to which I must add the prudence



and self-command of the Nationalist leaders and most of their English friends, combined to falsify the dire anticipations which had been formed by the Government and many others as to what the day of the Ballycoree meeting would bring forth.

A few weeks ago Lord Weardale took the chair at a dinner of the Polyglot Club ; I was requested to propose his health. I commenced by alluding to the difference of the present meeting and our first one at Ennis twenty-five years ago, when he went to County Clare to assist the Nationalists and defy what was, bad or good, the law ; and when I had had a hostile though short interview with him. It is such contrasts and varying moods and scenes that go to give zest to life, especially when they terminate in the right way and end in friendship.

The result of the day's events was considered highly satisfactory by the Government, whose thanks were conveyed to me ; as, however, all the speeches delivered or undelivered were reported in full in the Nationalist Press, and as it was stated and believed far and wide that the meeting proclaimed had been held as proposed in defiance of the Government and its armed myrmidons, it does not seem to have served much purpose to proclaim and forcibly prevent the meeting. The voice of the speaker reaches a very short way, but that of the Press travels far and wide and informs millions, where the former speaks to a comparatively small handful of people.

The "Times" actually wrote a most eulogistic article, upon the manner in which the operations for preventing the meeting had been carried out, in very different tenor from that of the one which, following on Mr Clifford Lloyd's letter, censured the Government and

myself for slackness in carrying out the Bodyke evictions. All's well that ends well !

Very little was said in the House of Commons, contrary to the custom which then prevailed, about the Ballycoree meeting. The member for West Clare, Mr Cox, drew attention to it, complaining of the proclamation of the meeting and the evident desire of the Government to provoke crime and outrage. He had nothing to say against the conduct of the police, except in the case of a young officer and some few constables who, he alleged, had been guilty of violence to unoffending people, and he said that if it had not been for the manner in which I had conducted the operations of the military and police, "The streets of Ennis would have run with blood." He then alluded to a terrible tragic event which had occurred near Lisdoonvarna, in County Clare—the death of Head Constable Whelehan, who had been killed by a moonlighter, and accused another head constable named Maurice O'Halloran for acting as *agent provocateur* in arranging outrages for the purpose of procuring convictions. Head Constable O'Halloran was attached to my Staff for nearly six years, and a better, more conscientious police officer could not be. He was the means of the detection of several crimes, being endowed with the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes, but he always had the strongest sympathy with the people, and would not for worlds have been guilty of any injustice towards them. However, the Nationalists literally hated him, and his name was time after time held up to execration in the House of Commons.

One day shortly before this a man named Cullinane came to the police barrack at Ennis and informed the County Inspector, Mr Heard, that he was one of a gang who

had determined to moonlight the house of a very obnoxious farmer named Sexton, and to murder him and his whole family ; and that he himself repented and wished to prevent the crime. He stated the hour of the attack. I made the necessary arrangements, and several constables were concealed in the house and round about it under Head Constable Whelehan.

At the expected hour the moonlighters arrived and knocked at the door, which was opened by Sexton. The men entered, and Sexton was ordered to kneel down, say his prayers and await his doom, when a rush was made by the concealed police upon the intruders, who, after a short, sharp struggle, were overpowered and handcuffed. One only managed to escape, a young Hercules named Leary, who rushed into an ambush consisting of Head Constable Whelehan and two men. Whelehan called on the moonlighter to halt and surrender. Instead of doing so he rushed at Whelehan, who had from motives of humanity ordered his men on no account to fire, and literally smashed his head, as I saw next morning, with his clubbed gun. Leary was recognized, tried by charge of venue in Wicklow, convicted and sentenced to long penal servitude. He was released after four years, and returned to work quietly on his farm, where a deadly Nemesis pursued him, for he was soon afterwards gored to death by his bull. Why he was so soon released from such a long term of penal servitude I never knew ; but I imagine that it was believed that the man Cullinane, the informer, was an *agent provocateur*, and had drawn the others into the outrage.

He was a Kerry man, a perambulating pedlar ; he had been much in America, and was remarkably acute. I am afraid that the charge made against him of inciting to

the crime and arranging it for the purpose of obtaining Government reward was not unfounded. At the time I had of course no suspicion of this, nor had any of the police serving with me. Cullinane was wafted away in security and was not heard of again, as far as I know.

The next notable event in which I was personally engaged was the notorious Ennis meeting on 9 April 1888, which ended in an unforeseen and very regrettable affray, accompanied providentially by no loss of life or serious injury, which, having regard to what took place, was almost miraculous.

A larger number of meetings were announced to be held in the Counties of Clare and Kerry, to denounce the action of the Government for suppressing the National League and for the Coercion Act of 1887, then in full swing. The Government proclaimed all these meetings, which I was directed to prevent. Had they been ignored and left severely alone, they would have been insignificant, and no harm would have come of them.

The principal one was to be held at Ennis, where I myself took charge of the operations, and as the force of constabulary in the counties was entirely inadequate to deal with so many meetings, eight, if I remember rightly, I was compelled to ask for the services of a large number of extra police from other counties, and a considerable number of troops, all of whom were assembled in the respective contumacious localities on the morning of Sunday, 9th April. I was further directed to prevent, if possible, any impromptu meetings which it might be attempted to hold in defiance of the Government proclamation, should the principal meetings be prevented.

Mr Davitt and Mr John O'Connor were the two principal representatives of the National Party at Ennis, and the

whole county swarmed with members of Parliament, among whom were Mr John Redmond and Mr Critty at Kilrush, Mr Cox and Mr Kilbride at Scariff, Mr Jordan and Mr Abraham at Miltown Malbay. I had with me at Ennis three troops of hussars under Colonel Challoner, three or four companies of the Berkshire Regiment, and a large force of police, many of whom I saw for the first time. In face of the large force the people did not attempt to assemble, but dispersed quietly. All seemed to be passing off well. The same orders had been issued by me as on the occasion of the Ballycoree meeting, viz., that no violence was, if possible, to be used.

I ordered the hussars to send scouts in all directions to report any attempts to hold meetings, but none were reported. Early in the afternoon a procession of cars was formed, led by one occupied by Mr Davitt and some Press reporters, and left Ennis at a rapid pace. This was evidently either for the purpose of holding a meeting outside the town, or as a feint to draw the forces of the Crown away from Ennis, and so enable a meeting to be held there. Leaving Captain Welch in charge, I followed the cars with a troop of hussars and some mounted police. Mr Davitt led his party for a round of fourteen miles, and returned to Ennis by another road, passing the Artillery Militia Barracks where the recruits were assembled for training. As we were passing the barrack we were greeted with a shower of stones by the militiamen. I myself, the trumpeter and one or two troopers were struck, but not hurt, and we took no notice; but when I reached Ennis, I saw Captain Craig, R.A., the very efficient adjutant of the Clan Artillery, and asked him to go and keep his men quiet. I thought then all was over, and mightily rejoiced; but my exultation was premature.



An orderly hurried up to me and reported that a large meeting was being held in the "Burnt Store," or warehouse. I went there with the hussars and sent for some infantry and police. When we arrived we were stoned from the upper windows, and this did not cease till some of the infantry, when they arrived, pointed their unloaded rifles at the windows. The hussars were drawn up in line, on the farther side of the road opposite the large archway leading into the yard. Under the archway were standing the newspaper correspondents of the Irish "Times" and "Freeman."

Then came the disaster. I sent the first body of police into the yard with batons drawn to overawe the meeting, but with instructions not to use them without further orders. They were, unfortunately, police from another county who knew not our ways, and they became excited and used their batons in face of very feeble resistance. One of them struck the correspondent of the "Freeman," Mr Murray, as he was passing him in the archway, and cut him on the head. The worst thing that happened was that a hussar broke out of the ranks, drew his sword and rode amok into the archway, where he cut at the tall hat of Mr Hill, the correspondent of the Irish "Times," and wounded his ear. This took place in a second, and before Colonel Challoner could stop him, when he was promptly placed in arrest. Being asked why he had attacked a harmless, unarmed gentleman, he gave it, as his extraordinary excuse, that "he thought he was a member." Some forty men were wounded by the batons, none seriously—and a number of persons were marched to the police barracks, as prisoners charged with holding an illegal meeting. They were all discharged to come up on their own recognizances, but no proceedings were



taken against any of them. So ended the "Battle of the Burnt Store," as it was called, which was long talked and written about, and formed the favourite subject for the ballads of local poets for many a long day.

The account I have given of the affray at Ennis is an unvarnished and literally correct one, as I can vouch, having witnessed it myself. Two incidents, the breaking away from the ranks of the hussar and the use of their batons by the police from another county were unjustifiable, but they both occurred in the twinkling of an eye, and were stopped as soon as possible by the officer commanding the cavalry and the Co-Inspector. The people were acting in defiance of the Government proclamation, and had been watched and pursued all day by troops and police. By the evening both sides were excited and mutually irritated, and I am most thankful to think that no worse conflicts took place, and that no lives were lost, or serious injuries inflicted. I call here to mind the admirable conduct of Mr G. H. Shannon, a resident magistrate, who on this as on many other occasions rendered me invaluable service, and who, by his tact, quiet manner and persuasive tongue, did much to prevent rioting on this occasion. The affray furnished inexhaustible copy for the Press, and as two of its representatives observed matters through the blood which flowed down their faces, and as the others took their colouring from them, it was not surprising that hyperbole in the highest marked their reports, and led the public to think that a second Peterloo had been perpetrated. The placards and the heads of the newspaper columns announced in large letters "The Turner outrage at Ennis," "Mr Balfour and the Turner outrage," "A second Peterloo," "Terrible butchery of the people," and I was depicted in a then

leading comic weekly in London as a baton with my portrait on the end of it, brutally and ruthlessly breaking the heads of a flying crowd. A detachment of infantry had sung Rule Britannia when marching through the town about the time of the affray, and I was compared to Nero butchering the innocent and helpless people to the melody of "England's bloody red"! The editor of "United Ireland," however, far outdid them all; his power of inventing curious and envenomed epithets was almost miraculous. Week after week new ones appeared, and some of them were so original that I do not hesitate to reproduce them. It will be seen that Mr Balfour's name is often coupled with mine, and I can assert as a fact that for periods more or less long, Lord Spencer, Mr Balfour, and myself were the most abused men in Ireland. Among "United Ireland" flowers of rhetoric, some of the most remarkable were: "The man who rules over the County of Clare with more powers than the powers of the Czar." "The renegade Turner, the Turncoat." "The adviser and instigator of Robbers." "Nature has not endowed him with as much brains as malice." "The unfortunate man with a large family." "A disgrace to a soldier's uniform." "A disgrace to the Magistracy." "After Colonel Turner has sunk into oblivion, if he does not sink into worse than oblivion." "Ananias Balfour and his jackal Turner." "That detested tool, Colonel Turncoat Turner." "That vulgar Colonel Turner and his vile paymaster Balfour." "That mean reptile Turner and his meaner master Balfour." "Balfour and his official spaniel, Colonel Turner." "The cowardly scoundrels, Turner and Balfour." "A subject too offensive for skilful dissection." "A man of revolting corruption." "A vile creature with a foul tongue, a cur dog, a sneak."

“A low mosstrooping scribbler.” “That cowardly scoundrel Balfour and his sneaky little servant, Turncoat Turner.” “A consummate, unmitigated liar.” “The renegade Turner and the Arch-tyrant Balfour,” and so on *ad infinitum*. I recollect that “Truth” and some other of the Liberal papers raised their voices against this uninterrupted flow of slanderous venom, but if the editor of “United Ireland” had but been aware that his choice invective charmed me and my fellow-workers, and that, week after week, we watched eagerly for the appearance of his paper, in order to cull therefrom fresh beauties wherewith still further to adorn a book I was compiling, entitled, “The Vocabulary of Vituperation by Sweet William,” he might probably have been a little more reticent in casting his pearls before swine!

I received innumerable threatening letters informing me that my day of doom was at hand—of these I took no notice, except that I sent a few of the best of them to the Press for publication; and a conspiracy to remove me was reported, but it came to nothing, and fortunately, or unfortunately, I still remain. Of a truth the Irish are a curious people of varying moods, and I am by no means ungrateful to Providence that I am half one of them myself. The proceedings which followed ended in equally futile results, but they were far more serious and troublesome. In the first place Mr Parnell in the House of Commons on 13 April, 1888, moved the adjournment of the House to discuss a matter of urgent public importance—namely, “the attack on the people of Ennis on Sunday last by the police and the military, and the conduct of Colonel Turner and other officers in charge, and the policy of the Irish Executive, as evinced by these and other proceedings in directing

the police to assault persons taking part in alleged illegal meetings instead of proceeding against such alleged offenders according to law." The last lines involve a rather curious proposition; how the many thousands of people who attended these illegal meetings could be proceeded against according to the law beats the wit of man to discover. Mr Parnell spoke, on the whole, in a calm and temperate manner, but he took his facts from the reports in the newspapers, and especially from that of the "Times" correspondent, who had grossly exaggerated, and he concluded by stating that I had acted with incredible barbarity. Mr Balfour very ably and conclusively defended the action of the Executive, Mr Wm. O'Brien made one of his most vituperative and perfervid harangues against me personally, describing me, only in more parliamentary language, as he had done in "United Ireland," and then Mr Gladstone rose, and made one of his most telling attacks against the Irish Government, the Executive and my much belaboured self. I am quite sure he meant to be fair, but, like others, he had formed entirely erroneous premises; he said that cavalry had charged into the yard. I do not wish to spare myself in these memoirs, and I now reproduce a letter of mine, which I wrote to the "Times" upon a speech of Mr Gladstone's on the subject, which was inserted with the sanction of the Irish Government, but which I have ever since deeply regretted, especially as to the unmeasured terms in which part of it is couched. The letter was headed "Mr Gladstone and the Ennis Meeting."

"SIR,

Mr Gladstone, in his speech to the Nonconformists on the 9th inst., is reported to have made use

of the following words. 'The other day another case occurred, happily of a milder character, and so perhaps it has not drawn so much attention. A meeting had been held, which I assume was an illegal meeting, but it was a peaceful meeting, but when an illegal but peaceful meeting is held, the legal course is to warn the people, and after a certain time stronger measures may be taken if they do not disperse. This meeting, which was at Ennis, was in the act of dispersing, when the cavalry were driven into a yard among them. Two persons were injured. I am very thankful there were no more; but it was a gross piece of misconduct on the part of those who directed the cavalry to adopt such a method of dealing with a peaceful meeting. The Government nevertheless defend the course which was taken, deny us all full information, make their own *ex parte* statements, refuse to produce their documents, and yet as I do not believe there will be any more Mitchelstowns in Ireland at the present time, so I am very doubtful whether any more officers will order regiments of cavalry to charge in among orderly and peaceful meetings.' As I happened to be in charge of the forces detailed on that day to prevent illegal meetings in Clare, and was present at Ennis, and therefore personally responsible for the proceedings of the military and police in that place, the term 'gross misconduct' must be considered as applied to me, and I venture therefore to ask you to insert this letter, which will, I trust, show how outrageously false is the account of this matter given by Mr Gladstone. The facts of the case have been fully stated by the Chief Secretary in the House of Commons, and were sworn by me during the Magisterial enquiry at Ennis on the 20th ult., and yet, three weeks later, utterly regardless of



facts, Mr Gladstone thinks it not beneath his dignity to thunder forth wild and reckless charges based upon the gross misstatements and exaggerations uttered during the debate on the subject, which have been fully and publicly contradicted by me on oath in a Court of Justice.

“The facts of the case were as follows :—On the day in question an illegal meeting was being held in the back yard of a warehouse standing in a narrow lane. When I came upon the scene stones were coming from the upper windows of the warehouse, in the upper stories of which a large number of these missiles had been collected. Stones were also coming in showers from over the cottages on the opposite side of the lane. As I had very few police available, I told the officer commanding the hussars to place some of his men across the archway leading into the yard, while I sent a small body of police in to arrest those inside, which they did. The stone throwing continued, and I only succeeded in stopping it by extending some infantry on one side and directing some more to direct their rifles at the windows of the warehouse from which stones were coming.

“This is what Mr Gladstone calls a peaceful meeting. The horses of the hussars became very restive under the stone throwing, and some of the men were rather excited. One man guarding the archway left the ranks and rode forward, and unfortunately injured a newspaper reporter who was present at the illegal meeting. He was stopped almost immediately by his officer and brought back. This is what Mr Gladstone calls ‘the cavalry being driven into the yard,’ and regiments of cavalry being ordered to charge in among orderly and peaceful meetings.

“I feel confident that I shall be fully acquitted of ‘gross



misconduct' by all just and fair-minded persons, and that the term will be considered by them far more applicable to those who have no sense of justice and who do not hesitate to pervert the truth and bring false charges upon the ' *ex parte* ' statements of partisans.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ ALFRED E. TURNER.”

There was a *suppressio veri*, not intentional, I hope, in the statement about the police sent into the yard, who, without orders, used their batons freely. One had to stand up for and cover the faults of one's subordinates, as long as nothing serious occurred. A commander who does not so act, will never, melancholy to relate, be well served when it comes to the pitch. *Necessitas non habet leges*.

This letter was termed manly by the Unionist Press. I, however, regard it now as pert, arrogant and, referring as it did to a man of Mr Gladstone's position and character, a lamentable production, which I have regretted ever since. It is hard to imagine how the Irish Government allowed it to be published. The fact is, that men's blood was up on both sides in those days, and under such circumstances they do not stick at trifles. I had a short time before been under three hours' chief and three hours' cross-examination by Mr T. Harrington in the court-house at Ennis, and I feel sure that this ordeal, the nature of which can be imagined, had much to do with the acrimonious tone of my letter. I regard it as one of my chief faults and failures, of which I have committed, like nearly every one else placed in difficult positions, many. In fact, when I meditate on my long past I feel inclined to throw a sheet of oblivion over my memory

like the Persian doctor who threw his mantle over his head whenever he passed the cemetery of his locality. His friends told him that he must be a most sensitive man if he could not look at the abodes of the dead. "Oh," said he, "it is not that, it is the thought of the many dead whom I have been the means of laying there." The brilliant and gifted author of "The Doctor's Dilemma,"<sup>1</sup> might have adopted this story as a quotation at the beginning of his inimitable work.

I may, after so long a lapse of time, be justified in saying that Mr Horace Seymour, whom, as Lady Spencer's brother, I had often met in Dublin, and whose premature passing away inflicted a grievous loss on the public service and to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, wrote to me about this letter of mine to the "Times." He justly complained of the strong language, and told me that Mr Gladstone was most anxious to do justice to me, but that he had been compelled to draw his conclusions from the reports in the newspapers owing to the very meagre information vouchsafed by the Government, and that he had especially relied upon the account of the affray given by the "Times" correspondent who reported that "to make matters worse some of the cavalry rode into the yard and wounded the men," while the Irish "Times," a strong Unionist organ, wrote, "The hussars charged the people in the archway," and the "Freeman" said, "Colonel Turner next ordered the hussars to charge the people in the same enclosed yard." He added that Mr Gladstone told him that, knowing my high character, he had purposely abstained from bringing my name into the debate, and that he was quite ready to take an opportunity of saying what he

<sup>1</sup> Mr G. Bernard Shaw.

could to remove any sense of injustice which I might fairly feel he had done me. It may well be imagined that I read Mr Horace Seymour's letter with an intense feeling of regret mingled with shame that I had allowed myself to write the letter to the "Times" about the Ennis Meeting. It is no small drawback to have the *cacoëthes scribendi* which has often landed me in difficulties. Was anything truer ever written than the Oriental proverb—

“ Taciturnity is an ornament, and in silence is security ;  
Therefore when thou speakest, be not loquacious,  
For if thou repent thee of thy silence,  
Thou wilt assuredly repent thee many times of thy speech.”

All this time the evictions of no less than 114 tenants were impending on the Vandeleur estate, about Kilrush, West Clare. Times had been hard, and nearly all the tenants were in arrears of rent for two years. Dr Dinan, the vicar-general and parish priest of Kilrush, and his curates, one and all excellent hard-working priests, did all in their power to effect a settlement. I also did the little possible for me, but all to no avail. The landlord agreed to accept, and the tenants to pay, a year's rent under certain conditions on either side, but each declined to accept the other's terms. The rents on this estate had been very low up to 1874, then in good times they had been very greatly raised, so raised that the tenants profited little and could lay nothing by for a rainy day. The Plan of Campaign was then adopted, and all hopes of a settlement fell to the ground. Mr Davitt, and a large number of English visitors, including the late Lady Sandhurst, whom I had known in India as Lady Mansfield, wife of the Commander-in-Chief,

Mr S. D. Waddy, M.P., Mr Byles, M.P. (now Sir W. Byles), and Mrs Byles, were present. I had a large force, as the fell work before us was considerable, and there was great excitement among the people at the coming 114 evictions and the clearing of a large country-side. My force consisted of 50 of the 3rd Hussars, 70 men of the Sherwood Foresters, 50 of the Berkshire Regiment, and 120 of the R.I. Constabulary. The officers were quartered in Kilrush House, since burned to the ground, and the men were encamped in the Park. The Sheriff was provided with a battering ram, but the progress was slow as the houses were all barricaded and the tenants determined to resist to the last. Cordons were formed by the infantry round the houses while the police kept order. There was no disturbance, and the people were much more submissive than those of Bodyke. Mr Jordan, M.P., Mr Sheehy, M.P., and Mr T. W. Russell added themselves to the spectators to watch the evictions. Hot water was thrown at the Sheriff and his men as they entered the houses, but the active resistance was not great except in a few instances. The priests were very indignant at being kept outside the cordon, and I was very sorry to have to do this, but they were the instigators of the Plan of Campaign and depositaries of its funds. The plan had been denounced as an illegal conspiracy, and it was impossible under the circumstances to show them any special favour. The eviction campaign dragged on for some weeks. It was a horribly trying ordeal to be compelled to see carried out—a series of attacks on houses which were battered often into ruins, while their occupants, in some cases little children, were turned out of their homes, and, where the tenants resisted desperately, which was not often, they were

occasionally injured by the police in self-defence. It was a graphic picture of the evils of unmitigated landlordism, and, as in the case of most evictions, a battle of Kilkenny cats, in which all were injured and none benefited. I do not think any unnecessary violence was used by the police, and certainly none was by the troops. We all loathed the work, and most of us deeply sympathized with the poor ejected ones. The tenants were fairly pressed into joining the Plan of Campaign, which they did not all thoroughly appreciate, as the following instances will show. It was my custom first to go to the houses before the Sheriff's operations began, and to try to reason with the tenants as to the folly of resistance, which would damage if not ruin the houses, to which they were sure to be reinstated sooner or later, while the result of resistance was sure to be prison. I was nearly always respectfully received and listened to, and in only two instances was I the recipient of hot water or porridge ; but my arguments were of no avail. In one case the tenant of an apparently strongly barricaded house said to me, " If I let yez in, will ye make me a prisoner and put the handcuffs on me ? " I said I would, and he told me to wait a minute and then make a rush at the door, which was done. The latter gave way, and the occupant was arrested, handcuffed and kept a prisoner for some time, when he was brought before a magistrate to come up for judgment when called. Naturally he never was called. In the course of the day I asked him why he had asked for the handcuffs, and he replied, " Sure, Your Honour, if I hadn't resisted I should have got nothing out of the plan." At another eviction the tenant, who with his two sons was in the house, said, on being warned by me not to throw hot water at the Sheriff, " Sure,



Your Honour, I am bound to throw a little, but it won't be very hot."

These two instances show how right I was to keep the promoters of the plan out of hearing and seeing distance, otherwise the resistance and its consequences would have been far worse.

There were terribly touching scenes from time to time, one in particular. A man, his wife and little children were evicted from a small farm on the bay, which looked as if the tenants ought to have been paid to occupy it. The woman and children were weeping their hearts out. The difference between landlord and tenant was small, and I offered to pay it myself. The man would gladly have accepted, but he was bound by the conditions of the Plan of Campaign not to let himself be reinstated, unless all his fellow-tenants were : so out the poor people had to go.

I had a very curious personal experience. Mrs Magrath, the holder of a farm-house at the breaking into which her son had fought desperately, was very ill, and was moved to another house the morning of the eviction, where the poor woman died. A day or two afterwards I came across my friend, Mr S. D. Waddy, M.P., who had been very friendly with me since I gave him lunch at Bodyke. On this occasion, however, he seemed to wish to shun me, and looked at me with half averted face. I soon found out the reason. He, with some other M.P.'s, were cogitating whether it would not be possible to apply for a warrant to arrest me on the charge of the wilful murder of poor Mrs Magrath, which would resolve itself into one of manslaughter. I understand that a warrant was all but applied for, but that in the end common sense prevailed and the idea was dropped. I had, how-



ever, sixteen actions brought against me for battery and assault during the Kilrush evictions, and for a time I lived in a state of being presented with writs. Of course this all led to nothing, but the cases all went to the High Court at Dublin, where Chief Baron Palles pronounced them to be actions which were vexatious and which should not have been brought. Not long after this a settlement was arrived at between Major Vandeleur and his tenants through the most laudable exertions of Mr Henniker Heaton, M.P. All was going on well when a most untoward incident occurred.

My costs in the above actions were about £100. I applied to Dublin Castle to be repaid this amount, and was told by the Law Officer of the Crown that I should not be the loser, but that I must do as any ordinary individual would be compelled to do, that is, levy through the Sheriff upon the property of those who had been compelled to bring the actions. I did so, and the Sheriff seized cattle which were sold to the required amount. The whole settlement with the tenants was all but upset, and Mr Henniker Heaton and the landlord went to Mr Balfour to complain of my outrageous conduct. I naturally was not to blame, but if I had thought more before I placed the writs with the Sheriff and nearly undid the blessed work of peace, I would not have done so. As for the Law Officer, I suppose he acted for the best according to his lights, but one is reminded of the old song,

“The wig, the wig, the wig’s the thing,  
The wisdom’s in the wig.”

and very often not elsewhere.

I once was at Kilrush to see the peace preserved at

the election of the Coroner, about which feeling ran very high. The supporters of one of the candidates became very violent, and it was necessary to order the police to charge as stones were flying freely, so freely that the police with batons were driven back. A charge was then made by some police with carbines, used as batons. This was highly irregular, but necessary, for, in the first place, the constable's baton was short and light and soon "wore out," as it was described by the men, and secondly, the carbines were obsolete and their grooving had all been smoothed out by the use of Mr Foster's notorious buckshot; they were therefore valueless as firearms and dangerous, for one could never guess where the contents would go, owing to the irregular and half worn-out grooves. Used as batons they were formidable.

When the stone-throwing crowd saw the police coming with carbines they ran like hares; and the police ran after them, and were only recalled with difficulty. One constable was missing, and, fearing that he had gone too far and had been surrounded and attacked and perhaps killed, as the men of Clare do not stick at trifles when their blood is up, the officer in charge was about to send some constables to search for him when an object like a scarecrow appeared approaching us. His helmet was battered down, blood was trickling from his face and head over the tattered remains of a tunic, his other garments were much in the same state, and he carried the butt end of his carbine. He staggered like a drunken man, owing to the loss of blood, towards his comrades, and as he joined them he was heard to say, "Begorah, Boys, this is the first time I ever had rale satisfaction!" What had taken place was never exactly elucidated, but he seems to have overtaken some of the flying crowd,

who turned on him, with the result that he got much the worst of it. As he was quite satisfied, and said that he would not identify any of his foes, and as no one, as far as could be ascertained, was seriously hurt, nothing but amusement resulted from the affair.

I was also in charge at Kilrush when Mr Maguire was elected as Parnellite M.P. for West Clare, in which portion of the county the followers of Mr Parnell had a large majority. At Kilrush, however, the anti-Parnellites greatly predominated when the result of the election was declared in the court-house, which is a long way from the hotel in which Mr Maguire and his friends were staying. A large mob of anti-Parnellites in front of the court-house sent forth a terrific boeing when they heard that their candidate was defeated. Mr Maguire's companions asked me if he and they could be safely conducted to their hotel. I said certainly, if they would implicitly follow my instructions. They promised to do so, and I formed a column as follows: a body of police with drawn batons in front, then police in single file on each side of the road, leaving an open space for the elected member and his friends between them; the rear being brought up by police with carbines. Mr Maguire was greeted by a storm of boeing and execration, and then, to complete the irony of the situation, his friends raised him and chaired him through the hostile crowds all the way to the hotel under the closest police protection. The boeing all the way was terrific, but beyond an occasional stone no violence was offered. A strong guard of police was posted at the hotel, and next morning the member and his friends, who looked anything but triumphant, were escorted safely out of Kilrush, to my considerable relief, and doubtless to their own.

## CHAPTER X

1889 TO 1892. PARNELL'S TRIUMPH AND FALL

The Ponsonby evictions—Cork and Limerick added to my district—Letter from Mr Balfour—His great qualities—Baron Dowse—Lord Morris—Mr Justice O'Brien—Trial of Mr William O'Brien, M.P., at Cork—Court-house burnt down—Mr Berry, the hangman—Trial of Mr William O'Brien at Tralee—Mr Healy removed from court—A magistrate's blackthorn—The Nationalist Press—Mr H. Whiting—An unfortunate lawsuit—Law versus Justice—"Just like those Chancery judges"—The Parnell Commission—Pigott and the "Times"—Mr Parnell's triumph and fall—Break-up of the Irish Party—Mr Parnell needs protection at Tralee—Mr John Redmond, candidate for Cork—The two Redmonds—Violent scenes during the Election—Furious fighting at Ennis—Mr John Dillon in danger—Lord Zetland's tour through my district—Arran Islands—The Knight of Glin—I am dismissed—Home Rule—The "religious intolerance" bogey—The spirit of Nationalism in Ireland is unconquered and unconquerable.

**I** SHALL not weary my readers with the detailed accounts of any more of the many evictions at which the most distasteful duty of protecting the Sheriff in carrying out his odious work fell to me and those under me. The only extensive evictions—that is, those in which a whole country-side was cleared of its occupants—were those on the Ponsonby estate, in the neighbourhood of Youghal, in County Cork, where the house once dwelt in and owned by Sir Walter Raleigh still exists in its pristine condition.

These, like the others described by me, ought never to have taken place; no one gained, but every one concerned lost, by them, while the expenses to the tax-payer for the protection accorded were very great.

The Plan of Campaign was instituted early among the

tenants in this case ; and it appeared to me that the landlords and agents felt it a matter of honour and duty to fight " the Plan," as it was called, at all costs, and despite all the suffering inflicted on the tenants and pecuniary loss to themselves. No landlord should have had the power of ejecting tenants wholesale, and devastating the homes of large numbers of people ; while no Government should be bound to furnish the forces of the Crown to protect those who commit arbitrary acts of oppression. It was by no means agreeable to the Government to aid in such measures, and whatever may have been said by the Nationalists in their natural wrath at the scenes which were being enacted, Mr Balfour, Sir Redvers Buller (a large landlord himself), and Sir West Ridgeway, the Under-Secretary in succession to Sir Redvers, were, one and all, impartial, and by no means eager to give assistance to unjust and grasping landlords ; and where any pressure could be brought to bear to stay their hands from evicting, it was done, and done with success in some cases.

The worst feature in the situation was that the landlords were occasionally absentees, living in England or other country, and that practically none of the rents collected were spent in the locality or in Ireland, so that on the tenants there was an everlasting drain of money from which they obtained no benefit whatever, direct or indirect, while the most of them existed just upon the margin of poverty.

The Land Acts, the Arrears Act and others have been most beneficial to the country, and have tended enormously to forestall agrarian crimes, which raged before their introduction, committed as they were by a people sensitive to a degree and exasperated through the conditions of life under which they suffered.



Eliminating agrarian crime, Ireland is, and has long been, one of the most crimeless countries in the world, and even agrarian crime was not, in my time, so black as it was painted—for every threatening letter which reached the hands of the police was entered as an agrarian offence. This was not the case with those that reached me ; I made a collection of the best of them, and destroyed the rest.

The Irish are very much given to write threatening letters, which, in the vast majority of cases, mean nothing at all, and are often written by way of a joke or to work off exuberance of spirits or a fit of bile. The commanding officer of a distinguished Irish regiment stationed with me at Aldershot told me that he constantly received a sheaf of such letters on Monday mornings, but that he never took the slightest notice of them, or pains to discover the writers. This shows that the devil always finds some work for idle hands to do ; and, doubtless, had the Sabbath been less puritanically observed, and had the men been allowed to indulge in wholesome out-of-door games and sports (which appear to be to Sabbatarians as a red rag to a bull), there would have been no threatening letters, to say nothing of the much more restricted use of public houses and consumption of alcohol which the practice of those sports would have brought about.

The Sabbath of the Sabbatarians is not unlike a whited sepulchre ; or, as George Eliot described a certain person's smile, like a burnished plate on a coffin. Verily, not a few people go much for appearances, and these appearances are not infrequently tinged with hypocrisy.

A plot to murder my humble self was discovered in County Clare in 1889 ; but my amiable friends were not detected, and no attempt was made on my life, though



I never had any protection—my only precaution being to drive home a different way from the one I took going out. Such plots were, as a rule, as innocuous as the threatening letters; one was, however, forced to take strong measures with regard to them; for one could not tell that there was not among the conspirators a determined fanatic like Brady in the Phoenix Park case, who would insist in proceeding, from words and plots, to carry out murder, though most of the members had not the smallest intention of risking their skins or of going beyond plotting and fiery verbosity.

Captain the Honourable Thomas Plunkett, the Divisional Commissioner of Police for the Counties of Cork and Limerick, died towards the end of 1889. His health had been failing for some time, during which the charge of his two counties was entrusted to me by the Government, in addition to my own division of Clare and Kerry, and on his decease I was asked if I would take permanent charge of the four counties, as this would save to the public the cost of a divisional commissioner—£1000 a year and his Staff. Of course I accepted the flattering offer, and my work and responsibility were more than doubled. No addition, however, was made to my pay and allowances; I did not grumble at this, and did not, like Oliver Twist, stretch out my hand and ask for more; for I considered myself amply paid, and the increase of responsibility was decidedly pleasing to me.

The Government was good enough to express its satisfaction at the manner in which I carried out my work in the very large amalgamated division; and I received the following letter from Mr Balfour, in his own handwriting,<sup>1</sup> instead of being typewritten as was his usual custom:

Published by kind permission of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

“ CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
 “ DUBLIN CASTLE,  
 “ 3. 11. '91.

“ MY DEAR COLONEL TURNER,

“ I have great pleasure in being able to inform you that Lord Salisbury has submitted your name to the Queen for a civil C.B. The excellent work you have done in Ireland renders you most thoroughly deserving of the honour ; and the fact that so much of that work has been performed during my tenure of Irish office renders it peculiarly gratifying to me to be the channel of communication through which the news will first reach you.

“ With every good wish for your future prosperity and success,

“ Believe me,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.”

Mr Balfour was a Tory of Tories, an aristocrat of aristocrats ; he was endowed with not only great ability and judgment, but broadness of mind, and the Irish Nationalists were as much in error as to the judgment they formed of him as they were about Lord Spencer. Not that the former has ever been a Home Ruler, though I sometimes thought that he had leanings in his heart in that direction. At all events, he quickly saw the evils appertaining to the relations of landlord and tenant, the cause of nine-tenths of the troubles that have existed in Ireland, and he did all he could to ameliorate the conditions of life of the tenant. He was absolutely fearless, and indifferent to the fierce attacks made upon him on the Nationalist platforms and in their Press ; and he was as loyal a chief as one could wish to serve

under. He always defended me and his other subordinates when they were wrongfully attacked and held up to execration in the House of Commons.

If he had a fault, it was that he often contented himself, when defending the Irish Executive, with a sort of *sic volo sic jubeo* statement, without giving the full details demanded. This caused intense irritation, and gave the impression to those, who were often only too eager to form it, that, in his eagerness to defend the police, he was veiling much that was blameworthy. This was especially the case with the Ennis affray, to which Mr Gladstone and others took great exception; and there certainly were grounds for their complaints, though there were none for any reticence or concealment on the part of the Government.

Of the judges with whom I came into contact, those who impressed me most were Baron Dowse, Lord Morris and Mr Justice William O'Brien (who must not be confused with Lord O'Brien). Baron Dowse was, in some respects, the counterpart of Sir John Rigby—blunt, plain-spoken and always to the point: at the same time, possessing a very kind heart. His end was sudden and tragic. He was sitting in court at Tralee. He could not bear the slightest draught, and I heard him tell the usher to see that a window above his head was tightly closed, saying: "I am not going to leave my bones in Kerry." Very late that night I was awakened by a police-serjeant, who reported that the judge was dying. I got up and dressed as quickly as I could, and ran to the judge's lodgings, and found to my infinite regret that my friend had already passed away, to the unutterable horror and grief of his devoted daughter, who always accompanied him on circuit.

I am here reminded of a legend that exists about the

first Assizes held, or rather which it was attempted to hold, in Tralee in the time of Good Queen Bess. The judges and their *entourage* travelled on horseback in those days ; when the party arrived near the town, the judges donned their robes, and a stately procession was formed. The Kerry men strongly resented this innovation, and wished to retain the management of their own affairs. They determined that the Queen's writ should not run in Tralee ; so they hid themselves in an ambush behind some low hillocks overlooking the road, and as the procession passed, they rushed out of their ambush with wild yells, and massacred the judges and every man of the following. The supposed spot was pointed out to me. What retributive steps followed, history does not, I believe, relate.

Lord Morris was a real wit, and he brought out his wit and humour with a strong Galway brogue which was quite inimitable. I was in court at Cork once when he sentenced a man who had been convicted of a violent assault on the police. As the man left the dock he shouted at the top of his voice, " God save Ireland ! " The judge ordered him to be brought back before him. The man thought then that the term of his imprisonment would be increased, and began to tremble. All the judge said was : " My friend, you are just one of those persons who make it impossible for God to save Ireland. Remove the prisoner."

Mr Justice O'Brien was a man of a very different stamp, ascetic and a most devout Catholic. He, too, was dry and witty in his way. He was supposed to be a bitter misogynist. On one occasion, when he and Lord Justice Barry were on circuit in Cork, he went in the evening to some religious assembly. His colleague, on the other

hand, gave a dinner-party, as was his wont, in the judges' rooms. After dinner, he arrayed some of the ladies in his judge's robes and those of Mr Justice William O'Brien, which were brought from his room. I was one of the guests. Mr Justice O'Brien returned, and, not finding his robes where they should have been, looked into the room where we were, and saw, with the most intense indignation, that his robes were adorning feminine bodies. He demanded that the robes should be at once given to him, and, making a bundle of them, stalked out of the room, uttering an exclamation half-snort, half-roar, which was peculiar to him, and which will be remembered by all who knew him.

I had a most remarkable experience connected with the court-house at Cork. Mr William O'Brien, M.P., was being tried at Middleton in County Cork under the Crimes Act, some little time back. During the interval, by some mysterious means, he made his escape ; and, a day or two later, turned up at a meeting at which he was announced to speak, somewhere in the North of England or Scotland. Later, he was tried by change of venue at Cork. The Irish Government were very apprehensive that an attempt would be made to carry him off, and I received the most solemn injunctions that I should be held personally responsible if they succeeded in so doing. I took my precautions without the least fear that anything of the kind would be attempted. I happened, rather late in the afternoon, to be standing by the dock, just facing Mr Justice Munroe, who was trying the case. Above the judge's seat was a false window with opaque plate glass. I suddenly saw what looked like a reflection from the sun behind this glass, but the next moment I saw that it was increasing in volume, and that there was an outbreak



of fire. I sent a note to the judge to inform him that the court was on fire, and asking to adjourn at once quietly. He did so, with great tact, and left his seat.

The fire then began to crackle. All jumped up from their seats, and the police, who thickly lined the inner walls of the semicircular court, shouted loudly to the people to sit down, which nearly caused a panic and a rush, which might have been fatal, for the court was densely packed. I managed, by the aid of the police officers, to restore order; and all were safely passed out without casualty.

The last to go was the prisoner, with the warder, while I, with Head Constable Brennan, stood by, ready for any emergency. At last it came to our turn to leave the now emptied court. Mr O'Brien remained calm, cool and collected, though, by the time we were leaving, the fire had greatly spread, and pieces of glass were falling on our heads from the skylight. We conducted the prisoner outside, whence he was conveyed to the gaol. Far from a rescue being contemplated, no notice whatever was taken of him, the people being for the time more excited about the fire than they were by the presence among them of the renowned prisoner. One or more pressmen, however, jumped at conclusions; and telegrams were sent all over the kingdom to this effect:—"Desperate attempt to rescue Mr William O'Brien. The court-house at Cork set on fire."

I was entirely ignorant of this, but an hour later received an urgent telegram from Dublin Castle asking me if the above was true, and why I had not reported the matter to Government. Apparently, nerves were then in a state of tension in Dublin Castle. I replied: "Court-house set on fire owing to heated flue. Prisoner safe. No rescue attempted." This, I feel sure, cooled the



heated imagination of the authorities, for I heard no more from them on the subject.

The fire burned all night, and next morning only the walls of the court-house remained standing.

I have made some curious acquaintances during my life. One was that of Mr Berry, the executioner. I never saw an execution; although, in Ireland, I was responsible for preserving order during the time that the fell mandate of the law was impending or was being carried out, but it was no duty of mine to go to the scaffold to witness "the sight to shudder at, not to see": and I left that to others. I had, however, to see that Mr Berry was safely conducted from the border of my district to the place of execution, and back.

On one occasion there was to be an execution the following morning of a man called, "Fox Kirby"; and there was a strong feeling among the people that Kirby was innocent, as there was in the case of everyone convicted of an agrarian murder. Mr Berry came with an escort from Dublin; they alighted from the train at Ardfert, where a covered car was sent to bring him by road five miles to Tralee. When the carman found out who his distinguished passenger was to be, he flatly refused to drive him. No second car was to be obtained, and great delay took place; the hangman being eventually driven by a policeman to Tralee. He was put out of the train at Ardfert because it was reported that an attempt on his life would be made on his arrival at Tralee railway station.

Berry came in high dudgeon to the gaol where he was to be lodged, as he thought that proper respect had not been paid to the dignity of his high office; and, finding out by inquiry that I was the head official responsible,

he asked to see me. I was in the gaol, and said I would see him. He approached me with an aggressive manner, and said: "I'm not going to do this job." I asked him why. He replied that he had not been treated with proper respect. I said quietly to the head jailer, "Show Mr Berry out of the prison," and turned away.

Outside the prison were waiting—all day—relations, friends and sympathizers of the unfortunate "Fox Kirby," who would have made short work of Berry if he had shown himself without an escort. After a little time I was told he wished to see me again. When he came he said, still haughtily: "What about my escort?" I told him that he had been brought from England at great expense to the public to perform the execution, and that if he chose to go away without having carried out his agreement, he would have to find his own way back.

After a little reflection he said, in a chastened manner, "I'll do this job—sir." I hoped all the time that he would persist in his refusal, for I am opposed to capital punishment, except in cases of hideous depravity and atrocity, which this murder was not. Neither the Sheriff not the Sub-Sheriff were physically fit to attempt such a duty; no one else would have done so; and I hoped that the delay which would ensue if Berry refused to execute the man might enable those who were working for a reprieve to succeed in their endeavour. But it was not to be. A few weeks after, when I was crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown, a gentleman came up to me in the cabin, and entered into conversation with me. I did not identify him at first, but, after a few minutes, I saw, *horresco referens*, that it was my friend Berry. He asked me if he might introduce his wife. I assented,

and he brought a good-looking, well-dressed lady; we talked together for some time, till Berry opened a leather hand-bag, extracted therefrom a piece of rope, and began to explain to me, if I remember rightly, the virtues of a new knot he had invented. This was enough for me, so I said good-night to them, and went to my berth. I had an uneasy night. I dreamt that I was going to be executed, and woke in a fright.

Shortly after, Mr Berry gave up his position as hangman, and delivered lectures in different parts of the country against capital punishment! He appeared to be a man of considerable ability and intelligence.

The most-pronounced name in Ireland at this time, next to that of Mr Balfour, was that of Mr William O'Brien. He was prosecuted all over the country, and his trousers even were not held sacred, for they were abstracted from him while in Tullamore Prison. Why he was made such a victim, when so many others committed the same offences against the Coercion Act quite as often as he did, I never could ascertain. I think, however, that his vitriolic tongue on the platform, and still more vitriolic writing in "United Ireland," fairly exasperated the authorities, high and low, so that when he did sin against the Crimes Act, he was never spared, as was often the case with others. I myself had to make arrangements for his trial in three places, Cork, Killarney and Tralee. On the last occasion, serio-comic incidents took place which could not have occurred outside the Emerald Isle.

Mr William O'Brien was being prosecuted in the court-house at Tralee for an offence committed in another county. Mr Carson (now Sir Edward), was the Crown Prosecutor; and Mr Roche and Captain Massey, two

resident magistrates, were trying the case. Mr Tim Healy, M.P., defended.

At a certain point of the proceedings my name was mentioned. Mr Healy spoke of me in a very rude way as "Turner." Mr Roche called him to order, and told him he should refer to me as Colonel Turner. Mr Healy said I was not a colonel at all, and with a want of humour very unusual in an Irishman and most unusual in Mr Healy, added that, if I produced my commission in court, he would believe the statement. He further said that, whatever I was, I was a sneak.

I was an interested and highly amused witness of this singular dialogue, and hoped to cull some pearls of invective for my vocabulary of vituperation; but my hopes came to naught. The chairman told Mr Healy to apologize. He flatly refused, and Mr Roche ordered him to be removed from the court. He refused to budge, and a gigantic constable firmly but gently lifted him over the benches, and took him out of the court-house. Mr O'Brien refused to take any further part "in the loathsome farce," as he plaintively termed it.

The proceedings for the day soon came to a close; and on the steps of the court-house Mr O'Brien was met and greeted by Mr Healy, and they had a short conversation—which I did not interfere with. A minute or two afterwards, the two resident magistrates appeared, and walked down the street. After going a few paces they were loudly booed. This was too much for one of them, who went straight for the crowd with his black-thorn. The people, surprised by the majesty of the law attacking them in this fashion, broke and fled, the resident magistrate after them. I sent the head constable to beg him to desist, which he did; and order was restored

by a company of the Derbyshires, who barred the end of the street.

I expected that no end of questions in Parliament would be asked about this most extraordinary incident ; but fortune favoured us. It had not been observed by any of the leading Nationalists, and as no one had been injured by the judicial "blackthorn," no report was necessary from me, and no questions were asked.

On one occasion, when an especially savage and libellous speech had been made about me by one of the Irish leaders, I sent a copy of it to Mr Gladstone, to whom I was known when serving on Lord Spencer's Staff, and asked him whether some check could not be put to such vituperative utterances by prominent men, which could only do harm by producing exasperation. I hardly expected a reply, but it came by return of post, and was as follows :—

" DEAR SIR,

" I answer your question succinctly and at once that I strongly condemn all such passages as those to which you refer me.

" Without in the least exonerating the writer I must observe that violent and bitter passions are commonly engendered by long and cruel abuse of power.

" I thank you for your past approval, and I am glad that there is still a link between us in our common admiration of Lord Spencer.

" Allow me to remain,

" Your obedient and faithful,

" W. E. GLADSTONE.

" Nov. 9. 90."

Mr Gladstone had written much in the same style to



Lord Spencer, when the latter drew his attention to a particularly venomous and mendacious charge made against him by "United Ireland." He was one of those great broad-minded and far-seeing men of whom there are not many, who seek to deal with not merely effect but with the cause that produces that effect. He himself was the subject of the most virulent abuse of his political opponents throughout his great career, which will ever be recorded as one of the greatest in the annals of history; while the memory of those who delighted in traducing him and misrepresenting his motives will long have been swept into oblivion by the tide of time.

There were times when the Nationalist writers and speakers exceeded all bounds, and often the vials of their wrath were turned against the long-suffering constabulary; and such opprobrious epithets and unwarrantable insults hurled at them that I feared some of them might take opportunities of retaliating. The discipline that existed among them was so perfect, and the disposition of the men, with the rarest exceptions, so good, that they regarded with scorn the attacks upon them, and took no notice. No men could have discharged their duties, most of which were as repulsive to them as they were to me, with more moderation and kindness—as far as these attributes were possible consistently with the due carrying out of their duty.

It has always been a source of satisfaction and pride to me that, for six years, I was one of the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose usual graceful description at the time was "Balfour's hireling and assassins." Their behaviour did not escape notice in England, for they were constantly attacked in the House of Commons by the Irish members, and vigorously defended by Mr



Balfour. Private individuals, moreover, in England marked practically their sense of the manner in which they carried out their duties.

One day I received the following letter :—

“ 174 LAVENDER HILL,  
“ LONDON,  
“ *July 18th,*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Englishmen read with pleasure Mr Balfour's testimony of the valued services of the Royal Irish Constabulary. He says there never was a time in recent years in which there was a larger number of eligible candidates anxious to join or fewer resignations from any cause in the police, or a time when the police were a more loyal, a more contented or a more efficient body. We all know how well their arduous duties have been performed by night and by day ; how their lives have been constantly in peril from mobs, and how they have been persistently incited to desert their colours but in vain.

“ As a tangible proof of my sympathy with them, I now enclose a cheque for £1000—to be absolutely at your disposal to enable you to assist constables injured in doing their duty, and to benefit those who have displayed conspicuous gallantry in the discharge of their duty.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ H. W.”

This letter and the donation were greatly appreciated, for, at the time they were sent, the floodgates of abuse were more than usually distributive. The money was formed into a fund called “ The Whiting Royal Irish Constabulary Fund,” which, I suppose, still exists.

The matter turned out to be one of very special interest to me, for, when I next went to England, I made Mr Whiting's acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm friendship, only to be broken by his death. It had another result of equal importance to me, for in 1902 his only daughter became my wife, an event which has never produced the slightest difference of opinion as to its results, which have been to both of us, happiness, contentment and mutual satisfaction with one another, in spite of the most singular and inauspicious circumstances under which our marriage took place, and which are so unprecedented and remarkable, that I do not think it necessary to offer an apology for intruding the narration of them into these reminiscences, though they are entirely of a personal character.

Mr Whiting, a rich man, had two sons and a daughter ; he left both of his sons with considerable means, and settled £32,000 or thereabouts on his daughter, with this strange proviso, that if she married at any period of her life without the consent of her mother and two brothers, she was to forfeit the whole of her money, which was to be handed over to the magistrates at Bow Street for the benefit of the London police for the same purposes as those for which the £1000 was given by Mr Whiting to the R.I.C.

The widow, Mrs Whiting, gave her consent to the marriage ; one brother had unfortunately passed away ; the other brother obstinately refused his consent. All my wife's other relations were in favour of the union, and neither of us for one moment hesitated to take the step, cost what it may.

The consequences, from a financial point of view, were unpleasant, for the brother held out, and handed

over to the police £32,000, or every shilling that my wife inherited from her rich father, leaving her, as far as the latter was concerned, penniless. We went to law, and judgment was given against us by Mr Justice Warrington. We then appealed, and the case was heard in the Court of Appeal. Our Counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, did all that a man could do, and fought a magnificent battle; but all to no effect. Wrong triumphed over right, and the appeal was rejected.

We were strongly urged to go to the House of Lords, where Lord Halsbury and his colleagues were not, we were told, timid and hidebound like Chancery judges, but we were so sick of the injustice of the law that we preferred to suffer the loss rather than to have anything more to do with it. We could not help contrasting to its great disadvantage the law of inheritance in Great Britain with that of France and Germany, where such an act of cruelty and injustice could not have been perpetrated.

The morning after the decision on the appeal, I met in Rotten Row a judge who was a great friend of mine, now, alas, no more. He asked me how the case had gone, and I told him. He said: "It is just as I feared—there is no doubt that a crying sin of injustice has been perpetrated by the majesty of the law, and the Chancery judges were not strong enough to prevent it by creating a precedent, which would have satisfied and delighted every reasonable being.

This opinion of a highly respected judge was like the balm of Gilead to me, and confirmed what I had often heard said—that one can have any amount of law in England if one likes to pay for it; and often, when one does not like to pay; but one can get little justice. In fact, law and justice often appear to be as little known to one

another as kindness and gratitude when they met by invitation in Allah's garden !

Eventually the money was handed to the police, and it was, of course, found that very little use of it could be made as designed by Mr Whiting ; so it was diverted to other objects, such as the Police Orphanage—which he certainly did not contemplate, as he had already given very large sums to that institution.

As the money was thus taken from my wife, and the act of spoliation a *fait accompli*, we are glad that it should have gone to the police, for there is no one to whom the public owes more than they do to this magnificent body of men, to whom the security and safety of our lives and property are due, to say nothing of immunity from death and danger which we enjoy in the present condition of our street traffic, which has been made so full of peril by the motor fiend. We only trust that the money is being really applied in a way which affords real advantage to the members of the police force, whose property it now is, and who are not accountable for the manner in which it was acquired. We trust, too, that, contrary to what has been asserted to be the effect of the enjoyment of unjustly sequestered Church property, no sinister results will accrue to those who now enjoy the possession of it.

Probably the two most important and far-reaching events, which happened during my period of office in Ireland, were the triumph of Mr Parnell and his colleagues over the "Times" in the refutation of the graver charges made against them through the medium of the proprietors of the leading newspaper, and secondly, the unfortunate circumstances in Mr Parnell's private life, through which the Irish Party was rent in twain and the aspirations of

the Irish people, which appeared to be at the time so bright and so likely to be realized, scattered to the winds.

As will be remembered, the "Times" succeeded in obtaining the services of a man named Piggott, who forged a number of letters, purporting to have been written by Mr Parnell, which if authentic would have convicted him and the leaders of the Irish Party of conniving at such heinous crimes that their cause would have been lost irretrievably. A commission presided over by three English judges sat for a hundred and twenty-eight days. Four hundred and fifty witnesses were examined, and ninety-eight thousand questions were put to them. As has been said, the Irish nation itself was on trial. Witnesses were brought to London from every part of Ireland, and the Government was not backward in helping to produce them.

The case was opened by the production of a vast number of agrarian offences, some of them of the most trivial nature, and the case became dreary and wearisome in the extreme. The *coup de grâce* was kept back to the last, in order to enhance the dramatic and crushing finale. At last came the letters, and Piggott, whose identity had been most carefully concealed, stepped into the witness-box and utterly broke down, being convicted out of his own mouth of forgery and perjury. He managed to fly, pursued by the police, and shot himself in a hotel at Madrid to avoid capture.

One day when I was at Tralee I received a message that Mr Soames, the well known solicitor of the "Times," was at Killarney, and would be much obliged if I would give him an interview. I assented, and the same afternoon he arrived. In the course of conversation, I asked him how the case was going to be conducted. In reply he showed



me an enormously lengthy list of records of boycotting and other agrarian offences with which they were going to commence. I said that surely everybody concerned would be sick to death of such repetition, and that it would be more than difficult to show that any complicity in them on the part of the Irish National Party existed. He said that this would be only preliminary skirmishing, but that they had a stone up their sleeves, and that when it was thrown, Parnellism and crime would be shown to be synonymous, and that Parnell and his companions would go down in ignominy, never again to show their dishonoured heads. I asked him what this terrible stone was. He said it was a dead secret, which he could tell to nobody.

Piggott was well known to the Executive as a man in very needy circumstances, who had been proprietor of two Fenian newspapers, "The Irishman," and the "Flag of Ireland," and as the writer of a pamphlet called as "Parnellism Unmasked," and was looked upon as a man who would sell anybody. Had the worthy solicitor for the "Times" been a little more confiding, he would have learnt much about the character of the "stone up their sleeves," which would have saved his clients from defeat and the expenditure, it is said, of over £200,000. The eagerness, however, to crush Mr Parnell and the Home-Rule cause was so intense, that all caution was thrown aside and replaced by gullibility almost incredible.

Eventually the "Times" settled a libel action brought against them by Mr Parnell for £5000, and the triumph of the Irish leader was complete. He was loudly cheered the first time he entered the House of Commons after the trial, and at a dinner of the Eighty Club. He received a great ovation at St James' Hall, where Mr (now Lord)



Morley was with him on the platform. He received the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. He had triumphant receptions at great Liberal Meetings at Nottingham and Liverpool, and he was Mr Gladstone's guest at Hawarden.

All looked well for the prospects of Ireland, when suddenly storm clouds gathered and out of them came a thunderbolt that laid the Irish leader low, undid all Mr Gladstone's laborious work of four years, and postponed autonomy for Ireland for a whole generation, besides giving unbounded triumph and gratification to the enemies of that unfortunate country, who had been in a state of depression since the vindication of Mr Parnell and the exposure of the means with which it had been sought to crush him.

When the decree *nisi* in the divorce case Shea versus Shea and Parnell was pronounced, it fell like a stunning blow on the Irish Nationalists, and also on the Non-conformist Liberals in Great Britain; and Mr Gladstone saw that popular feeling ran so high that it was impossible that Parnell should remain as leader of the Irish Party. When the decree was pronounced positive, and Mr Parnell married Mrs O'Shea, a proceeding looked upon as no marriage at all in a Church which does not acknowledge divorce, the Catholic bishops and clergy all pronounced against his leadership, while fully acknowledging the magnificent work he had done for Ireland. Mr Davitt and others besought him to retire for a few months, during which his place should be filled by a deputy. All to no purpose. The vote of the Irish Party in Committee Room No. 15, at the historical meeting, showed a large majority against him; elections, one after another, resulted in the victory of anti-Parnellites; but he remained obdurate, and supported by the Redmonds and

Mr T. Harrington, who stuck to him throughout, he threw himself into the struggle with stern determination, and fought to the death: and to the death it was, for his superhuman efforts killed him.

My rôle now became a totally different one. Instead of preventing forbidden meetings, it was my constant duty to protect one section of the Irish Party from the other. As a rule the Parnellites were the most formidable fighting men.

The first encounter was at Tralee, where Mr Parnell himself spoke, the last time I saw him. He presented a wonderful appearance; his long hair floating in the wind and with wild gesticulations he uttered a most telling speech. He appeared worn out and delicate, and I was not surprised to hear soon after that the end had come. His wagonette was surrounded by a large gathering of Parnellites, and outside these I had a cordon of police to keep the anti-Parnellites at a distance. They made but little disturbance, and after the meeting Mr Parnell was escorted to his lodgings, and thence to the railway by his sympathizers; the police covering the progress of these.

I felt the deepest pity for Mr Parnell, who had been until lately uncrowned king of Ireland, whose word and will had been law with the whole of the Nationalists, and whom now the police had to guard from violence at the hands of Irish men. It was indeed a tragic episode. I travelled up to Dublin in the same train as Mr Parnell, and at all the principal stations small crowds were assembled to greet him and hear him speak: there were no hostile demonstrations. The demeanour of the people, towards myself and the police, now changed completely. We were no longer "Balfour's murderers and brutal hirelings," but we were friends, simply doing our duty

in endeavouring to prevent the grievous bodily harm that one faction sought to inflict on the other.

On Mr Parnell's death Mr John Redmond came to Cork to contest the election against a local candidate, Mr Flavin. Mr Redmond, who was accompanied by his brother, received a perfect ovation wherever he went and was most popular, while the anti-Parnellites had to be closely guarded by police.

I came much into contact with the two Redmonds, and though they had been looked upon with the rest, as enemies for the time, they always behaved as *preux chevaliers*; they never descended to the low gutter-bred abuse of the police, that was so current at the time, and they were always polite and courteous to officials when they came into contact with them, which secured for them their goodwill and respect. No vestige of a mistake was made when Mr John Redmond was chosen as leader of the Irish Party.

The preservation of the peace, during the Cork election, was a very difficult matter. The Parnellites needed little or no protection, but their opponents, among whom were Mr John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien, would have fared very badly had it not been for the police. I used daily to visit the leaders of each Party and consulted with them, and then made my arrangements for securing that the meetings should be as undisturbed as possible.

The Parnellites paraded the streets to the inspiring tones of "We are the boys of Wexford," and whenever any of their processions came near an anti-Parnellite meeting, a strong body of police, which hovered near every meeting, threw themselves in front of the Parnellite force and barred their progress. The canvassers also needed protection; this was given as unobtrusively as

possible, and from a distance. But it was impossible to please everybody, and complaints of dogging and shadowing Mr O'Brien and Mr Dillon by police were made against me. Save the mark! I was only trying to keep their skins whole, no easy matter occasionally. Fortunately, one does not look for gratitude in this world. The leaders of both parties wrote their names for me in my name-book before they left Cork, and I am glad to say we parted friends.

Contrary to all our expectations, Mr Flavin was returned by a large majority, though all outward appearances pointed to the contrary. It was clear that the voting power was with the priests, and that their influence, which was then all thrown in the scale against the Parnellites, was not to be overcome.

I asked an elderly man of a humble class, after the election, what he did when the canvassers visited him. He said, "Sure, Your Honour, I promise my vote to them all." I asked him what eventually decided him, and he gave me this very candid answer: "Sure an' I give the vote whatever way the priest, God bless him, advises." This would thoroughly account for Mr Redmond's defeat.

The next night after the election I had an anxious time. Mr Redmond and his brother left by the night express for Dublin. The people went literally wild with enthusiasm, and the send-off given to them was more like that of a great conquering hero than a defeated candidate. Every corner of the station was packed, and men climbed on to the roofs of the carriages—the cheering was deafening, and in such a packed assembly the police could do but little. The hour for starting the train had long since passed. I forced my way to the

compartment where Mr Redmond and his brother were seated, and asked him to help me to get the carriage roofs and edge of the platform free of people, so that the train might start. He did so at once, and the excited beings after a little became silent and obeyed, and the train departed with safety to every one.

Owing to the admirable conduct of the police, no serious casualty occurred during this most stormy election. I remember that after the election I received several letters from friends, asking me why on earth I did not keep the police back, and let those who had been attacking and vilifying us for so long fight it out. It is strange what raw schoolboy notions men of mature age, and supposed to possess sound intellects, form, and what a number of them there are who are not suited to places or times of responsibility. Nothing seemed more natural and right to the writers than that the Nationalists should be left to break one another's heads till the streets ran with blood, and probably some lives were lost. I replied simply *Les affaires sont les affaires*; in the eyes of the police, all people are the same and have equal rights. I know, however, that I was considered an imbecile for letting slip what my friends called a splendid opportunity for retaliation.

Some desperate street-fighting took place at Ennis on the 15 December 1891 between the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. Mr Parnell had always had a strong hold there, and it remained faithful to his memory. The Irish National Federation and the priests of Clare arranged to hold a convention that day, and the Parnellites flocked into the town to prevent it. I was present with a large body of police, which turned out to be quite insufficient to cope with what followed.



The anti-Parnellites with Mr John Dillon, M.P., Mr O'Keeffe, M.P., and Mr Jordan, M.P., formed a procession at the railway and marched to the music of two bands to the O'Connell monument; there were a few attacks made upon them with sticks and stones on the way, and a few people were injured. When Mr Dillon essayed to address the meeting a terrific and continuous booing was set up, and he could not obtain a hearing. At last he gave it up in despair, and the M.P.'s, priests, and their followers went to a disused store to hold their meeting. Here they found some Parnellites already, who showed fight, but they were few in number and were expelled after a struggle. At the close of the meeting a vast concourse of Parnellites were assembled outside. I posted a large force of police in the street opposite the doors of the store. Directly the people began to emerge from the building, the booing was renewed and stones began to fly, and I had repeatedly to charge the Parnellites to keep them back. At last Mr Dillon appeared and was greeted with deafening howls. I asked him if he would have police protection, which he somewhat haughtily declined, and he went alone up the street, watched by me. He had not gone far, when four burly men, who had apparently been watching for him, rushed at him from the door of a house and proceeded to drag him in. I made a run with several constables and released him from his opponents. He was dazed, but not hurt, and he asked me what he should do. I told him that his life was quite unsafe in the streets that day, and asked him, as he would not have a police escort, to remain with me till I could get him into a place of safety, which he agreed to, and in the evening I saw him and the other M.P.'s. off by the train. Mr Dillon was perfectly



calm and self-possessed, though he was in considerable danger for a time.

Wild street-fighting took place all the afternoon, which the police were by no means strong enough to prevent. A large number of people were hurt, including one constable, in fact the casualties were far more numerous and severe and the fighting infinitely more bitter than that at the battle of the Burnt Store in April 1887, for failing to prevent which I had been held up in the Press and in Parliament as such a monster of brutality. Several priests were very roughly handled, and had it not been for the much abused police, many lives would have been lost. As may be imagined, no acknowledgment or thanks were offered for the protection accorded.

During the East Clare election in 1892, Mr William Redmond announced that he would hold a meeting at Scariff on a certain Sunday morning. The local police reported that the parish priest, Father Kenny, to whom I have already alluded as the only priest I came across in Ireland who incited his people to commit breaches of the law, had determined to keep Mr Redmond out of Scariff, and prevent him from holding any meeting. When the latter with his procession of cars and men on foot approached Scariff, which lies high, and attempted to ascend the steep hill leading up to it, they found the high ground occupied by the enemy, who commenced to boo and throw stones. Mr Redmond halted his column, which, after a few moments consultation, wheeled about and retired. Shouts of derision and triumph were hurled at the retreating foe.

The triumph, however, was of short duration; it was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Mr Redmond and his followers had only retired to a wood, pointed out to

them by a local Parnellite. Here they cut formidable sticks, armed with which they resumed their march on Scariff, and reappeared at the foot of the hill, to the astonishment of Father Kelly and his bold men. Headed by Mr W. Redmond, who was mounted, his party charged up the hill, drove the enemy back, who soon fled, took possession of Scariff and held a large and uninterrupted meeting in the enemy's stronghold. No severe casualties were reported, but Father Kenny, the cause of the trouble, had a narrow escape from an enraged Parnellite, who pursued him with a blackthorn, from which he only saved himself by taking refuge in a house, the door of which was barred against his assailant.

Such was the report of the police on the spot. I had called on Mr Redmond at Ennis early in the day to consult him as to whether he would like a force of police sent to Scariff to keep order at his meeting. He received me very civilly, but declined my offer, saying that they could very well take care of themselves, and as the sequel showed, he by no means underrated his power to do so.

At the end of 1890, and beginning of 1891, there was very serious distress in the Counties of Clare and West Cork owing to failure of the potato crop. I reported to Government after visiting the districts concerned. The Under-Secretary, Sir West Ridgeway, took most prompt and energetic steps to meet the exigencies of the case, and the spectre of hunger and starvation was exorcised. The matter kept all the officials in Clare and West Cork very fully occupied for some weeks, but no one of them grudged giving himself up to extra work, which was indeed a pleasant change from the duty of continual hunting after the National League, protecting the Sheriff when turning poor people out of their houses, and sup-

pressing free speech. I received the thanks of the Government for my share in the work of feeding the hungry.

In May 1891 the Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of (now the Marquis of) Zetland, made a tour through West Cork, Kerry and Clare, and it fell to me to make the necessary arrangements for his journey, his lodging and his protection. The latter was mere form, for no one needed protection less. His kindly, simple and unostentatious manner and his addresses pleased the people immensely. There was a great amount of anticipation and dread almost among them about this visit; they had an idea that the Lord-Lieutenant was a terrible being, who lurked like a *Deus ex Machinâ* behind Mr Balfour, and who really pulled the strings of coercion. They thought he would come in state with a small army of horse, foot, and artillery, arrayed in robes of state; and when they beheld an ordinary being dressed like anybody else, and with no escort but his Staff, the officials, and a few constables on cars, they were both disappointed and relieved.

One day when we were on our way to Skull it poured in torrents, and we managed to procure some yellow tarpaulin garments, jacket, trousers, and sou'westers. The amazement of the inhabitants was unbounded when they saw the dreaded Governor of Ireland dressed like an ordinary fisherman in bad weather.

A gunboat was in attendance, and took us to the Arran Islands, where the priest, the chief inhabitant, did not appear to greet the Viceroy, as his coming had not been officially announced to him, and his dignity was hurt. The island at which we landed abounded in blue gentian and maidenhair ferns, and we visited a curious prehistoric fort, wonderfully constructed with loose

stones, its walls being of amazing thickness. It stood on a high rock towering perpendicular over the sea. No such fort would ever have been constructed on a little island, one of three, the whole evidently once forming a promontary jutting out into the Atlantic, and divided into three by the continuous encroachments of the sea. Prior to this it probably formed a part of the continent of Atlantis, which is supposed to have been submerged through a series of mighty cataclysms commencing some 800,000 years B.C. Ireland is believed to have been the eastern extremity of this continent.

After leaving Tralee the procession of cars proceeded through Listowel towards Glin. I was on the leading car with Lord Zetland. As we approached Glin we saw a carriage pulled up across the road and two men standing in the middle of it. Lord Zetland asked me what this meant and why his roadway was obstructed. I told him it was the Knight of Glin. When we came up to him we halted, and the knight, a tall, stately figure, stepped forward, hat in hand, and with a low bow reported himself thus: "Desmond Fitzgerald, 23rd Knight of Glin, is come to welcome Your Excellency after ancient custom on entering into his county." There was nothing ludicrous about the proceeding. The knight bore himself with perfect dignity, and the Lord-Lieutenant tactfully and kindly adapted himself to the situation. It carried one back to past ages, when such knights as the Knight of Glin and their dames ruled like small kings, and when we hear that "Saints were many and sins were few," though I must beg leave to doubt if such was really the case.

The year 1892 made a great change in Ireland to me. The Liberals were returned to power, Mr Morley was

appointed Chief Secretary, and one of his early acts was to rid Ireland of Sir West Ridgeway and myself, as being removable and identified with a coercive administration. Sir West Ridgeway had done especially well in Ireland; firm, keen and energetic, he never exceeded his powers, and was most sympathetic towards the Irish people, as was especially shown by the way in which he grappled with threatening famine in the south-west. However, the Tories in the most arbitrary way had dismissed Sir Robert Hamilton, an equally excellent, straight and conscientious public servant, and they could say little when their own especially selected Under-Secretary was served in the same way by the Liberals.

As for myself, I was not surprised at receiving my dismissal by letter from Mr Morley: he could hardly have done otherwise. For nearly six years I had had charge of some of the most disturbed portions of Ireland. The Government took a certain line, and placed powers in the hands of leading officials like myself, to give effect to their wishes. When the people resisted, and persisted in defying, what Parliament had made law, very bad law though it may have been, one had no alternative but to use force. But among the many faults and failures of which I have doubtless been guilty, I do not think that I exceeded my duty, or that even the Nationalists who remember the events in the south-west of Ireland from 1886 to 1892 will agree with Mr William O'Brien who charged me with tyranny in County Clare worse even than that of the Czar.

My somewhat sensational and sudden dismissal by Mr Morley created a good deal of excitement at the time, and was needless to say regarded in very different light by Unionists and Nationalists. Among the latter arose



a pæan of jubilation, that one of Mr Balfour's chief officials had been unceremoniously discharged from his office. On the whole, however, there was but little personal abuse of me, and many of the Cork Nationalists called upon me to wish me God-speed and express their regret at my leaving, which was a very flattering testimony to the way I had tried to do my duty. "United Ireland," true to its colours to the last, gloried in my fall and dismissal, and pronounced that I was "as unnecessary as I was offensive." This parting shot of my most bitter and abusive enemy gave me an excellent finale for my vocabulary of vituperation. It really was a finale, for I have never since been the subject of public invective, though I do not for a moment pretend to say that I have escaped the amount of private abuse on the part of my friends that falls to the lot of most men.

I am a convinced Home Ruler in so far that I am positive that peace and content will never be permanently established in Ireland till a form of Self-Government, that would give the people the management of their own local affairs, is granted to them. The spectre of separation has long been laid, and no person with the least common sense believes in such absurdity. Wild things have been said in the past by hot-headed and irresponsible persons on the subject of Ireland as an independent nation: such words have the same value as the crackling of thorns under a pot. There is no form of argument weaker or more contemptible than that which throws in the teeth of men sayings which they uttered in times past, upon political platforms in moments of excitement, and when addressing often highly excitable audiences. Again, nothing is more futile and unlikely to lead to any good result than a feature which is common to all sides



in politics, of charging men with being "turncoats." It is only weak, shallow beings who, if their convictions show them that their past notions have been erroneous, hesitate to change or modify them.

That there would be any religious intolerance, bigotry or persecution on the part of the Catholics in case of Home Rule, I utterly disbelieve. I never saw anything approaching this during my long stay in Ireland. The only bigotry I discerned was that of the Orangemen, especially at certain seasons.

Great Britain would doubtless be forced to pay something at first towards the establishment of Home Rule. As said in Holy Writ, "be sure your sin will find you out," and this contribution would only be just compensation for the sins of forefathers, who, for their own selfish ends, destroyed Irish industries and blighted her prosperity.

As I have stated in a former chapter, I do not, for a moment, underrate the Ulster difficulty or deny that the whole question is one, a solution of which seems to "pass the wit of man to discover." The Irish Celt is a highly sensitive, sharp-witted being, full of the sense of humour and powers of imagination, and his aspirations must be reckoned with. Unfortunately, they are not in the least comprehended by the average Anglo-Saxon, who under-rates entirely their importance and force. Lord Morris was not far wrong when he replied to a question of an English visitor to Ireland, as to why there was so much difficulty with the Irish. He said it is due to the vain efforts of a slow and stupid people to govern after their own ideas a very quick-witted and clever one.

I left my office in the south-west of Ireland with the greatest alacrity and delight. I quitted Ireland and the Irish people with the deepest regret.

I should not like to leave the record of my Irish experiences from 1886-1892 without mentioning the names of some of the admirable Irish officials who rendered the most valuable aid to me in carrying out my difficult and always highly responsible task, in the accomplishment of which we did not attempt the impossible—to please everybody or anybody—but merely tried to carry out our orders and instructions with strict impartiality.

I have already spoken of Mr Shannon, a resident Magistrate, who was attached to me as legal adviser; to him I owe much, and I never found his advice faulty.

Among many others, far too numerous to mention, the following were of especial help to me: Mr Hodder, R.M.; County Inspectors of Constabulary, Singleton, Moiarty, and Heard; District Inspectors Newall, Hill, Creaghe, Crane, Rice, Coxwell-Rogers; and, above all, District Inspector Davis, who acted as my private secretary.

To these officials the public owes much; I have lost sight of most of them. Some of them have doubtless joined the great majority. I trust that when times became still and when the Nationalist Press ceased from official baiting, they were suitably rewarded. I rejoice, at all events, to think that none of them received the same flattering acknowledgment of their services as I did—dismissal!

I naturally concluded that with the change of Government and the removal from the Irish service of Sir West Ridgeway and myself, a complete change of administration would take place, and that, above all, the blessings of free speech would be unrestrictedly restored. But as the leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiop his skin, so at that time the British Government, of whatever

side, and of whatever expressed feelings towards Ireland, was perfectly incapable of treating the Irish as a free and civilized people, who might possibly have been dealt with by other means than a constable's baton.

What was my astonishment to receive, in July 1894, a report from some of my friends in County Clare of a meeting held by Mr W. Redmond, M.P. for East Clare, at which he addressed his constituents at a little village called O'Callaghan's Mills. The meeting was not proclaimed, but when Mr Redmond arrived, he found the place occupied by a large body of police, and the officer in charge told him that he would allow no meeting to be held that day. Mr Redmond tried to assert the right of free speech, and began his address, when he was assaulted by the police, while others scattered the people, who were quite orderly, with their batons, with which several people were struck. Allowing for a little exaggeration, the fact remains that a Member of Parliament was prevented by force from addressing his constituents in his own constituency, and that his hearers were scattered by police with drawn batons. The proceedings were headed in one newspaper: "*John Balfour Morley in his true colours; the member for East Clare assaulted by the Police. The people truncheoned.*" And it was pronounced that "Morley was no better than Balfour." I don't presume to offer an opinion, but it does seem a somewhat remarkable thing that under a Government, some of whose members were constantly denouncing landlords' evictions and the brutality of the police and of the officials, such a suppression of free speech by brute force should have been ordered and carried out.

Mr Redmond was himself very roughly handled and rudely treated by the police, which would not have

happened under my "brutal Czar-like" régime, for strictest orders were given by Mr Balfour and handed down by me that priests and Members of Parliament were to be treated with all the consideration possible under the circumstances.

## CHAPTER XI

### AT THE WAR OFFICE

Back in England—Retirement of the Duke of Cambridge—A last field-day—The Cordite Vote—Appointment of Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief—Lord Lansdowne—German army manœuvres—Hospitality of German officers—The Kaiser sends me his thanks—Secret Service—Lord Salisbury—The War Office of the 'Nineties—The City Imperial Volunteers—Organization without red tape—Am appointed Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces. Numbers of Volunteers serving in the South African War—Unsuccessful attempts to abolish my post—Mr Brodrick—The Imperial Yeomanry—The Norfolk Commission—Reversal of Mr Brodrick's policy—Sudden dismissal of Lord Roberts and the principal officers of his Staff—I also receive my *congé*—Kindness of the late King.

**T**HE next few years of my life were uneventful in comparison with the decade 1882 to 1892, which covered nearly all the remarkable and stirring incidents of my career.

Shortly after my return to England, I was called upon to experience that dreaded *bête noire*, a return to regimental duty after a long period of service in Staff or civil employment; and I was posted to a Lieutenant-Colonel's command at Woolwich. After a few months I was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the Royal Artillery at the War Office, and in this position I remained till promoted to the rank of General Officer in 1898.

The most important event which took place with regard to the army at home during that time was the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge in 1895 from the post of Commander-in-Chief, which he had held since 16 July,



1856, or nearly forty years. The venerable Duke felt grievously this retirement, which was due to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman ; but deeply as the army generally regretted the departure of one who was so popular and so kind-hearted, no one could argue seriously against the step taken, seeing that the Duke was seventy-six years of age, and that the inexorable weight of years was beginning to tell upon him. Not that there was not still much power of work in him.

A few days before his retirement he inspected the two Kent yeomanry regiments, and I went as one of the Staff. The day was most remarkable on account of the employment of an armoured train, due to the enterprise and generosity of a Volunteer Artillery officer, Colonel Boxall (now Sir Charles Boxall, K.C.B.). The Duke was highly interested in this then uncommon machine of war. After riding about all day at the inspection, he travelled up to London and presided at the Royal Artillery dinner, where he made a touching and affecting speech with reference to his departure.

Almost concurrently with the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge came a sudden change of Government. Mr St John Brodrick caught the Ministers and the Whips napping, and made an indictment against the War Minister, that the available supplies of cordite were dangerously short. The matter was pressed to a division, the Government found itself in a minority, the final result being that the Tories came into office for about ten years.

It was generally believed in the War Office that pressure was put on Lord Salisbury to reverse the decision of his predecessors with regard to the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge ; and that still greater pressure was

exercised upon him from a very high quarter indeed to appoint the Duke of Connaught as Commander-in-Chief, under similar conditions to those under which the Duke of Cambridge held the office. If such was the case, Lord Salisbury was obdurate. In the first instance, he could not naturally have upset the measures taken by the outgoing War Minister ; in the next place it had been determined that the tenure of the appointment was to be limited to five years, as in the case of other army appointments ; and further, that the advice said to have been given by the Duke of Wellington to the late Queen, namely, that the command of the army should always be vested in the person of a member of the Royal Family, should not be followed.

The Duke of Connaught would have filled the office as well as anybody ; his popularity was universal, and his appointment would have been hailed with joy throughout the army. Something, however, was reversed by Lord Salisbury, and that was the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller to succeed the Duke of Cambridge.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman had seen much of Sir Redvers Buller's work as Adjutant-General, and had evidently formed a very high opinion of him, in which he was not singular ; and his appointment as Commander-in-Chief was only awaiting Royal assent and signature, when the change of Government suddenly took place. In all probability Sir Redvers was better fitted for the high office than anyone, for he was possessed of all the qualities necessary for it. It was felt, however, that his appointment would involve the passing over of the most distinguished men in the army who were senior to him, and quite fitted to fill the post ; the scope and powers of which had been considerably reduced. The

nomination of Sir Redvers was not proceeded with, and Lord Wolseley was appointed. The position was not an easy one, for while the authority of the Commander-in-Chief was much lessened, that of the civilian Secretary of State for War had become paramount.

Needless to say, the situation was one that might evidently have resulted in considerable friction, to the detriment of the public good. Lord Landsdowne, the new War Minister, was fortunately possessed of supreme tact, combined with ability and strength of purpose in the highest degree. Probably no man could have been better adapted to face and go through the difficult situation than he, and it was due to the manner in which he handled matters that the system then inaugurated—which consisted practically of an omnipotent War Minister, and a so-called Commander-in-Chief with very little independent authority, and with colleagues who possessed as much power as himself, and could report to the War Minister in some matters without reference to him—worked at all. No small jealousy of the civil side of the War Office always existed on the part of the military side, so that it can well be imagined that now, with increased power on the one side and lessened authority on the other, matters were by no means easy for the War Minister.

The "Times" took the matter up, and opened its columns for weeks to the controversy as to whether the new system as intended could work, and whether the powers of the Commander-in-Chief should be increased or not. I may now safely confess that I was one of the correspondents who, time after time, by the kind indulgence of the "Times," filled its columns, over the *nom de plume* of *Senex*, with arguments to show that the

new system could not work, and that the Commander-in-Chief should either be given more extended powers or else that the office should be abolished.

Whether I was right or not, I do not presume to say ; perhaps I was ; for some nine years later this high office was suddenly abolished, at less than twenty-four hours' notice, by a *coup de theatre*, the like of which was unprecedented. To this I shall allude later.

In 1896, by permission of the German Emperor, I was attached to the XIV. German Army Corps for manœuvres, and for some few years this privilege was accorded to me—to my infinite benefit—and I was attached to different times to the Staff of the then hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, of General A. von Bülow commanding the Army Corps, whose headquarters were at Karlsruhe, of Generals von Grone, von Bissing, von Fallois, and others. I shall always have the most grateful recollection of the courtesy, kindness and hospitality with which I was welcomed and treated, as a British officer who was regarded by one and all as a comrade—and this with one solitary exception, for which a very bulky and tall young officer on the Staff of the late Grand Duke, who was himself the soul of courtesy and kindness, was responsible. Whether it was that he took a personal dislike to me, or because he hated all foreigners—a sentiment not unknown in John Bull's Island—and resented the presence of one with the German Army, I know not ; but he never lost any opportunity of being rude and offensive. I forget his name, and always refer to him as the exception which proves the rule of the extreme kindness and thoughtfulness displayed by officers of the German Army to those of the British who happen to be with them.

German officers always remember that their forefathers

and ours have never fought against one another, and that side by side and shoulder to shoulder they put a final end to the iron military hegemony which for twenty years had crushed the vitality of and impoverished Europe. To think of Teutons opposed to Britons in sanguinary conflict, would be to imagine a stupendous and appalling crime against humanity and civilization. There is, I feel confident, no real fear of this; certain it is that a portion of the Press loses no opportunity to promote friction and discord; but such utterances are like the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is dried up and dead.

In 1904 a violent attack was made on the German army, and especially on its officers, which made a sensation, and was translated into several languages. It appeared in the shape of an article in the "North American Review," by one Wolf von Schierbrand, entitled, "The Degeneracy of the German Army." The writer appeared to have drawn his information from a scurrilous little novel "Aus einer kleiner Garnison," which had lately been published, and which was eagerly sought by readers of prurient tendency.

I wrote an article in reply to this onslaught. It was published in the "Empire Review" of October 1904; and I offered it as a slight tribute of my gratitude to Germany and her Army. Shortly afterwards I received through the Germany Embassy in London a gracious message from the Emperor, in which he expressed his thanks to me for my defence of his officers against a mendacious and cruel attack, in reply to which they were precluded from speaking themselves. This incident seems to indicate that little escapes the notice of his Imperial Majesty. The letter was as follows:—



“ GERMAN EMBASSY,  
 “ *Nov. 2nd, 1904.*

“ MY DEAR GENERAL,

“ By command of His Majesty, my august Master, I have the honour to convey to you His Majesty's special thanks for your essay in the “ *Empire Review* ” of last October. His Majesty has taken great interest in the article and the courteous manner in which you defended the German Army and officers.

“ With kind regards to Lady Turner,

“ Believe me to be,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ F. V. D. SCHULENBERG.”

In 1898, when a Major-General on half-pay, I was employed through the medium of Mr Brodrick by Lord Salisbury on secret service, and I am proud to think that I gained the approval of that really great man. Of the nature of that employment, I am, needless to say, precluded from speaking.

Like many great men, Lord Salisbury had very simple tastes. One was for blackthorn sticks. I occasionally sent him one, and used to seek for exceptionally good ones in Ireland. I once found an exceptionally large and well-cut one, which I forwarded to him; he was delighted with it, and acknowledged it as follows:—

“ HATFIELD HOUSE, HATFIELD,  
 “ HERTS, *Aug. 11, '95.*

“ MY DEAR COL. TURNER,

“ I am very much obliged to you for the magnificent blackthorn which you have had so nicely mounted

for me, it is a really valuable present of which I shall be very proud.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours very truly,

“ SALISBURY.”

When I was dismissed from my post as Divisional Commissioner of Police in Ireland, Lord Salisbury wrote a very kind and most sympathetic letter to me, in which he said that he deeply regretted the course which the then Irish Government had taken with regard to me, because it was a departure from the even-handed treatment which the members of the Civil Service had up to then been accustomed to look to from both parties of the State, however rapidly they might succeed one another in the possession of power.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Salisbury was about the most impressive personality it ever was my lot to come into contact with, and withal so kind, sympathetic, and simple in manner that one felt at once that one might talk to him of that which one had to say freely and according to one's own conception and conclusion. He was a man who knew how to make himself served to the best possible advantage and *con amore*. It does not appear that the gap created by his passing away has since been filled, or that there exists much prospect of such a highly-to-be-desired consummation.

As a result of my experiences of the War Office as an official in the closing years of the last century, I should say that love of change, and especially that of uniform, was the leading characteristic.

<sup>1</sup> Note published by kind permission of the Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Lansdowne, then Viceroy of India, wrote to me most sympathetically to the same effect.

For the purpose of devising and carrying out variations in army attire, there existed a special department—the officer in charge of which usually wore a haggard, worried expression, and was surrounded by patterns of every description of dress and equipment. I once heard a very great man in the War Office say that he had found that an officer who remained long in this department usually became an invalid or a monomaniac—if not both. Certainly of the then War Office one could say, as Cicero said of mankind, “There is nothing fixed or stable among men, but all things pass and repass even as the ebbing and flowing of the sea.”

In 1899, soon after the beginning of the war in South Africa, as to the inception of which the less said the better, and after the black week in December, when the British Army, split up into three far too weak bodies, was hurled back, right, centre, and left, serious apprehensions arose as to how a sufficient force was to be procured to bring the war against the brave burghers, who were fighting desperately for their freedom, their hearths, and their homes—and that, too, with great advantage, owing to the nature of their country—to a successful conclusion. I was sent for by Lord Landsdowne to the War Office, and desired by him to represent that department and to assist in organizing a body of Volunteers for service in the war, as had been proposed by Sir Alfred Newton, the Lord Mayor, according to a plan suggested by Colonel (now Sir Charles) Boxall. The offer had been accepted on December 16th; and after I had seen Lord Wolseley, I acted as a go-between for the War Office; but I interfered as little as possible, for the business-like manner in which the organization, in all its details, of the City Imperial Volunteers was

carried out was perfect ; and I certainly took care not to introduce red tape from Pall Mall into the proceedings.

As to finance, the Common Council voted £25,000, and large sums were contributed by the Livery Companies, and by bankers, merchants, and other individuals of the City of London ; while Mr C. H. Wilson, M.P. and Mr Arthur Wilson at once placed one of their steamers at our disposal to convey 50 officers and 500 men to South Africa. The generosity, enterprise, and energy of the Lord Mayor, and the City of London generally, baffles all description, and would not, I think, have been equalled in any other portion of the world.<sup>1</sup>

On December 22nd I presided over a large meeting of Volunteer commanding officers at the Mansion House to settle the organization of the corps ; I found them in the highest degree amenable and intelligent, and not the slightest difficulty was experienced. Finance, Transport, Organization, Clothing and Equipment, and Horse and Saddlery Committees were formed ; Colonel (now General) Sir H. MacKinnon, who was selected for the command, was given a general supervision, and the work was begun at once.

The result was the rapid formation of a really magnificent body of 1471 officers and men, comprising a battalion of

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Boxall, who has been mentioned already in connexion with his armoured train, had prepared a scheme for organizing a body of Volunteers for the war, and had succeeded in obtaining the approval of the Lord Mayor, Sir Alfred Newton, and of the Commander-in-Chief, to his plan, the important features of which were that the Volunteers should be chosen from Metropolitan corps by their own commanding officers, organized at the Mansion House, and that the City of London, represented by the Lord Mayor, should be responsible for raising and equipping the corps. My aid was applied for, and after interviews with Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley, I went to the Mansion House to see the Lord Mayor and Colonel Boxall, and attended there daily till the corps left for South Africa.

infantry, two companies of mounted infantry, and a four-gun battery, equipped in the most perfect manner. This force embarked for South Africa between the 13th and 29th of January, 1900; the corps having only commenced its existence on December 20th. The C.I.V. did remarkably well during the War, and Lord Roberts wrote of them: "I have no finer or keener material under my command than the City Imperial Volunteers.

Sir Ian Hamilton, under whom a large number of them served, told me that they always did admirably. It is not to be wondered at that the return of the C.I.V. to the City produced a scene of the wildest enthusiasm, which the police told me they had never seen equalled on any occasion.

Early in 1900 the appointment of Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces was created, and I was appointed. Lord Landsdowne gave me specific directions that I was to do all in my power to encourage and develop the Auxiliary Forces, and to visit as many of them as time and opportunity allowed. I may say that I had always been, as far as in me lay, a strong believer in the possibilities of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, and had for some years been in the habit of presiding over their war games and supervising their exercises; my appointment was received by them with loudly expressed satisfaction. I followed out Lord Landsowne's wishes to the letter, and there are few parts of the country that I did not visit to inspect Volunteers in the few succeeding months. At that time very large numbers of the Auxiliary Forces went to South Africa, as may be gathered from the following figures, which show the numbers of them who took part in the war, all as Volunteers, prompted by patriotism, which caused them



to come forward and offer themselves for active service when the country was in sore straits.

	Officers.	N.-C. Officers and Men.
Militia . . . . .	1691	43,875
Yeomanry . . . . .	1398	34,227
City Imperial Volunteers . . . . .	59	1,667
Service Companies . . . . .	472	16,419
Volunteer Artillery . . . . .	8	235
Volunteer Engineers . . . . .	54	1,151
Total	<u>3682</u>	<u>97,574</u>

This is a fine record indeed, and shows what the country may expect from her sons in time of peril. Surely it would be little short of insanity to undermine, if not destroy, that voluntary spirit, which has made our great Empire what it is, by introducing a pseudo sort of conscription which is unnecessary, and which, while it would give us a large number of half-trained men, in no way fit to meet the vast and highly trained armies of the Continent, is contrary to the traditions and Constitution of our country, and repugnant to the temper of the British. The proposed system would, moreover, place an addition of some £8,000,000 a year on the backs of the taxpayers, which are already loaded to the limit of toleration. The Navy, and the Navy only, secures the British Islands from invasion; so long as the fleet has undoubtedly the command of the sea, we can be in no danger. If we lost that command, no army could save us, for over three-fourths of our food comes from across the water, and if our sea-ways are not secure, we should soon have famine and revolution.

Things went very well with my department for a

time. I had three very able assistants, Major Engleheart for Volunteers, Captain Merriman, R.A., for Militia, and Colonel Le Roy Lewis, D.S.O., for Yeomanry. Popular, however, as my department was with the Auxiliary Forces, it was detested by some of the military authorities as an innovation which made too much of the former, which had, as a rule, been snubbed and belittled by them. Unfortunately for the army, Lord Lansdowne was transferred to the Foreign Office, which gained what the War Office lost, and that was much. Lord Wolseley also, who had been strongly in favour of the creation of the office of Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, an appointment analagous to one he had himself formerly held, relinquished the post of Commander-in-Chief at the end of his five years' tenure; and then an opportunity appeared to offer itself to my friends to abolish me and my department: and I must candidly admit that the energy they displayed was great and worthy of a better cause. The struggle went on for some time, but eventually my opponents were defeated and scotched by the new Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and Mr Brodrick; and matters went on, but not too comfortably for me. I felt rather like Daniel in the lions' den, not knowing from time to time whether one or other of the apparently quiescent monsters would not go for my throat.

I survived; but needless to say, incidents of this description, and inter-departmental jealousies, which were not infrequent in the old War Office, did not make for public advantage.

Of Mr Brodrick (Lord Middleton), I cannot speak too highly: but he was by no means given a fair chance. His Army Corps scheme, very analagous to the army

scheme of Lord Haldane which has given the army a real organization which it never had before, was approved by Lord Roberts and adopted by the Government, the head of which, Mr Balfour, proclaimed that by it his Ministry would stand or fall. A determined and generally unfair attack was made on the scheme, and it was discredited and stifled ; and then Mr Balfour made what appeared to many people the greatest mistake in his career, namely, in the removal of Mr Brodrick from the War Office and in the appointment of his successor.

Under Mr Brodrick I had to do with the creation of the Imperial Yeomanry, a most useful and efficient force, now incorporated with the Volunteers in the Territorial Army. The inception of this force was entirely due to Mr Brodrick and Lord Roberts, and this would alone have been a great record of good service for the country. The details of the scheme were worked out by my assistant, Colonel Le Roy Lewis, D.S.O., who had served with yeomanry throughout the South African War. I have been informed that he was told by the War Minister that his name should be submitted to the king for a K.C.B. for his services in connexion with the organization of the Imperial Yeomanry. Unfortunately for him, as for many others, Mr Brodrick left the War Office, and his successor promptly cancelled the recommendation. Continuity of anything was not characteristic of those who occupied the seats of the mighty in Pall Mall.

At the instance of Mr Brodrick, a Royal Commission, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, was appointed to investigate the condition of the Militia and Volunteers, and to make suggestions as to the betterment of those forces. This Commission which commenced its sittings

on the 19 May, 1903, dragged out its weary length, with some breaks, till 11 February, 1904. An innumerable quantity of witnesses were examined, and the number of questions asked was legion. I was under examination for two whole days or more, and I could not help comparing the similar ordeal as to time which I underwent in connexion with the battle of the burnt store at Ennis, at the hands of Mr J. Harrington, M.P., very much to the disadvantage of the Royal Commission, and the respectable dullness of whose proceedings contrasted very unfavourably with the strong sense of humour displayed constantly in the Irish court-house, even under most solemn circumstances.

I fear that my evidence, which was root and branch contrary to the conclusion arrived at by the majority of the Royal Commission, was highly unpalatable to that august body ; but I had a strong testimony in favour of it from the late Sir Charles Dilke, who met me in Rotten Row one morning shortly after the Report of the Royal Commission was issued. He told me that he had read the Report from end to end, and that my evidence and that of Sir William Butler were oases in a large and dreary desert ! The Commission went apparently quite outside the scope of their intended inquiry, their conclusion being that there should be no Militia and Volunteers, but in their place a home army raised by conscription ; and taking about 190,000 recruits annually. As this would have added £25,000,000 annually to the cost of the army, the proposition, needless to say, was not adopted. Nor were many of its really sound and valuable recommendations considered ; for a new Secretary of State succeeded Mr Brodrick, and as the former had most violently condemned in unstinted terms the army administration

of his two predecessors, it was but a natural sequence that when he came into office he should sweep away, or try to sweep away, all traces of it.

It has been said, "Every Secretary of State for War, a new Army system," and usually to the confusion of the unfortunate victim. It may really be hoped now that these constant changes are at an end, and if such be the case, it will be due to the recommendations of the Esher Committee as regards the government of the army, and to Lord Haldane for the admirable and efficient organization which he has so patiently and skilfully built up. The recommendation that the Commander-in-Chief and the Headquarter Staff, as then constituted, should be abolished and replaced by the Army Council, was perfectly sound, as time has shown : but the manner in which the said abolition was carried out can only be described as an outrage. No previous notice was given to the officers concerned ; but on a Sunday afternoon, they (including the Commander-in-Chief) received a letter, one and all, from the Secretary of State for War, in which they were informed that their appointments ceased to exist that self-same day, and that an announcement to that effect would appear next morning.

We had left the War Office on the Saturday evening, in complete ignorance of the existence of the tremendous *coup de main* which had been hatched. We arrived on the Monday morning to find that the shell had burst, and that a number of the most distinguished war-tried officers who occupied the highest posts in the army had been summarily dismissed, without notice, from their appointments. Many questions were asked on the subject in Parliament : but no reason was ever given by the War Minister for the extraordinary proceeding, except that



what had been done was carried out with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief : but, as the latter was himself the chief victim, we venture to suppose that a " terminological inexactitude," such as is not altogether unknown in the House of Commons, was made use of. A cloud of apprehension as to what would follow hung over Pall Mall for some days. No one knew whether he himself would not be the next lamb to be led to the slaughter.

I myself felt certain that I, as a relict of Lord Landsdowne and Mr Brodrick, would be one of the next castaways ; that, however, would have mattered little to me, as on the 3rd March my superannuation was bound to come in natural course. When, therefore, a day or two subsequent to Black Monday, I received a summons to betake myself to the Secretary of State, I felt sure my hour was come. Judge then of my surprise when I was told by him that my services were so good and so important at that time of change of systems that he would be much indebted to me if I would remain on in my appointment after March 3rd, which could be effected by an existing regulation. I rather demurred, as I had made all arrangements for a long foreign tour. I asked how long I might consider myself wanted. He said, practically as long as I liked. I asked for a day to consider the matter, with the result that, as I always tried to subordinate my interests to those of the public service, I cancelled my arrangements with much inconvenience, and next day informed the War Minister that I was ready to meet his wishes.

A few weeks later he again sent for me, and to my infinite astonishment curtly informed me that my successor was appointed ; and notified to me in so many words that it was time for me to make myself scarce. I promptly



left his room, went next day to Leeds to make a long promised inspection of Volunteers, returned for a day to the War Office ; and then, with joy, shook the dust off my boots as I left for ever that ill-famed establishment in Pall Mall, which had of late become intolerable, and of which Lord Hugh Cecil had recently said that ineptitude, like leprosy, clung to its walls. I thought he had gathered this idea from the fact that, previous to the reign of Henry VII., the ground on which the War Office stood was, tradition relates, the site of the great Leper Hospital of London ; but he told me later that he had not heard of this tradition—adding that if he had done so, he would have made much more of his point : as can well be believed !

What induced the Secretary of State for War to treat me with such scant courtesy and want of consideration he did not disclose, and I did not inquire : I was not made aware of any shortcomings on my part ; I never encountered him again. Questions were asked in the House of Commons on the subject, but were always brushed aside. For the first time I have stated what actually occurred ; and thus, for the second time in my life, I found myself dismissed, though in a different manner. For, in 1892, Mr Morley gave me two or three months warning, and sugared over the bitter pill with the consideration and courtesy that one might have expected of him, but which the most sanguine person could not then look for in Pall Mall.

I relate the following incident to demonstrate the thoughtfulness and kindness of heart of the late King, which so endeared him to all who came into contact with him. I had gone to Salisbury Plain to inspect the Wiltshire Yeomanry ; the commanding officer, the Rt. Hon.

Walter Long, met me at the railway-station, and mounted me on a magnificent chestnut horse of his own. We proceeded to the place where the regiment was paraded for inspection, when suddenly my horse stopped, reared up, and fell back on me. The ground was very hard, and all thought it was all over with me. I, however, extricated myself and rose to my feet, as I thought, unhurt. I then found that my left arm was snapped across the humerus and was hanging down by my side. I was at once taken to the hospital tent, where the arm was skilfully set by the yeomanry surgeon.

Curiously enough, I suffered very little pain; and when the mending was over, I was able at once to go forth and carry out the inspection. Nothing could exceed the solicitude and kindness of Colonel Walter Long and the officers of that fine and very well trained regiment.

The King was at Homburg at the time. He had heard of my accident, and commanded the equerry, Colonel (now Sir Arthur) Davidson, to write to me to express His Majesty's regret that I had met with a serious accident, and his hopes that its effects would not last for long; and further, his wishes to be kept informed as to my progress.

On January 9th, 1909, I went to Southampton to speed my close friend, Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the authoress, on her voyage to Capetown, before making her adventurous journey from the rail-head at Broken Hill, in Rhodesia, to Tanganyika. Her goal was Cairo, but, owing to the prevalence of sleeping sickness, traffic on the lake had been discontinued, and her forty-nine native carriers would not have been allowed to proceed with her. She had therefore to abandon her original intention, and march on foot from Abercorn to Karonga, and thence by gunboat to

Fort Johnston. Though the aim of the enterprise was not accomplished, the journey was adventurous, and occasionally perilous from wild beasts and natives. One track of 540 miles had to be marched, with no companions but some fifty dusky carriers, and the expedition was one of the most remarkable ever accomplished by a woman. The full account of the above has been written by Miss Charlotte Mansfield in her book, "Via Rhodesia," published by Stanley Paul & Co. (1911).

## CHAPTER XII

### PRIVATE LIFE

My official career ends abruptly—Helpful and efficient fellow-workers in Pall Mall—I commence a new life—Politics—The Channel Tunnel scheme—Unreasonable scare created—University College School opened by King Edward VII.—Lord Haldane unveils the King's statue at the school—Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence's munificence—I join the Council of the Jewish Territorial organization—I become a Director of the British North Borneo Chartered Company—Visit of a deputation of the London County Council in the city of Nancy—The 20th French Army Corps—Jeanne d'Arc—Generals Pau and Langlois—Female suffrage—W. T. Stead—The Stage—Psychic experiences—L'Envoi.

**M**Y official career came thus somewhat abruptly to a close in 1904, and in spite of the somewhat mortifying manner in which the curtain fell upon it—without any call to the front, but, on the contrary with a somewhat curious snub from the War Minister—I have no cause to complain; for, with few exceptions, I have been singularly fortunate as to those in high stations under whom it has been my lot to serve and whose approval I have been fortunate enough to gain.

Entering the army as I did without money or interest—as a rule the two straight paths to advancement, at all events in past times—it is no small thing to have retired as a General Officer with, I hope, a sound mind in a certainly sound body, and to have been awarded two Companionships of the Bath, one civil for service in Ireland, the other military for war service in the Soudan—the latter of which was exalted by the late King on his

coronation to Knight Commander on the recommendation of Mr Brodrick.

As my last words with reference to the War Office, I should like to mention the names of many of my co-workers who did admirable work, in spite of the system, or rather systems, which then prevailed. Want of space precludes this; but I cannot forbear from pointing to Lord Grenfell, Sir Charles Mansfield-Clark, Sir Edward Ward, Sir William Nicholson,<sup>1</sup> Sir Ian Hamilton and Major-General J. S. Cowans, Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), Sir Ralph Knox, and Sir Frank Marzials, as men with whom it was a special privilege to be associated; they were possessed of great ability, and were always ready to be helpful; and were untrammelled by that red tape which, like the octopus, threw its feelers and tentacles far and wide in the War Office, being like the monster described by Victor Hugo in his "Les Travailleurs de la Mer": "*Une viscosité qui a une volonté, de la glu pétrée de haine, quoi de plus effroyable!*"

When I first retired, I imagined that time would hang heavily on my hands; and especially did I think thus as I contemplated the existence in clubs led by a large number of my brother-officers—many of whom had been efficient and active in their profession, but who, though they had many years of good work in them, did not appear able to adapt themselves to any new line of life. It must be palpable that a very large amount of working power and energy is wasted and lost to the nation through the hard and fast rules of compulsory age-retirement. Many men of sixty, and even beyond it, are younger and more active in mind and body than others at forty. Still, room must be made for the rising

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Nicholson

generation; and the German plan of keeping their officials so long as they are fit and discharging at any age those who are found to be unfit, would be too hard a problem to solve in a satisfactory manner under a Government and system of administration such as ours.

I soon discovered, however, that there was no lack of work before me; but that, on the contrary, there was infinitely more to be done than had fallen to me even at the busiest times of my official career, if I consented to undertake a moiety of that offered to me. There was one great advantage in this new sphere of activity which was opening out before me—that I was now my own master instead of being servant to many masters; and that if I had been compelled occasionally to suffer fools gladly (metaphorically speaking), I should only have one to suffer, namely, myself. One regards one's own faults, failures, and virtues in a very different light from that by which others, and especially one's candid friends, estimate and judge them and ourselves.

Up to my retirement from the army, I had taken no part in politics; but, having been always of Radical and Socialistic tendencies, I had joined the National, Liberal, and Eighty Clubs, and at the General Election of 1906 I made a vast number of speeches in many parts of the country, preaching about the super-excellence of the social reforms, and the great economies and lowering of taxation which were dangled in the eyes of the country. Fortunately for me, I resolutely declined to stand as a candidate for Parliament, as I was pressed to do. No one past forty or forty-five should do this for the first time. I was very soon disenchanted, and my zeal fell to zero.

I hope others may take warning by my experiences; bad though an idle life is, and no blessing to anybody,



it is infinitely more wholesome to do nothing than to give oneself to the most thankless and the most crooked occupation of working for a political party. I still do so to some extent, and shall continue to do so, as I have gone into the groove, and habit has become second nature ; but the result of an election now neither gives me transports of joy nor feelings of despondency.

In 1906-7, a great effort was made by Baron Emile Erlanger to carry out the Channel Tunnel project, and I was invited to become a member of the Board of Directors, which consisted of Baron Erlanger (Chairman), Lord Burton, Mr Arnold Morley, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell, and Lord Stalbridge, an old schoolfellow of mine at Westminster.<sup>1</sup>

I accepted, and at once set to work to propagate the scheme, writing many articles and making many speeches—chiefly tending to show that, from a military point of view, there could be no danger in the existence of such a tunnel between England and France, as it could be rendered inoperative in many different ways at a few minutes' notice. The scheme was, on the whole, very well received, and there seemed to be every chance of its passing through Parliament. I was ferociously attacked by some military writers in the Press, but their communications were always anonymous, and, as such, not worthy of notice.

I had always taken great interest in the question of such communication between France and England, and believed that it would be of enormous advantage socially and commercially ; and the only doubts that arose in

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Holland, now Lord Rotherham, brought the bill (1907) before the House of Commons, and did yeoman work for the creation of the tunnel.

my mind were whether, having regard to the enormous outlay for the construction of the tunnel—estimated at £16,000,000—it could ever be in itself a remunerative affair. All seemed to be going well, when a portion of the Press succeeded in raising a scare as to what France might do against us if the tunnel were a *fait accompli*; and the Government, which was believed to favour the scheme and to consider that no danger could accrue from its construction, refused to support us, on the ground that the population might fear, and that fear might produce panic, which might be as bad in its effects as war itself. The making of the tunnel could not be said to be of vital importance, and doubtless the decision of the Cabinet was sound.

Of late John Bull has been addicted to scares; and though the grounds for them, as a rule, have as much reality in them as the flies said to torment a person in *delirium tremens*, still they may produce very disastrous effects if not allayed. The history of the various proposals to establish underground communication between France and England is a curious one. Napoleon the Great was the first ruler to whose notice such a plan was brought. The proposal came from a French engineer, de Mathieu. Peace then reigned in Europe in consequence of the Treaty of Amiens. Napoleon highly approved, but in 1804 the great wars that lasted till 1815 broke out, and all prosperity and industrial enterprise were choked, as they must be always by war—the greatest curse that can befall humanity. After this, from time to time, various schemes were presented, and in 1856 a celebrated French engineer, de Gamond, brought a new plan, the result of twenty-two years' study of the depths of the Channel, to the notice of

Napoleon III.; and through that monarch, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were made acquainted with the scheme. All highly approved of the idea. The difficulties were very great, but no suggestion of danger was made by the various Ministers by whom the possibilities of the scheme were discussed—Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Derby and others—till it was started by a War Office Committee, whose members, with the exception of two great and distinguished soldiers, Sir John Adye and Sir Andrew Clarke, were apprehensive as to what might ensue from the establishment of such international communication.

A Channel Tunnel Bill was brought forward in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Watkin in 1884 and 1889 without success. On the latter occasion, as Mr Winston Churchill tells us in his "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," Sir Edward Watkin had explained a device by which even a Minister of State could in an instant blow up the entrance to the tunnel. Lord Randolph made a joke out of this, and drew a funny picture of the First Lord, Mr W. H. Smith, sitting with his colleagues round a table, and waiting for the moment to press the button. The joke was not a very profound one, but it excited roars of laughter from all quarters of the House, and the Bill was promptly thrown out by 307 to 165. That a most serious and important project, affecting the means of communication between two great nations, should have been derided and defeated by the utterance of a joke—which, one may take it for certain, the brilliant statesman who was responsible for it did not intend—seems once more to show the correctness of Carlyle's judgment of the majority of the House of Commons in those days.

Mr Gladstone and Mr John Bright strongly supported the creation of the tunnel, and derided the idea of danger to England.

The matter rested for nearly twenty years ; and my Board of Directors, having thoroughly satisfied themselves that there was no more danger in the creation of the Channel Tunnel than there is to France or Italy through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, or to Switzerland and Italy from the St Gothard Tunnel, which is 9 miles long, or the Simplon Tunnel,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, put forward their scheme, prepared by the eminent engineers, Sir Douglas Fox and Mr Francis Fox, to the Government and the nation. But it was not to be : ridicule killed the first scheme, fear the second ; the third attempt will probably succeed, and people will wonder why the establishment of such a benefit was so long postponed.

In the same year His Majesty Edward the VII. most graciously consented, in consequence of my petition to him through Lord Knollys, to open the new buildings of University College School at Frognal, of which I am a Governor. The King came, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, and attended, among others, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

As was always the case, the King took all hearts by storm ; and loyalty brimmed over to such an extent that, when at the close of the proceedings three-times-three vociferous cheers had been given for His Majesty, they were repeated for the Queen and the Princess ; and then, to the infinite embarrassment of the Primate and amusement of the King, the boys in the gallery gave " three cheers for the Archbishop of Canterbury," which were taken up by the audience. The proceeding

was contrary to all etiquette, but did not damp the success of the day, which was perfect.

As the King was leaving, he spoke a few kind words to each of the Governors ; and when he arrived in front of me, he said that he had always looked upon me as a man of very good sense, and he could not conceive how I had been one of the promoters of the Channel Tunnel. I answered that we all thought His Majesty favoured the scheme. The King replied : " Certainly not. It is a most pernicious scheme. We have been made an island, so let us remain." Then, turning round to Lord Monkswell, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, the King said, laughing : " I have given it to him well ! " Lord Monkswell promptly replied : " Serve him right, sir, serve him right ! "

The Royal party then departed, evidently highly pleased with their reception and the arrangements, which had been made for them by Dr Spenser, the headmaster, and others. I wrote a few days later to Lord Knollys to express profound thanks to the King for his visit ; and I asked him to inform His Majesty that, in consequence of what had fallen from his lips, I should have no more to do with the Channel Tunnel scheme so long as the King disapproved of it—which drew a strong remark of approval from him.

The King appeared then to be in the most robust health ; and we little thought how soon we should lose one whose kind and genial face was the reflection of an intensely kind heart, which was never closed to any genuine case of sorrow, affliction, or distress. One looked forward to many years of his reign ; and it was a bitter blow indeed to the Empire when he was suddenly and prematurely snatched from among us. Of all men I



have ever come into contact with, he had the greatest gift of inspiring affection towards himself; and not a mere transitory emotion "wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings," but one which—as far as I am concerned—will last the remainder of my life.

One more communication with reference to University College School came to me from His late Majesty. I informed him, through Lord Knollys, that it was proposed, with his approval, to ask Mr Haldane to unveil the statue of the King, which had been set up in commemoration of the opening of the school by His Majesty. He replied that no more appropriate person than Mr Haldane could be selected for the purpose.

To the joy of the Board of Governors, Mr Haldane found himself able to give effect to our wishes. After performing the ceremony, he delivered in the Great Hall one of the best addresses upon the functions of Royalty in connexion with education that it was ever my lot to listen to.

The visit of the King and the unveiling of his statue are events in the annals of the school of which the memory will be ever green.

Upon the much-lamented death of Lord Monkswell, Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence was elected as the Chairman of the Board of Governors; and he has since performed an act of remarkable munificence for the school which I must not pass over in silence. The school, up to latterly, occupied a portion of the buildings of London University College in Gower Street. The College by degrees became so expanded that the space at its disposal became much too restricted. It was accordingly agreed that the school should receive £60,000, and find accommodation elsewhere. A site was purchased at Frognaal, Hamp-

stead, and upon it were erected the present magnificent school buildings. But the cost of the site and building and furnishing cost over double the money received from the College, and created a very heavy debt. Great efforts have been made to reduce this debt; and many former pupils of the school, known as "Old Gowers," have liberally subscribed to help to clear their Alma Mater from the burden. Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, himself an Old Gower, and Lady Durning Lawrence made the most magnificent donation of £8,000—for which all who are interested in the school and the welfare of education must feel truly grateful.

Such acts of princely munificence are rare. Sir Edwin is a man of many parts, and has distinguished himself as a protagonist of the Bacon *versus* Shakespeare theory. I have heard him make out a very good case on sundry occasions. I took the Chair once at a debate of the Polyglot Club, when he did so; but the opinion of the meeting was overwhelmingly against him, and only he and a lady, his seconder, voted for Bacon. He was not, however, in the least discouraged. My own humble opinion is that we possess the most magnificent book ever written in any language, which has been known as "Shakespeare" for over three centuries; and that it were best that it should so remain known, and not as Bacon, and that it matters very little who the author actually was. But *chacun a son goût*.

I have always been in the deepest sympathy with the Jewish race, admiring their wonderful tenacity of purpose, their robust vitality and vigorous growth, despite the endless persecution they have undergone at the hands of Christians from time immemorial. Robbed, outraged, murdered they can be; but extirpated either

by the tide of time or the cruelty of Christians, they will never be. When, therefore, the atrocities or *pogroms* were committed on the Jews in Russia in 1905, I readily accepted the invitation <sup>1</sup> of Mr Zangwill to join the Council of the Ito, or Jewish Territorial Organization, whose object it was to obtain the grant of a large tract of land, if possible, under the ægis of the British flag, to which the Jews in Russia could go as to the old cities of refuge, where autonomy would be secured for them, and where, in short, they would form a distinct Jewish State. I thought at the time that the Jewish community at large in Great Britain favoured the scheme; but when I found that this was not the case by any means, I much doubted as to the possibility of realizing Mr Zangwill's ideal, especially as the powerful body of Zionists were strongly opposed to it.

Mr Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary for the Colonies, was most sympathetic; but the tide of time brought a change of Government, and the idea, which, it must be acknowledged, was bristling with difficulties as to its accomplishment, did not seem to appeal to his successor. Mr Zangwill worked on with the greatest ability and tenacity; and most excellent work has been done in the emigration of suffering and persecuted Jews from a land of bondage—compared to which Egypt under the Pharaoh was an Elysium as far as the race of Israel is concerned; on this account the Ito deserves a place in the records of the greatest charities of the world; and it is an infinite satisfaction to me that I am identified with its labours.

<sup>1</sup> This invitation was conveyed to me by Miss Carmel Goldsmith (now Mrs Haden Guest), daughter of Colonel Goldsmid, and, like her father, an indefatigable worker on behalf of the oppressed people of her race.

From the year 1882, I have taken the greatest interest in the colony of British North Borneo, which is due to the enterprise of the late Mr W. C. Cowie, who was for many years in Borneo, and latterly the Chairman of the Company, and to Sir Alfred Dent, who was the means of procuring a charter for the company from Lord Granville.

The progress of a newly opened territory must always be slow, but in the case of British North Borneo it has been steady, and I do not think that it has often happened that such a development can be shown to have taken place in thirty years as has been the case with this colony, whose size is 31,000 square miles—just the same area as that of Ireland. North Borneo has a great future; and though there has been hitherto much disappointment as to the discovery of diamonds, gold, and other minerals which undoubtedly exist in the territory, and though the search for petroleum, which is found in large quantities in the neighbouring state of Dutch North Borneo, has not been rewarded with success, the rubber industry is growing apace. Most of the plantations of the twenty-three rubber companies in the territory are young and the trees not yet ripe for tapping, but the soil has been found to be especially favourable for their growth, and if the most fair and reasonable expectations are not upset, this industry will be of untold value in the course of the next few years.

Sir West Ridgeway, with whom I was associated up to 1892 in Ireland, is now the capable and energetic Chairman of the Court of Directors, and has just visited the colony to make himself personally acquainted with its conditions and requirements, especially as to Chinese labour—the interference with which appears to be one of the most remarkable of the crazes of to-day. I have been for some

little time a member of the Court of Directors of the Chartered Company, Chairman of the North Borneo State Rubber Company and member of the Board of the Manchester North Borneo Rubber Company, whose plantations are in an advanced stage of progression. The colony thus gives me employment, responsibility, and profit ; for the shares which I took in the Chartered Company in 1882, all of which I hold to-day, now pay 5 %, a dividend likely to become much higher in the next few years.

A curious circumstance took place a few years ago with regard to this colony. The Governor—certainly a very able man, but not, as it seems, on the best of terms with the Directors—wrote to the Colonial Office to inform somebody there that the affairs of the colony were not flourishing financially, and that now was the time for the Government to put down their hand and take possession of it. It is presumed that the letter was meant to be *strictly private*. Some official at the Colonial Office—it is supposed by mistake—put it into a wrong envelope, and addressed it to the Directors, whose righteous indignation may be imagined. The result was the transfer of the Governor to another post. On the whole the dealings of the Colonial Office with the Chartered Company have been marked with tact, wisdom, and consideration.

In June 1909 I received, through Monsieur A. Sire, the able representative of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, an invitation from the Mayor of Nancy to accompany a deputation of the London County Council, consisting of the Chairman, Sir Melville Beachcroft, and some eight members ; several ladies, including Lady Beachcroft, accompanied them. Every possible arrangement for our comfort was made from Charing Cross to Nancy, where



we were lodged in the principal hotel as guests of the community.

Our stay in this most picturesque city, the capital of the old Duchy of Lorraine, lasted a week, during which we were entertained and fêted with the most generous hospitality. There I met General Pau, commanding the 20th Army Corps, now Inspector-General of the French army, who lost an arm in the war of 1870-71, and General Balfourier, both of whom are most accomplished and capable soldiers. The former ordered a field-day and small manœuvre for my pleasure, and I was glad indeed to have an opportunity of seeing troops of this army corps—said to be the best in France. They left little to be desired—smart, active, well-trained, especially the artillery; while the infantry were capable of marching any conceivable distance. It would be hard indeed to surpass in quality this 20th French Army Corps.

I also had the pleasure of meeting General Langlois, a Senator, and General Pau's predecessor in command of this army corps. He was, for unfortunately he is since dead, one of the most accomplished officers in the French army; and had served throughout the Franco-German War. What was of special interest to me was that he had visited a portion of our Territorial army, about which he wrote a book the following year, called "*L'Armée Anglaise dans un Conflit Européen.*" While being fully alive to the difficulties connected with the force, especially as to its mounted branches, he arrived at a very different conclusion from those among us who are constantly uttering dreary jeremiads about the Territorial army and the forces of the Crown generally—as if their object were to show their insufficiency and unfitness to the world at large, and induce other nations to come and

try conclusions with us. I suppose these persons would be offended if they were told they were not patriotic ; but it must be admitted that it is a queer sort of patriotism which deprecates its own army ; and, to use an expressive but vulgar saying, delights in crying, " Stinking fish at home."

A great banquet was given in our honour at the Hôtel de Ville, presided over by the Mayor, Monsieur Bouchier. I was desired to propose the toast of "*L'Alliance Franco-Britannique.*" As may be supposed, I felt a little nervous in making a speech in a foreign tongue, but I believe I succeeded fairly well. At all events, our hosts were delighted, which was my first consideration. I give the extract from the Nancy newspaper, "*L'Eclair de l'Est,*" as it was copied far and wide in the French Press and gave, I am glad to say, much satisfaction :—

" Toast du général Sir Alfred Turner.

" Le général Turner, dans son brillant uniforme, se dresse avec une apparence toute martiale et prononce d'une voix forte et émue le beau toast suivant : ' Je suis extrêmement touché de l'accueil si cordial et si généreux que vous avez bien voulu m'accorder, surtout n'ayant pas l'honneur de me trouver parmi vous comme membre du London County Council in de l'Alliance Franco-British, ni comme membre de parlement ou comme représentant de la Presse. C'est comme officier anglais que vous m'avez donné une réception que je n'oublierai jamais, et je vous offre ma plus vive reconnaissance. Il y a longtemps, très longtemps, que les soldats français et anglais se sont rangés en ligne de bataille, l'un contre l'autre. Il est impossible de se figurer qu'il s'élève des questions diplomatiques ou autres qui pourraient fair surgir la guerre entre deux pays dont les peuples sont

réunis par tant de liens, qui par la continuation de leur concorde, maintiendront, au plus grand degré, la paix européenne.

“ ‘ La guerre est un crime affreux et stupide—et il n’y a pas un homme possédant le sens commun qui la désire—mais jusqu’a ce que la nature humaine se changera, ce qui n’aura pas lieu dans ce siècle, il serait insensé de se désarmer, de se dépouvoir, de la suprême garantie de l’indépendance. Il faut donc maintenir, selon les circonstances, les flottes ou les armées immenses et ne pas amoindrir ou affaiblir sa force défensive. Quand j’ai vu aujourd’hui les troupes magnifiques de la garnison de Nancy, cette ville si splendide et si pleine de mémoires guerrières et de traditions glorieuses, l’espérance surgit dans cœur que jamais de tels officiers et de tels soldats deviendront les ennemis de mon pays.

“ ‘ Je vous remercie encore de tout mon cœur au nom de l’armée anglaise, de l’aimable, chaleureux et cordial réception que vous m’avez donnée et j’ai l’honneur de lever mon verre et de boire à la santé de la vaillante armée qui fait l’orgueil de la belle France.’ ”

These words went home to the audience, and they were enthusiastically cheered for some moments.

A little later, the big square which has at its angles some of the most beautiful bronze and gilt gates I ever saw, was packed with troops mounted and dismounted, carrying torches ; and when they were formed up, four large bands massed played a series of airs ending with the Marseillaise and “ God save the King.” The spectacle was magnificent, and we were greatly impressed.

The next day Lady Beachcroft, who was accompanied by a large number of the English visitors, paid a tribute to the memory of the now sainted, once martyred, *Jeanne*

*d'Arc*, by laying a wreath of flowers at the foot of her statue. *La pucelle d'Orleans* is regarded with the deepest veneration in Lorraine, and the graceful tribute rendered to her was deeply appreciated by the inhabitants.

Lorraine is the only part of France familiar to me in which I find still existing a strong animosity towards the German Government, on account of the annexation in 1781 of a large portion of the old Duchy ; against the German people there is not, as it is properly felt that wars are due to Governments and not to the people. From what I heard I fear that it will be a very long time indeed before this bitterness is abated.

In September I again went to Nancy by invitation of General Pau, to witness the review of the whole 20th Army Corps at the conclusion of the manœuvres. I was greatly struck with the alertness and smartness of the men and the excellent condition of the horses after long marches and manœuvres. Another English officer—General Bethune—was present, who, as well as General Pau, had lost an arm ; and it was a subject of free comment that the three generals, one French, two English, who were watching the march past, had only four arms between them ; a coincidence which was regarded by the superstitious as a highly auspicious omen for Lorraine. We were most hospitably entertained for some days by General Pau and Mme. la Générale at their official residence in the Palais du Gouvernement, a beautiful edifice built by Stanislaus, the last Duke of Lorraine and father-in-law of Louis XV. ; it is situated close to the spot where Charles the Bold of Burgundy fell in A.D. 1477, when his army was defeated by the Duke of Lorraine. His remains were deposited in the chapel of the palace, which occupied the site of the present Palais du Gouverne-

ment, but there is no trace left of the tomb of this renowned fighting duke.

I returned to England on 7th June, and on the following day an event occurred which has had, and which will have, to the end of my life, which in the natural course of things cannot be far distant, a paramount influence. As this would in no way interest my readers, I only make this brief allusion to it.

I have been for the last twenty years a steady worker in the cause of the extension of Parliamentary suffrage to women upon the same lines on which it is exercised by men; I cannot comprehend why women who employ labour and pay rates and taxes, and who are considered fit not only to vote for municipal elections, but to hold positions in county and borough councils and on boards of guardians, are not considered fit to vote for a Parliamentary candidate. I am afraid, however, that the cause has been greatly injured and retarded by the insane and monstrous proceedings of the members of one of the suffrage societies. Nothing can justify the wanton and senseless destruction of property of which they have been guilty; and the fact that they should have chosen a time for the commission of the outrages against Society when a dense black cloud caused by the coal-strike was hanging over the nation, spreading want and distress far and wide, and containing the possibilities of famine and revolution, aggravated the offence to an enormous extent. They have gone far to justify the contention of anti-suffragists that women are destitute of self-control and sense of proportion.

Still, thinking and level-headed people must see that these fanatics who—as Lord Haldane has aptly said—choose to immolate themselves for their cause by fighting



like the "dervishes of the desert," are few in number, and in no way represent the masses of women—the fulfilment of whose aspirations would be but an act of tardy justice.

No less an authority than that great statesman, Lord Salisbury, has said: "I sincerely hope the day is not far distant when women also will have their share in voting for members of Parliament, and in determining the policy of the country. I can conceive no argument by which they are excluded. It is evident that they are absolutely as well fitted as many who now possess the franchise, by knowledge, by training and by character."

I feel confident that justice will in time be done to women, though the commission of outrages is a far more effective factor against it than the Anti-Suffrage Society and many Lord Cromers or Lord Curzons.

One of the things which has given me most satisfaction in life was my election to the Savage Club, not as an honorary but as an ordinary member. The Club was formed in 1857, to supply the same want which caused Dr Johnson and his friends to form the Literary Club which met at the "Old Cheshire Cheese." A small group of authors, journalists, artists and actors met to discuss the matter; and it was determined to found a club. There was some difficulty about the selection of a name. "Addison" — "Johnson" — "Goldsmith" were all proposed, and finally "The Shakespeare." This was too much for the gravity of those present, as the proposal to form the Club had no pretensions to greatness; and one of those who was present, Mr Robert Brough, said by way of a joke, "The Savage." This was received with acclamation and adopted unanimously.

Every candidate for admission among the "savages"



must be able to produce literary or art qualifications, and no one would be accepted as a member, "high though his titles, proud his name," unless he can satisfy the Committee accordingly.

Needless to say, the House of Lords is very scantily represented among the "savages," who have no regard whatsoever for rank or social position, and who consider themselves all on an equality. The Savage Club is almost the only place I have frequented where "side" and snobbery are unknown, and where a duke without brains is held in less estimation than a newspaper reporter who is so endowed.

Among the honorary members there may be a peer or two, but these members are on a different footing and are few in number.

One of my best, truest, and most valued friends during the last few years was W. T. Stead, who has just ended his mortal life in a manner becoming the dauntless champion of freedom that he was, in the appalling catastrophe of the "Titanic." Our acquaintance began in a very unusual manner. In October 1897 I wrote an article in one of the magazines entitled "The Apotheosis of Hypocrisy," in which I endeavoured to show the terrible evils to which our young soldiers were subjected in India, by the annulling of the Contagious Diseases Act, a proof of which was to be seen in the awfully disfigured victims, who were brought home to die in agony at Netley. This was due to the work of no doubt well-meaning purists and narrow-minded fanatics, most of whom had passed their youth, and reached an age, described in the French proverb, "Quand la poitrine tombe, la vertu se relève." Stead strongly condemned me for so writing in the "Review of Reviews." Shortly

afterwards we met, and formed a friendship, which was strongly cemented by our having several interests in common, especially Spiritualism. No man ever lived a more strenuous life, or one more devoted to the welfare of his fellow-creatures than he; he was absolutely fearless, and *tenax propositi*, and no man was ever better prepared or readier to cross the border than my deeply lamented friend, of whom one may say that he was

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamt, though Right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.”

BROWNING.

The stage has been all my life my delight, and the theatre my place of recreation; and for many years past the performances of my friends, Sir Herbert Tree, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Fanny Brough, have seemed to me to be unmatched in their particular characteristics.

I have been a serious spiritualist for many years, and, if space allowed, I could write a long chapter upon my psychic experiences. I will just give one.

I was intimately acquainted with a late Lord Mayor. One day I was walking along the Royal Hospital Road, opposite the old cemetery. I saw my friend on the other side of the road, coming from an opposite direction. I crossed the road to greet him, but to my surprise he took no notice but went on. I turned to watch him, but he had vanished. At that same hour he had died abroad.

I am quite sure that many people who read this narrative will shake their heads and talk about the delusions of second childhood; but, as Rochefoucauld

wrote: "*Les esprits médiocres condamnent d'ordinaire tout ce qui passe leur portée.*"

It is time now to bring the account of my life to a close, for it would be of no interest to anyone but myself to enumerate the numerous societies of which I am chairman, and in whose work I have taken an active part. I might, perhaps, especially allude to those who carry on a crusade against what appears to me to be the cruel and unjustifiable practice of vivisection.

And now the retreat has sounded, and my task is over. I hope that at all events my more charitable readers will not judge my life as fulfilling the description of the poet Martial:—

"Nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos  
Ducimus, et litus sterili versamus aratro":

which has been thus translated:—

"So we persist, plough the light sand, and sow  
Seed after seed, where flower can never grow."



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